

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

No. 109

June '92

\$2.00

ABSOLUTELY QUEER ISSUE



PANSY DIVISION

BRUCE LA BRUCE & VAGINAL CREME DAVIS

DONNA DRESCH

QUEER SKINHEADS



RACIST AMERICA EXPLODES!!!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT PLEASE LIST MRR AS SOURCE CREDIT.

Welcome to the first ever queer issue of MRR. We're excited about it and we hope you all learn something from it. As you will see, much of what we have covered is from San Francisco, something that we tried to avoid by appealing to the masses via this page a few months ago. However, the response was quite small, meaning either that there wasn't anything going on outside of here, or perhaps people aren't as open about it as we had thought. In retrospect, the latter seems to be more accurate, as more and more things seem to be popping out of the most obscure places. Maybe this issue is what's needed to bring them all together. Also, we've received a few complaints about our use of the word "queer", as some people find it quite degrading and insulting. For us, the word not only ties in to the rebellion often associated with punk and the like, but is also the only term that describes all sexes, genders, and orientations outside the norm. Got a better word? Then use it. Thanks to everyone who helped make this possible.
Matt "Smith" and Lily Braindrop

CONTRIBUTORS

MRR is always looking for contributions (scene reports, interviews, news features, articles, letters), and we have a neat scanner that can read stuff you send us and put it into the computer, but it needs your help. Our scanner can only read things that are crisp and clearly typed. It can't read hand-written corrections. It can't read low-quality photocopies.

If you need to make corrections, it helps to use a photo blue pen designed especially for layouts—the light blue is invisible to a scanner (or a xerox machine). Also, please don't type in all capitals because then we have to re-type everything, and that's no fun. And if you can, try to follow the MRR format (song & book titles in quotes, LP/EP titles & zines in italics, local bands in all capitals in scene reports). This makes the shitworkers happy (or less miserable, anyway).

If you're using a computer, you can send in your stuff on a 3-1/2 inch disk—we can convert from any program (both Mac & IBM, as long as you tell us which program you used). We will return your disk to you.

DEAR ADVERTISERS: MRR is about to put out another

This time it will be issue #110 and will come out on June 15. Both part one and part two will contain all the regular features (just as they did in double issue #100, both parts of which sold as well or better than regular issues), but one part will be an update on the Bay Area scene (bands and individual activists), and the other part will have a theme as well—punks reaching 30+ years. It will contain over 50 interviews with, and columns by, people who have been active in the scene for a long time.

If you are interested in running an ad in one of these issues, the rates are as normal. For those that want both, we have a reduced rate for just this issue. Here's the scoop:

- 1/2 page (7 1/2" x 5") One ad \$100, or ads in both for \$160
- 1/3 page (5" x 5") One ad \$50, or ads in both for \$80
- 1/3 page (2 1/2" x 10") One ad \$40, or ads in both for \$64
- 1/6 page (2 1/2" x 5") One ad \$25, or ads in both for \$40

We would like to know well in advance if you want to reserve an ad in just one part or have ads saved in both parts, so please let us know ASAP. Ads themselves will be due in before June 1. Thanks a lot!

DEAR SUBSCRIBERS: Because there will be two simultaneous full length issue 110's, we will be adjusting people's subscriptions accordingly. People whose subs end at 110 will just receive 110 part 1. Those whose subs end at 111 will receive both parts but not 111. Everyone whose sub ends after 111 will have their sub-ending number lowered by one.



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Bruce	Vaginal Creme Davis
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B.v.R.	

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL RADIO



Heather Choy
Michelle Haunold
Radley Hirsch
Barry Lazarus
Jon Von

Mike Gill
Paula Hirsch
Kenny Kaos
Alisa Schulman
Last Will

CFMU Hamilton, Ont 93.3FM Mon 11:59 PM
CKMS Waterloo, Ont 94.5FM call station
KABF Little Rock, AR 88.3FM Fri midnight
KALX Berkeley, CA 90.7FM Weds midnight
KCPR San Luis Obispo, CA 91.3FM Thurs 5PM
KSCL Shreveport, LA 91.3FM Weds 10PM
KTEQ Rapid City, SD 91.3 FM Thurs 9PM
KUNM Albuquerque, NM 89.9FM Weds midnight
KZUM Lincoln, NE 89.3FM Weds midnight
WCNI New London, CT 91.1FM Sat midnight
WLCX Farmville, VA 90.1FM call station
WRMC Bethlehem, PA 640AM call station
WRUV Burlington, VT 90.1FM Thurs 6PM
WTSR Trenton, NJ 91.3FM call station
WYRE Waukesha, WI 103.9FM Fri 8PM & Sun 9PM
WZRD Chicago, IL 88.3FM Sun 3:30PM
Radio Pomme Louviers, France 91.6FM Sat 5PM
A Slot Helmond, Holland call station
Canal Sud Toulouse, France 92.6FM Mon 6PM

RADIO STATIONS: MRR Radio shows are available for stations only. Requests for info should be on station letterhead. Contact us at the address on the next page.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

• *U.S.:* available from U.S. address below. Copies are \$2.50 each/ 6 issues sub for \$15.00. Calif residents, it's \$16.25.

• *Canada:* available from U.S. address at bottom of page. Copies are \$2.75 each/ 6 issues sub for \$16.50 (US dollars).

• *Mexico:* available from U.S. address at bottom of page. Copies are \$2.75 each/ 6 issues sub for \$16.50.

• *U.K.:* available from MRR/ PO Box 59/ London N22/ England. Copies are £2.50 each/ 6 issue sub for £10.00. Write this address for European distribution too.

• *Europe:* available from U.K. address above. Copies are \$4.50 each/ 6 issue sub for \$24.

• *Australia, Asia, Africa:* available from U.S. address below. Copies are \$6.25 each/ 6 issue sub for \$37.50 (US dollars).

• *South America:* available from U.S. address below. Copies are \$4.50 each/ 6 issue sub for \$27.00.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:

Back issues #37, 43-52, 55-64 are \$1.50 each ppd in U.S. (\$1.65 in Calif), \$2 Canada, \$2.75 So America, \$4.25 Asia & Australia (all from MRR/US). Same issues are £1.50 for U.K. and \$2.50 for Europe (from MRR/UK). Back issues 66-70, 72-76, 78, 80-100 (pts 1&2) are: \$2.50 US, \$2.75 Canada, \$2.50 Mexico, \$5.50 Asia/Australia, \$3.00 So America. Back issues 101-108 are as stated above in sub info. UK office only has issues 90-present. For earlier issues to UK & Europe, write MRR/US, cost is \$5 per issue.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:

Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: backlog--write or call now!
Ad Copy In: 1st of month--absolutely no later!!

AD SIZES AND RATES:

1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") \$25
1/3 page: (2 1/2" x 10") \$40
1/3 page: (5" x 5") \$50
1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") \$100, 2 or more items!

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost \$2/60 words max for \$3. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!!

COVER: Photo: Phyllis Christopher

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at \$1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need business address to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at (415) 243-8230.

Please send all records, letters, articles, photos, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
(415)648-3561

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists. Please send us your records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible--one for review and one for airplay), CD-only release, or cassette. **10**

SUZANNE BARTCHY

CHAOS UK-Headfuck-EP
POISON IDEA-Blank Blackout Vacant-LP
NOFX-The Longest Line-12"
OP IVY-Plea For Peace-EP
DUH-live/INANGER-EP

DISCHARGE/CFFDL-split EP
SNUFF-EP
SHOCK TREATMENT-EP
MC 900 FOOT JESUS-live
2000 DS-EP/DIATRIBE-EP

CHRIS DODGE

CHAOS UK-Headfuck-EP
CRISIS OF FAITH/CHOKEHOLD-split EP
DISCHARGE/C.F.D.L.-split EP
GRIEF-EP
M.O.M./AGATHOCLES-split EP

PATARENI/BUKA-split EP
STRETCHHEADS-Barbed Anal Exciter-EP
BUZZOVEN-Wound-EP
BILL BRYSON-Neither Here Nor There-book
HAMMERHEAD-live

LALI DONOVAN

CHAOS UK-Head Fuck-EP/ALLOY-LP
DIATRIBE-EP/SNUFF-EP
V/A-Sounds From The Street Vol2-EP
POISON IDEA-Blank Blackout Vacant-LP
V/A-Get Yourself A Crash Helmet-LP

CRY-Sandra's Having A Baby-EP/OP IVY-Plea....-EP
SHOCK TREATMENT-Distorted Views-EP
NUISANCE/BITCHCRAFT-split EP
V/A-Smells Like Smoked Sausages-2x45
NOFX-The Longest Line-12"

KARIN GEMBUS

UNWOUND-live & EP/ABOLITION-Jesus-EP
INTENT-Drift-12"/JAWBOX-Tongues-EP
JUNCTION-Falling & Laughing-EP
LIBERTEEN HOSTESSES-Girl-EP
SWIZ-With Dave-EP

TRIBE 8-EP/TABLE-EP
Exedra-Expose Yourself-zine
World War 3 Illustrated-#16-comic
MAGIC BONE-EP/MUFFS-EP
CITIZEN FISH-live

WALTER GLASER

ROLLINS BAND-live
KINGFACE-Motherfucker....-2x45
WHITE ZOMBIE-La Sexorcisto-LP
ATOMIC 61-Rip-45
SWIZ-With Dave-EP

SEAWEED-Wear-LP
BEASTIE BOYS-Check Your Head-CD
OLIVELAWN-Sophomore Jinx-LP
THERAPY?-Caucasian Psychosis-LP
NOFX-The Longest Line-12"

MICHELLE HAUNOLD

MUFFS-Guilty-45
SNUFF-EP
DEAD MOON-Fire In The Western World-45
APRYK-Repentance-EP
OPERATION IVY-Plea For Peace-EP

V/A-Sounds From The Street Vol 2-EP
FINGER-Shitful Of Holes-45
THE EX-6.6-12"
JOHNNY PEEBUCKS & SWINGIN' UTTERS-tape
16 BLASARE UTAN HJARNALP

MICK KRASH

SWIZ-With Dave-EP
KINGFACE-2x7"
JUNCTION-Falling & Laughing-EP
Exedra-Expose Yourself-zine
UNWOUND-live

OPERATION IVY-Plea For Peace-EP
INTENT-Drift-12"
CITIZEN FISH-live
GR-UPS-live
HELL NO-EP

MIKE LAVELLA

MONO MEN-Wrecker-LP
VERTIGO-Ventriliquist-LP
PRISONSHAKE-Someone Else's Car-45
NOFX-Longest Line-12"
HEADCOATS/HEADCOATEES-split 45

SUPERSUCKERS-All The Songs Sound The Same-CD
MUFFS-Guilty-45
SUBTLE TURNHIPS-Quack Quack Baby-45
JONESTOWN-live
Cad-magazine/book/graphic novel/thing

TIMOJHEN MARK

KINGFACE-Motherfucker-2x45
MELVANA-EP/CHAOS UK-Head Fuck-EP
SWIZ-With Dave-EP
ONE BY ONE-LP/SWASTIKA-Grieve-EP
ASTA KASK-Med Is-CD

OPERATION IVY-Plea For Peace-EP
BRATS-Burning-EP
TURUN TAUTI-EP
TRIBE 8-Pig Bitch-EP
CREAMING JESUS-Guilt By-LP

MIKE MCNIEL

NOFX - The Longest Line - 12"
REAL DEAL - LP
OPERATION IVY - Plea for Peace - EP
POISON IDEA - Blank Blackout Vacant - LP
SNUFF - EP/ GRIEF - EP

ABOLITION - Jesus was a Fuckin' Dick - EP
DON DON - Commercialism - EP
OLSEN BANDE - Brutality - EP
DIATRIBE - EP
SWIZ - With Dave - EP

SMELLY MUSTAFA

TATTOOED CORPSE-Graveyard A Go-Go-EP
MELVANA-45
STRETCHHEADS-Barbed Anal Exciter-10"
DUH-live
Delicatessen-movie

SUPERCONDUCTOR-LP
OPERATION IVY-Plea For Peace-EP

BRUCE ROEHR

DOIN' HORSE-How I Invented Teenage Violence-EP
TATTOOED CORPSE-Old Crew-45
SUPERSUCKERS-live
ACAO DIRETA-Resistirei-LP
GREY SPIKES-Songs For Nobody-EP

CACTOPUS-Zero Tolerance-EP
V/A-Tribute To Johnny Thunders-2x45
TURUN TAUTI-Viikonloppu Jumala-EP
BRATS-Burning-EP
POISON IDEA-Blank Blackout Vacant-LP

JON VON

MUFFS-Guilty-45
CONTRAS-Rock With...-EP
MONO MEN-Wrecker-LP
APARTATE QUE PISO MIERDA-LP
OPERATION IVY-Plea For Peace-EP

SCREAMING BLOODY MARYS-Devil Rock-EP
VOODOO GLOW SKULLS-Rasta Mis Huevos-EP
V/A-Flop Of The Pops-LP
SNUFF- EP
TRIBE 8-Pig Bitch-EP

TIM YOHANNAN

CACTOPUS-Zero Tolerance-EP
CRY-Sandra's Having A Baby-EP
DOIN' HORSE-How I Invented Teenage Violence-EP
DON DON-Commercialism-EP
LIBERTEEN HOSTESSES-Girl-45

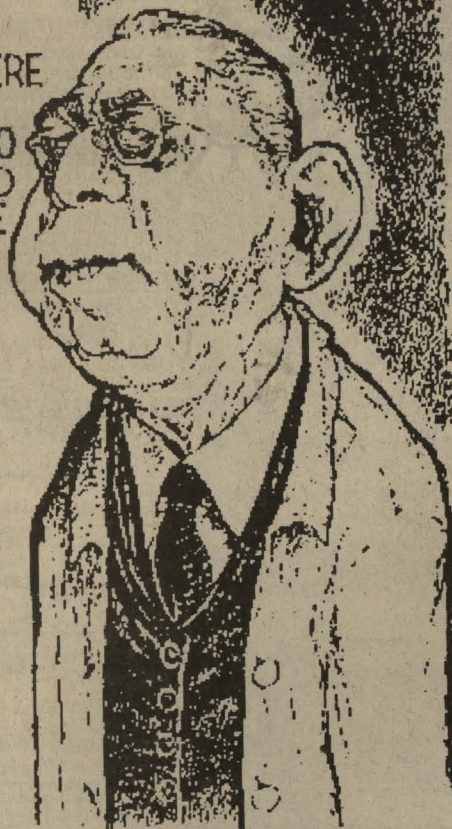
POISON IDEA-Blank Blackout Vacant-LP
POTENTIAL FRENZY-Please Go Away-45
SUBTLE TURNHIPS-Quack Quack Baby-45
CHAOS UK-Headfuck-45
TRIBE 8-Pig Bitch-EP

IN A POLITICALLY STERILIZED SOCIETY WHERE NO REAL OPTIONS ARE ENCOURAGED OR EVEN TOLERATED....

THE RODNEY KING BEATING VERDICT IS ONLY THE MOST OBVIOUS FACE OF RACIST WHITE AMERICA. IT SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE THAT A JURY WITH VIRTUALLY NO AFRICAN-AMERICANS, FROM A LILY-WHITE SUBURBAN CITY THAT IS KNOWN AS A COP HAVEN AND RETIREMENT COMMUNITY, WOULD UPHOLD RACIST POLICE VIOLENCE. THIS IS AN AMERICAN TRADITION THAT HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR CENTURIES. YOU CAN BET YOUR SWEET ASS THAT THE DECISION WOULD HAVE BEEN QUITE DIFFERENT HAD IT BEEN A WHITE MALE CORPORATE EXECUTIVE IN A BUSINESS SUIT GETTING STORMTROOPED.

THE WHITE PERSPECTIVE

"I'VE LIVED HERE
IN THIS CITY
FOR OVER 40
YEARS!...AND
NEVER ONCE
HAVE I BEEN
BRUTALIZED
BY THE
POLICE!!"



R. COBB

Things haven't changed much....

....THE ONLY THING THAT THE POWER STRUCTURE UNDERSTANDS IS VIOLENCE OR THE THREAT OF VIOLENCE

BUT THE MORE INSIDIOUS FACE OF RACISM TAKES PLACE EVERY DAY ON LESS BLATANT LEVELS. THE BLIND EYE OF JUSTICE THAT ONLY SERVES THE RICH IS JUST ONE FACET OF A SYSTEM THAT ROBS PEOPLE OF THEIR HOPES AND DREAMS, OF ECONOMIC AND INTELLECTUAL OPPORTUNITY, OF PRIDE AND DIGNITY.

THE MAYOR, GOVERNOR, AND PRESIDENT CALL FOR CALM AND RESPECT FOR THE LAW. HA FUCKING HA.

WHEN THERE IS NO LONGER ANY HOPE, WHEN DEHUMANIZATION AND BRUTALITY ARE ONGOING AND SYSTEMATIC, WHEN THE MAJORITY COULD GIVE A SHIT—ANY FRUSTRATED RESPONSE IS NORMAL.



THE BLACK RESPONSE

These drawings are 25 years ago

THE POLITICAL

Every so often the mask slips off the face of America. It happened during the Vietnam War and the race riots of the 1960s. But most of the time the plastic, the smokescreens, and the slick media hype obscures reality with an image that most people desperately want to buy.

This month we got another glimpse into the real soul of this country. What was most surprising was not that peek into the ugly soul beneath, but that so many people spontaneously erupted in frustrated revulsion at that sight. Not all their responses were laudable, like the instances where innocent people were dragged from cars and beaten mercilessly, or where poor people looted small stores owned by other only slightly better off people. But the mere fact that so much frustration got released at once was enough to blow the cover, at least for now.

America is not very political. The two-party charade, their big-buck backers, and the corporate media control keep most people either ignorant or in a TV-induced stupor. But apparently underneath that conditioning lurks a desire for change. It may not get articulated in coherent political terms, but the sheer amount of hatred and resentment cannot be covered up so easily anymore.

This probably won't translate into real change, and you can bet the politicians and mass media will be working overtime to get that mask back in place as soon as possible, before people around the country realize what an opportunity for empowerment that have at hand.

In some areas it got mean—not in terms of destruction of property, but in terms of race vs race. The hatred and mistrust is understandable, but doesn't bode well for future solutions. But it was interesting to note that, at least in SF, the multi-racial crowds that revolted had a decidedly class outlook. There were very few reports of any racial tension, and the destruction was very pointedly aimed at the well-to-do shopping district. And while many looters may have taken advantage of the situation (an NBC TV anchor called them "greedy"), most of them seemed more like "needy."

President Bush calls for respect for the law, though as CIA chief, Vice-Prez, and Big Cheese, he has repeatedly shown no respect for international law. He says there's no room for racial bigotry in the

SMOKESIGNALS

US, yet the cornerstone of his last election campaign was centered on racism through the use of buzzwords in ads that played on white fear of black America.

Another "hilarious" moment came when TV reporters informed LA's mayor Bradley that there were reports of looters "laughing" and "giving the high-five." Oooh, pretty scary!

In the past, these kinds of spontaneous explosions have not translated into focused political movements for change. Maybe they will this time, maybe not. But it was at least heartening to see that this system is not beyond being brought down. For a brief period, we saw our "civilization" crumble uncontrollably, the Third World chickens coming home to roost. America has abandoned its young, its minorities, its future. There is a price to pay for that dehumanization, and these events may just be the first few days of the fire sale yet to come. Combined with the upswing in anti-two part system sentiment and the recent victories of relatively unknown pro-choice women in primary elections, there is a real opportunity for dramatic empowerment for a long-subdued coalition of have nots. If the Supreme Court overturns the right of women to control their own bodies, we might be privileged to not only witness—but be a vital part of—the restructuring of power in this sick country. What seemed impermeable now seems very vulnerable.

Oh yeah, in response to those who say there's no political value in rampant, emotional explosions....two things. First, They are not only the most honest and direct expression of frustration and anger, but it has been proven over time that giant peaceful demonstrations ain't worth shit unless there's the threat of violent riots to back them up. Unfortunately, violence is the only language this system understands.

And secondly, and again unfortunately, change through the electoral system is weighed towards those who have the most—the most money, the most control, the most power, the most to lose. They are the ones who rig the game and offer the (lack of) choices. It is the yuppies that vote (evermore conservatively) to affect change in their lives, and it is the disenfranchised that riot (evermore radically) to affect change in their lives.



EPICENTER ZONE

an all-volunteer run store/community center

Volunteers always welcomed. Meetings 1st Sunday of month 7PM

we buy, sell, trade
new & used records/tapes/CDs
fucking unbelievably cheap

PUNK

Hard
Core

THRASH



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WE WANT TO ORDER DIRECT!!!!

New Hours!! And Now Open Tuesdays!!

Hours: Tues-Fri 3-8PM, Sat noon-8PM, Sun noon-7PM, closed Mon

924 Gilman Berkeley, California

PUNK? ISN'T THAT WHAT PEOPLE DID
IN THE SEVENTIES?

May

15 Fri: Mr T Experience, SamIAm,
Some Velvet Sidewalk, Sybil

16 Sat: Motherload, Schlong,
Pounded Clown, George Hated, Sea
Pigs, LungButter

22 Fri: Spitboy, Downcast, Hero-
in, Ken McIard

23 Sat: False Prophets, Tit-
wrench, Grinch, Fumanchu, Sonis-
ary

29 Fri Neurosis, Grotus, Neu-
tralnation

30 Sat Econochrist, Paxton Quig-
gly, Gag Order, The Gr'ups

June

05 Fri Aborted, Shark Attack,
Mindslam, Tilt, Delightfull lil
Nothings

12 Fri Dratmobile, Hevans to
Betsy, PMS, J-Church, Circus
Tents

19 Fri Jawbreaker, 21 Sun 411,
26 Fri Libido Boys, July 03 97b

All shows all ages no drugs/ no
alcohol. Shows cost \$5 or \$6 w/
\$2 membership. Call 510/525-
9926 for latest info.

924 Gilman needs your support.
Remember, Membership Meetings
every other Sat. at 5PM. All
Welcome!

BLACKLIST MAILORDER

475 Valencia St, San Francisco, CA 94103, (415)255-0388

Artist	Title	size	Price	Country	Label	Artist	Title	size	Price	Country	Label
Acid Rain Dance	Acid Rain Dance	7EP	2.60	Germany	Skull Rats	Polon Idea	Dutch Courage	LP	6.10	USA	Blitzcore
Bob Evans	Adult World	case	6.90	USA	Skane	End On End	End On End	CD	8.05	USA	Diechord
Born Against	9 Patriotic Hymns For	LP	4.80	USA	Vermiform	Rites Of Spring	Rites Of Spring	case	6.10	USA	Diechord
Bostonians	Devil's Night Out	LP	6.95	USA	Taang	Say No More	Rastless	7EP	2.60	USA	Outback
Bostonians	Devil's Night Out	CD	10.80	USA	Taang	Sea Monkeys	Hipsy Land	7	2.95	USA	Vital Musk
Bostonians	More Noise	LP	6.85	USA	Taang	SFA	So What	LP	5.80	USA	Wreckage
Chino Horda	Chino Horda	7	2.60	USA	File 13	Sharon Tate	Up Clamp	7EP	2.00	USA	Negative
Citizen's Arrest	Colossus	LP	4.55	USA	Wardance	Sheep Squeeze	It's Not Working	7EP	2.60	USA	Chicken Fa
Cows	Cunning Stunts	LP	6.50	USA	Amptamir	Smoking Popes	Inoculator	7EP	3.00	USA	Gradius
Dag Nasty	Four On The Floor	LP	6.15	USA	Eptaph	Struggle	Struggle	7EP	2.40	USA	Myssophob
Dawson	How To Follow...	LP	8.95	UK	Grutwelt	Supernine	Amesbruck	7	2.90	USA	Emulsion
Dead Silence	Zelgeist	case	3.00	USA	Anok & Pe	Switz	With Dave	7EP	2.60	USA	Simp. Maci
Desiderata	Walking In My Sleep	7	2.85	USA	Deschord	Urban Terror	First Shot	7EP	3.00	Japan	Jade Tree
Detonators	Billion Dollar Nards	7EP	2.30	USA	Insurrect	VIA	American Youth Report	LP	6.00	USA	Bomp
Disrupt/Destroy	Disrupt/Destroy	7EP	2.50	USA	Adversity	VIA	Between The Clouds	7EP	2.85	Italy	Green
Distorted Pony	Concrete Bruses	7	3.40	USA	Piece Of M	VIA	Clam Chowder vs. Big	LP	5.10	USA	Nardwear
DOA	Greatest Hits	LP	7.80	Canada	COOYGO	VIA	Fortune Cookie Prize	LP	6.45	USA	Simp. Maci
Doom	Police Bastard	7EP	1.65	UK	Propane	VIA	Sick But Sick	7EP	2.30	USA	Newest
Dronglos	Heaven	LP	ca. 3.90	Germany	Shredder	VIA	Thing That Ate Floyd	2LP	7.15	USA	Lookout R
DUH	Blowhard	CD	9.75	USA	Boner	VIA	Virus 100	LP	ca. 5.60	Int'l	Alt. Tent.
Dunkle Tage	Dunkle Tage	7EP	3.00	Germany	Heart Firs	VIA	Virus 100	CD	7.80	Int'l	Alt. Tent.
Engage	Calling Forth	7	2.30	USA	Re-Evoluti	VIA	Fear Love	LP	6.10	USA	Wreckage
Fratricide	Fratricide	7EP	3.00	Canada	Heart Firs	VIA	Yupplide	7EP	2.85	USA	Wreckage
Freeze	Five Way Fury	LP	7.50	USA	Lost & Fou	VIA	Zero Boys	LP	6.10	USA	Blitzcore
Gangster Fun	Fat Lady Skunk	7	2.60	USA	loup	Jawbreaker	Chesterfield King	12EP	4.55	USA	
Girl Trouble	Batman Theme	7	2.80	USA	K	Surgery	Little Debbie	7	2.95	USA	Am Rep
Grenadine	Rillings (Trilogy)	7	2.90	USA	Simp. Maci	Melvin	Night Goat	7	2.95	USA	Am Rep
Heartbreakers	What Goes Around	LP	6.00	USA	Bomp	Superconductor	Heavy w/Puppy	CD	4.55	Canada	Boner
Hell No	Hell No	7EP	2.40	USA	Wardance	Superconductor	Heavy w/Puppy	7	2.80	Canada	Boner
Hogal	Riding On Three Wheels	case	6.90	USA	Skane	Steelpole Bathub	Bozeman/Borstal	7	2.60	USA	Boner
Johnny Feric	Saint Somebody	7	3.75	Germany	Lost & Fou	Steelpole Bathub	Bozeman/Borstal	CD	4.55	USA	Boner
Judge	No Apologies/Chung Ki	LP	7.50	USA	Lost & Fou	Artist	Title	size	Price	Country	Weight
La Secta	Blue Tales	LP	7.35	Spain	Munster	Action Teen	#1	print	1.20	USA	2 oz.
La Secta	Our Kicks	12EP	6.30	Spain	Munster	Adversity	#6	print	0.60	USA	3 oz.
Lag Wagon	Lag Wagon	7	2.60	USA	Fat Wreck	Another Pair of Shoes	#8	print	0.50	USA	2 oz.
Los Polos	Black Light	LP	6.15	Spain	Munster	Exedra	#3	print	0.75	USA	5 oz.
Mr. T Experience	Milk Milk Lemonade	LP	6.60	USA	Lookout	Frighten the Horses	#9	print	2.90	USA	6 oz.
Necracedia	Now I See Clearly	LP	6.80	USA	Wreckage	Good & Plenty	#7	print	1.20	USA	6 oz.
Nervous Christians/Las	Psych	7	2.60	USA	Lung Uzak	Compal Compal	#1	print	0.75	USA	2 oz.
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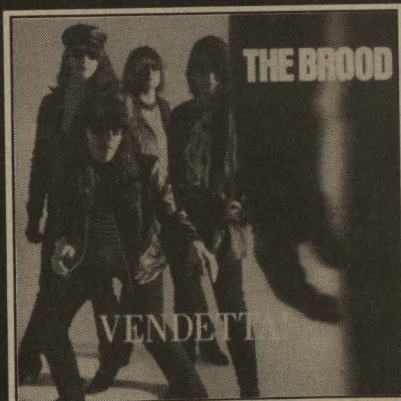


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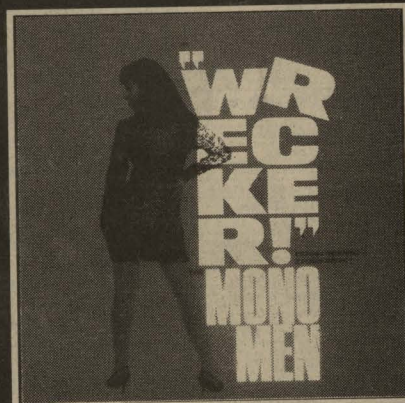
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This month's letters are all responses to our sneaky April Fool's issue. Due to the massive reaction, both through the mail and by phone, it would seem we should do this more often. Perhaps it is a compliment that people trust us so much that they believe everything they read in these pages, but there is a good lesson to learn from all this... We may not be lying intentionally (as we did here), but we do get things wrong sometimes, so it's always a good bet to double check.

Speaking earlier of phone calls, we did get one from Nirvana's manager, accusing us of "yellow journalism." We got another from family man Scott Neurosis, very irate because Mykel's column said his band was doing a benefit for his defense fund and NAMBLA. After reading the whole issue, a very meek Scott called back. I assume his face was quite red. Mike NoFX bit again, second year in a row, but managed to catch on this time just before he

fired off a pissed off letter. Bret of Bad Religion called Flipside to offer condolences. Ooops! And I can't tell you how many calls we got asking for Piggly Wiggly's phone number or how many calls Epicenter got from collectors looking for the Fugazi bootleg (recorded *outside* a club) or for the new Jello 8-record box set...and Revelation has begun receiving orders from Japan for the "Moshing Without Ego" comp.

While some of this is educational, and some of it either amusing or eye-opening, I feel sad that some people were so upset over my indignant resignation. I don't feel guilty (Sam McPheeters wrote it—blame him!), but I am heartened to find a certain percentage of people caring so much. Despite the joke on you, I very much appreciate your comments!

And to those who were glad "the commie is gone", too fucking bad! And to those who want to behead Mykel Board, take a good long look at yourselves now! Tim

Dear MRR,

Was reading your April columns section and have some comments:

Rockin' Jeff Bale: You say "...the more convinced I become that they're basically just making a big joke out of punk, which is the one thing I consider unforgivable, man. Joke about me, or my politics, or even my old lady, but leave punk rock the fuck alone, understand?" Jeff, punk rock was made to be fun of. It is a big joke. The whole point is that it is a joke with a fist. If that fist can't point towards its own face, what's the point? Any scene without a sense of humor about itself is a dud. Of course punk rock has been a marvelous phenomenon, and extremely important, especially in terms of education and do-it-yourself self-initiative. But refusing to laugh at ourselves is the first step towards becoming really BORING. Humor brings perspective, and considering how homophobic, beer-guzzling, and self-parodying the scene can already be (witness: "Merry Fucking Christmas", hilarious as that was), we can use perspective. Punk rock without satire is dud rock. And punk rock without self-satire is humorless and pretentious. That doesn't mean we should marginalize the things we have to say or even how we say them, but rather that humor can be an important ingredient in serious discourse and self-examination.

I also take issue with your statement "What I object to is all these androgynous teenage girls in flannel shirts with rings through their noses who half the time you can't even tell if they're girls or boys!" Now who's being reactionary? Is it really "rebellious" to enforce standard gender categories handed down for thousands of years? Is punk really "breaking tradition" by urging boys to be boys, girls to be girls, and men to be men? Come on really, the whole movement towards androgyny and blurring of the gender lines is in the service of revolution and transformation. Seeing someone who you can't immediately classify as male or female can fuck with you to the extent of making you question your classification scheme. Why is it that the first determination we make is someone's gender and upon that basis tailor our behavior? Someday sexual segregation (yes, even of clothes and bathrooms) may seem like racial segregation of the past did. How often does punk rock degenerate into macho bullshit with a mohawk? There are some punks who, with their beer, sexist, racist, and homophobic attitudes, I wonder if the only thing separating them from the Archie Bunker who wants to kick their ass is their leather jacket and Doc Martens.

If punk rock isn't how you like it, it's because it's out of your hands. It belongs to no one and everyone. The "New Kids" will

determine what punk rock is, and they will make it theirs, no matter how many "wimp" or "poseur" (and there is nothing funnier than watching a "You're more of a poseur than I" contest) epithets we throw at them. And if what they do with it pisses you off, good! That's what punk rock's all about.

I think the new punk rockers are going to be more androgynous, more bisexual, more transgender, more ethnically diverse and less willing to take shit than before, as well as less homophobic, racist, and sexist, not because it's politically correct, man, but because all of those things stink of a parent's world of authoritarian bullshit that want to deprive people of their individuality. Isn't punk about asserting your individuality? Of celebrating it—with a hammer, if necessary? If I wanted a macho contest, I could join the Hell's Angels or the Republican Party. It's time we acknowledged that some of our comrades such as QueerNation and ACTUP might be a lot more punk than we are, and we might have a lot to learn from each other...

Not that I'm telling you what to do. You don't have to think any way. Fuck political correctness. No one's gonna tell you what to do, and that's all right. Refuse their dogma, but listen to reason. Affirm your desires, yes, but see how they are informed by a fucked up culture. Punk is just as much about self-education as it is about an attitude. So this is just a one-voice contribution to an ongoing dialogue in all of our education... thanks.

Ben Weasel: it seems hip these days to bag on Jello Biafra. Every time I read such things I chuckle. I chuckle because for one thing, many people have heroized him to such an extent that they expect him to be perfect, and when they find out that he, like every other human being on the face of the planet, can act like an asshole (did he ever claim otherwise?), get disillusioned and pissed off. We're all fucked up. But the fact is Jello Biafra has done more to educate and inform people than a lot of others in this scene. I don't worship him, but I sincerely find him most inspirational, and a valuable voice in the discourse (if you want to call it that) of punk. Tapes of Jello's spoken word albums go like mad: kids from age 11 to 27 gobble them up and learn quite a lot. It's mass education and entertainment. How many professors at any university do you know of who people will pay to hear, and when they come to speak have to move them to a larger auditorium (seating 5000) and even then turn away people? (like happened down here at Cal State Northridge in '91) And not speaking to elite audiences but to minorities and outcasts. I applaud Jello. I think he demonstrates the potential of free speech and consciousness raising. Sure, he's human. And when he does something fucked up, he should be called on it. But overall, I think he's done

a lot of good for this scene and people in general.

Mykel Board: If you could print a copy of a testimony signed by the 12 year old boy testifying to your story and print it in MRR, you'd probably gain more credibility and support. I think a lot more people would be willing to help out if they saw that. Just an idea.

Life With Larry: Yes, I found your article mildly humorous and good for poking fun, but somewhat tiresome. While yes, it is easy to poke fun at NAMBLA and the RCP, and somewhat fun to parody the jargon and slogans, that does not negate the fact that there is a lot of scary rightwing stuff going on in this country. Maybe it's not Hitler. Maybe there won't be martial law with boot camps and curfews and executions. But it's still getting scary. We can fight amongst ourselves all we want, but guess who's laughing. Jesse Helms and Pat Buchanan ain't gonna cry for you when you end up in jail for some petty nothing, and Hitler or no, prison IS the police state. That's here now. It's been here. Yes, so-called sensitivity can be taken to ridiculous extremes. There's a value to directness, expressiveness, uncensored truth, and even obnoxiousness. But are these things really so separate from being sensitive? Is it impossible to be both at the same time? We've all met people who seem to fit your stereotype perfectly and it's healthy to laugh at them, as they should at their selves. But while we laugh at the form, we should not marginalize the substance. In much of this, there is good food for thought and action.

Anyway, I think you have a great magazine that is thought-provoking and one of the BEST resource guides to alternative culture. I think your "Book Your Own Fuckin' Life" is a magnificent idea. It's about time we networked and got ourselves an integrated media of our own. The more people we can reach, the more people we are. Best to you—Howlin' Mad Johann

P.S. Have you read *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed*? Check it out.

B Dear MRR:

Safe sex is a serious issue and definitely worthy of coverage, but MRR does not do its readers a service by printing questionable misinformation on the subject. What are Lily Brindrop's sources? She implies that urine is unsafe, while even the U.S. Surgeon General unequivocally stated it is *not* a transmission vehicle for HIV (fresh piss is sterile). I let Johnny Puke piss straight into my mouth from the CBGB's stage, so you can be sure I've researched that one. She also specifically requires a barrier for oral sex, swallowing whole (pardon the pun) the U.S. government's campaign to stamp out oral sex. The Canadian government has pronounced oral

sex safe, and at the very least it is extremely difficult (if not impossible, short of an open wound in the mouth) to transmit the virus that way. Saliva is an active destroyer of HIV, and stomach acids are even more lethal to it. Check it out in the medical journals, not just the U.S. government-approved literature (which includes all those groups getting government grants, Lily).

Since my report on the Popsicle Jubilee Festival got printed in your April issue, and some readers might have thought it unlikely that a 19-band-festival could go on despite cops and bullets, let me assure readers that it was a serious news report.

While I'm on the April issue, that Antarctica scene report was the best scene report I've ever seen; not a single band was left out. Too bad the Mykel B story was fake; that trial would've been something to look forward to! Kudos on a fun issue!

An update on the *Punk for Beginners* book project: despite letters sent to zines in over a dozen foreign countries, insufficient overseas response has come in to make up for my own lack of knowledge about foreign punk, so I think I'm going to have to limit the book to American (and maybe British) history. One of two co-cartoonists decided to drop out, so I'm on the lookout for more illustrators. Also need more researchers to give me the full story on their favorite punx. Anyone interested write to me at 3147 Broadway, #12A/ NYC 10027. And thank to the letter-writer who slagged the book before it was even written. Great idea: next is to review records before they've been recorded and then before the songs get written. Lots of innovative possibilities. Think how much time it would save for reviewers!

Finally a note to zine editors: I've decided to write a wide-ranging monthly or bi-monthly column, which Tim says MRR has no room for, so if you're interested in it, drop me a note. It won't always be about punk rock (not to mention sex & drugs & chaos) but it will explore interesting topics from a punk's perspective.

Donny the Punk

Hello MRR and fellow letter readers,

Last issue #107 bugged me. The Nirvana interview was real good on Lance's behalf, but why put a band that has sold us down the shitter in MRR? Yes, Nirvana has fucked the underground good and proper. All Nirvana stands for now is corporate, slimy, cut-throat greed! Why else were they so quick to change their name so that DGC can mold them into that industry's perfect image of exploration.

Nirvana, just like Danzig, Hank Rollins, Suicidal Tendencies, Social Distortion and the rest that will follow in their footsteps, are nothing but corporate whores and they do not deserve our support. All they do is destroy what took a long time to build up in the alternative "scene". It's way cool that Lance got in for free, but what if I were into Nirvana? I'd have to pay a real bullshit door price so that Nirvana could live in fucking mansions while I worry if I still got a job or not. It may seem that I'm jealous and just blowing hot air. Well if that's what y'all think, then fuck it. I don't give a fuck!

Fuck Nirvana, may all of their limo windows be broken and may the same fate befall any band who sells out to the greedy, cut-throat recording company bandits. We (or should I say I?) don't need those kinds of bands.

Launch Pad/ 1057 Topsail Dr./ Vallejo, CA 94591

P.S. Be a fool, go ahead and support those mentally dead bands but be warned, you'll just be fucking yourself over.



Dear MRR,

The other day while at a local magazine stand I happened to view the new issue of MRR #107. Well, I picked up a copy, paid for it, and went home to read it. As I always do I proceeded to read MRR from start to finish, cover to cover, etc. Needless to say that what I read would completely shatter my world and change my life forever.

It all started as soon as I read Tim Yo's column. After reading Tim Yo's column I put the magazine down, went outside, and at the top of my lungs screamed, "What the fuck?". As I was walking back inside it dawned on me that maybe Tim was suffering from senility brought on by old age. I re-read Tim's column and came to the conclusion that it must be for real. I then proceeded to read several other things that would completely blow my mind.

I won't mention all the things, but I will mention a few. In Mykel Board's column, he talked about how he was having trouble with the law stemming from an incident that had to do with a sexual encounter concerning some underage kid in some bathroom. Having been a long time reader of Mykel Board's columns this came as no surprise to me. What surprised me is when I read that GG Allin was doing a benefit for Mykel. GG Allin, (a man who I thought hated everyone and everything), actually doing a benefit for someone. What is the world coming to?

Then in the record reviews I read a couple of shocking items. Poison Idea put out an album of thrash funk and was on Metal Blade records, and if that wasn't bad enough, I then read where Winger, (a band who I just wrote off as some lame, limp wristed, sissy boy, wanna be metal band who couldn't write a decent song to save their life), was putting out a punk EP called, "Fuck the Government". Oh Jesus I think I'm coming to join ya—NOT!

There were a couple of other things such as finding out that Kurt Cobain from Nirvana was in the first line-up of the band. Instead, that MRR would be merging with Flipside, and what really pushed my mind over the edge was when I saw an ad for MRR merchandise—The Spring Line. MRR is now selling clothes?

I can just see it now, MRR comes out with a glossy cover, stops covering punk and alternative bands and goes for a more commercial rock/metal readership, starts having nude centerfold pullouts. I'm sure for their first centerfold they will probably have Suzanne Barchy, (you know, the drop dead gorgeous, liberty spiked punk goddess who graced the cover of MRR a few issues ago), in the nude in some sexually erotic pose. MRR will also start having beer and cigarette ads. Who would have ever thought we'd see the day that MRR goes mainstream commercial?

Well, needless to say that after reading issue #107 I have been going around the last couple of days dazed and confused, (how wonderful, I'm now using Led Zeppelin song titles in my letter), I have been unable to eat, I can't function mentally, and have just basically have lost the will to live. How could you do this MRR?

I'm sure I'm not the only one who felt like this after reading the April issue of MRR.

Well, I'll finish this letter off by saying, "Thanks MRR, Thanks for turning my world upside down." I'm sure you're happy knowing that my life has been affected forever and may never be the same again. I'm sure with years and years of intense therapy I will be able to put some of my life back together again. Oh well, see ya. Ian A.



Tim,

Hiya. I wanted to say I totally agree with your column in #107. I am sad to see this community go down the shitter as it has for the last 5 years or so. I write to say good luck in the future and thank you for what you have done for everyone in the "scene". Eric Astor/ PO Box 1865/ Tempe, AZ 85280-1865

PS Jeff Last Option says goodbye.



Dear MRR/Mykel Board,

Mykel, m'boy, you're lucky you're not *dead*, you sick motherfucker. I don't care if the kid *begged* you for it, you are an *adult* pervert, and had a moral obligation to disengage yourself from his ministrations. Your failure to act condemns you just as if you had stuck your diseased unit in his mouth.

You are one very disturbed individual, Mykel, and I strongly recommend that you seek psychiatric help. Anyone who lets a 12-year old lick his dirty asshole (in a public restroom, no less) is a sad individual indeed. Sincerely, Geoff Burkman/proprietor Renaissance Music Media/ 1924 S. Smithville Road/ Dayton, OH 45420

P.S.—Don't ever come to Dayton, Mykel, because if you pull that sick shit here, you'll never leave intact. Bet on it!



Yo Sean Reich & MRR readers,

Before I comment on Mr. Homophobia's letter in MRR #107, I'd like to correct something from #106. In the SoCal scene report, it was stated that the San Diego Anti-racist Action had "folded up". This is untrue. We're still here & we ain't folding shit. The reason it appears as though we've disbanded is because lately we've been having dual meetings/actions with the San Diego Anarchist Federation. A lot of A.R.A. members are also S.D.A.F. members. Our most recent venture was a show on March 20th with the almighty Tit Wrench (who rule), Stillborn, Rice, Total Chaos, Psycho Babble, A-Solution, & No More Hate. The A.F. put out a minizine/flyer for the show & the A.R.A.'s zine *Under Your Skin* #2 should be out soon. My column in issue #2 deals with homophobia, so of course in it I had to mention dickhead Sean, homophobe extraordinaire. So please take note - San Diego's A.R.A. is alive & well, & so is the S.D.A.F.

Now to address Sean's letter. Sean, I have trouble with everything you say. I mean, who can you take seriously? You call your band "Vegan Reich", you're supposedly a vegan, but at the same time, you're a total redneck homophobe. Your latest rage is defending the memory of that fuckwad Bill Graham. Well fuck him & fuck you. I'd piss on either of your graves.



Your main beef is that you thought Tim was completely insensitive towards the loss of a life, but let's not forget who's life this was. This was no innocent,

caring person. Bill Graham was a money grubbing piece of shit. I thought Tim & Larry were both rather lenient on him; I'm not so nice.

If the Grateful Dead are your idea of a radical 60's band, you are truly a loser. The Dead sucked from day one. They were about as radical as Molly Hatchet. There were a lot of really good bands that Graham promoted, but he wasn't doing us any favors. He did it to get rich - filthy rich. Are you gonna miss him, Sean? I'm glad the tightwad died. That's one less parasite.

What kind of an asinine comparison were you trying to make between Graham and Tim Yo? You said, "How many people were changed by the bands Tim Yo helped get out?" Get a clue you dork. Graham's job was promotion, not helping bands, not changing people, just promotion. The fucker got filthy rich doing shows with any band he could sell.

The fact that there were a lot of great bands around when he started promotion was pure dumb luck. He had nothing to do with the quality of music coming out. He was in it for the profit and bands like The Who, Hendrix, The Doors and such just made it easy for him. A band's talent has little to do with the leeches that promote them.

Tim and crew have helped "get out" many bands. I don't know how you could say any different. Through MRR, Gilman, Epicenter, MRR Radio, & several records, they've done more for punk rock than a hundred Bill Grammys have done for cock rock. You seem to think that it's the other way around. Bill Graham wouldn't have given a chump like you the time of day. MRR, on the other hand, has given you a chance to speak your mind, even though they don't agree with everything you say. MRR doesn't make millions off the scene like Graham did. That's because they pump life into the scene, instead of sucking the blood from it, like Graham.

"Ripped apart from limb to limb", well boo, hoo, hoo. Fuck him. That's what he gets for zipping around town in his fuckin helicopter. Honestly, you act like he was a relative of yours. He was scum, & I dig it when scum dies. And Sean, well you're scum too. A Hardline, hate-filled, homophobic, anti-abortionist, god-fearing scum. I'll be Grateful when you're Dead.

Stinky Panch



Tim,

Just read your "last" column. Your comments on the state of the punk scene were right on target. Liars, backstabbers, ass-kissers, fakes, money-grubbers, etc, etc, etc. We said this all years ago, that's why our name is a take-off on anti-scene. As soon as you have a "scene" somebody wants to rule it, then segregate it from everybody else. "We're more punk than you", etc, etc. We always hoped we'd someday have one giant "world scene" that everybody could be part of, with no jealous backstabbers to fuck it up. But people will never change, I guess. I'm not a cynic, I'm a realist.

But you've done a lot of great things for

a lot of people, including us. I'm 32 now, still playing the same 3-chord punk songs I was playin' in 1983 when we started. Most of the kids at our shows think we're a bunch of old farts but come out anyway cause they wanna make the "scene" here in Charlotte.

Our first European tour went great. Beautiful people over there. Very little backstabbing. Hope you can make our first SF gig coming up soon. Thanks man! Joe/Antiseen

(Second letter 5 days later)

Hey Tim!

What a sneaky bunch of bastards you old punk rockers are! I just wrote Mykel and told him to "blow" the 20 bucks I sent his "defense fund" down in Times Square. Oh well, live and learn as Homer Simpson said once! Hope to see you in April. Joe



Dear MRR,

I must say how utterly impressed I was with Mykel Board's column in the April '92 edition of MRR. The stirring recreation of Board's sex act with a twelve year-old boy in an airport john left me breathlessly wondering what Board will be up to next. Way to go Mykel! And to think you did the same thing in Thailand! And were considered a "hero" no less!

I work in the adult video industry myself and am fortunate enough to view quite a few adult videos from various companies, and I tell ya, Myk, I don't think I've ever seen a story quite like yours on the screen. Why don't cha come on down to L.A. and practice your talented hand at something other than what you're used to using it for, and help us out on some scripts? Yours is the stuff that legends are made of! I tell ya, in an industry filled with repetitive Man-Woman, Woman-Woman, Man-Man sex-acts, we could use someone like you! Man-Boy! Yes! And, to be fair, how 'bout Man-Girl, too?! After all, what's fair for one should be fair to the other, right? I'm sure you'd agree. I can see the titles of these potential classic movies now: *Kindergarten Cock*, *All the President's Boys*, and perhaps a new version of an old classic: *The Little Prince*.

Thanks, Myk, for the great tale. What say you work on a treatment right away? How 'bout a new angle for *The Little Prince*? I mean, after all, just what were the pilot and the boy-prince doing in the desert all by themselves?! If you got anymore stories just write me directly. I'll be sure to pass it on to the "right" people.

Let's do lunch.

Roc O'Callahan/ Van Nuys, CA

P.S. No, I'm not leaving my address, and no, "Roc O'Callahan" is not my real name. If homophobes have already attacked Mr. Board's dwelling I sure as hell am not going to risk some idiots taking my sarcasm seriously and going after me. It's a fucked world but that's the price you pay for speaking your mind.



Dear Friends,

Yeah, that's right- I called you all "friends". Why? Well, I so foolishly believe that anyone reading this letter right now belongs to the same extended family I do - not so much to the family of punks, but to the family of those of us who live our lives against the "normalcy" of society. It doesn't really matter if you are a Nazi skin, an East Bay scenester, a drunken anarchist, or just a lonely kid with a mohawk and combat boots trying to make it through

school everyday in some far-away hicktown. What does really matter is the fact that we are all just a very small part of a very big whole and we've got to stop fighting each other and start supporting each other. And even though people will continue to argue and voice their individual opinions in these very letters (and sometimes they get very nasty), we must always remember that we are all on the same side (except for maybe some die-hard losers who will die ignorant punks anyway.) This ship we like to refer to as "PUNK" is sinking fast because of many reasons. But the one major reason is that we are all starting to divide ourselves into different groups. Now, there are a lot of people who say this is a good thing - punk sucks now anyway, so why not just let people split and go and start a whole new thing on their own. Some people even go so far as to say, "Destroy MRR!" because this will then force everyone to start an entirely new network of scenes, zines, and bands. But do we really want the existing punk culture to just crawl away and die? Most people would love to see all of us punks just go away and die - especially the government. Are we going to play into their hands? No matter what happens, we have to stay linked together to fight against all of the red tape and bullshit and right-wing dog poop that is beginning to sweep across our nation. Believe it or not, punk is a sub-culture that has many traits of an entirely separate culture. Archeologists and historians will look back on our civilization millions of years from now (if humans still exist) and be amazed at the fact that WE had our own types of music, language, clothing, beer, philosophy and literature - but it all died at its peak in the late 20th century because of unknown reasons. They will wonder why we died away like the dinosaurs and let a bunch of complete ass holes like David Duke and Pat Buchanan come to power. So let's just get our acts together and do what we have to do - change punk without destroying it. This sub-culture needs to be shaken up a lot! Every minute we spend fighting and dividing is just one more minute that the government uses to slowly take away our rights as punks and as citizens. So my message to you, punk, is to stop bitching and complaining and to start taking things into your own hands - and you just might need OUR help.

I would also just like to comment on some of those bombshells that were dropped on MRR readers in the now-classic issue #107 (if this letter is already too long, then you can drop this part because those very same bombshells could have all been part of an April Fools Day prank, and I could be about to humiliate myself by falling for your punky chicanery.)

(1) TIM YOQUITS: I was very shocked and saddened to learn that Tim was leaving MRR after giving all of us literate punks 107+ issues of fun. His creation, MRR, not only changed my life, but also everyone else involved with the zine and thousands of other punks worldwide. So thank you, Timmy. You inspired me to create my own zine and you also served as a hero to all of us goon-punks who stand above 6 feet tall.

(2) MYKEL BOARD ARRESTED: Well, it didn't really come as much of a surprise to me that this pervert finally got what was coming to him but what did surprise me was the fact that the wrath of God finally came down on him. Hey Mykel - looks like my god's not an asshole - YOU ARE!

(3) BAD RELIGION RE-DISCOVER THEIR ROOTS: That letter from Bad Reli-

gion really made my day. They now say they're only gonna play \$5 shows! Looks like Ben Weasel's article on "The Business Of Punk Rock" actually accomplished something. Thanks Ben! You probably saved me and a lot of other punks \$10 the next time Bad Religion rolls into our towns. Now I don't have to feel guilty (because of their shady business practices) when I listen to "Generator", which is one of their best releases to date.

(4) MRR MERGES WITH FLIPSIDE: What?!!? Well, in these tough economic times it makes sense. Punks have to watch out for each other and I guess I'll keep on supporting MRR even though I find *Flipside* to be very boring. It's almost like Pepsi taking over Coke or George Bush picking Pat Buchanan as vice-president.

Well, I took up enough space. I hope I made at least some sense and actually sent a positive message through these letters for a change. My zine, *Suffolk Suffocation*, will print anything you send us - including any ads you have - for free!!! Also, please call 1-800-426-1112 and pledge some money for Jerry Brown's presidential campaign. I hope MRR helps him out when he gets to California. Twinkie Force is the greatest band on Earth (hey Lawrence Livermore - did you get my postcard?) I love you all. Have a nice day. Brian Grandjean/ PO Box 153/ Bayport, NY 11705-0153



Dear MRR,

So we have Stiff Little Fingers, The Damned and The Buzzcocks reforming every three years for another cash in reunion. We have Henry Rollins posing in designer jeans in fashion magazines. Crass records no longer have the "pay no more than" price warnings on them. Discharge reformed only to play the pseudo Led Zeppelin crap they got booted off the stage at the Ritz for. Two members of Govnmnt Issue have new bands using their names as names. Napalm Death still pretend to be politically conscious. Wattie from the Exploited has a red braided extension mohican making him look like Living Colour's Cory Glover. Pre studded leather jackets sell for \$400 in local trendy shops. *Flipside*, the fanzine that abandoned punk years ago in exchange for all the rage rock'n'roll crap is merging with MRR. And finally Tim Yo has left MRR because he feels he's flogging a dead horse. But why? Because we have yet to change the world? Sure the aforementioned used to make me feel uneasy but what else is there? That is not to say that punk rock is the only viable source of music or flavor of counterculture out there but it is something I have participated in for 10 years now and still believe in. The bands and people that inspired me in the early 80's are for the most part gone but not all of them and there are always new ones to replace the old 1992. We have Born Against, probably one of the most sincere and astute bands playing and Citizen Fish, Resist, FUAL and *Profane Existence*. There are many more bands and fanzines today made up of people who are concerned with the events of today. The hippies did not change the world and punk is not going to change the world tomorrow, but we as concerned people have to express our disapproval as to the way the planet is run. You cannot expect to change thousands of years of conditioning in even three decades. It will happen, for if it does not it will not matter because we will be dead. Tim Yohannan, I am sorry you have given up and you will be missed even if you did give my band a bad

review. Thanks.

Rob Phelps/ 199 Ives St/ Providence, RI 02906



MRR -

Just read the Nirvana interview in issue #107. All of their anti-gay comments make me sick and I want Nirvana to know I'm gay and proud of it and you guys are fucking assholes and need to grow up and analyze why you are so homophobic. Not only them, all these so-called free thinking people who slag gays and lesbians are really full of shit. You've all been brainwashed into hating gay people by your parents, teachers, etc. Think about it, what the fuck is so bad about two men having sex or two women having sex. Nothing. It's been around forever and will always be around. 1 in 10 people are gay or lesbian, if it seems like fewer to you it's because people often keep it inside, scared assholes like Nirvana will fuck with them. MRR - I already think you are full of shit and now I hate you even more for printing this really stupid anti-gay interview. Being punk you're so often the misfit, outsider, underdog. So, being gay is the same thing and to put us down is really stupid. Many people at shows are gay and lesbian and the underground must be mature and accepting. The whole straight world is against gays, it hates us, and is killing us off and for the so-called underground music scene to act similarly is sick. Like Kenny Kaos, challenging the dude to a fist fight to "see who's right", are you joking? What an asshole. That kind of thinking you should be hanging out with rednecks or preppie college frat boys and by the way, your brain must be rotting from all your West Coast bullshit. The Waldo's fuckin' rock and you can't comprehend New York punk rock like the fucking NYDolls, Ramones, Wayne Country, etc. The Waldo's is keeping the tradition of true rock'n'roll alive and you Kenny and MRR and all you readers can kiss my gay and proud ass! I hadn't bought your shitty rag in 5 years, I stole this issue and it's obvious I've missed nothing. You all are totally running around in a treadmill, completely played out, it's the same shit year after year, you are all so boring, just give it up!

Gays and lesbian punks and otherwise rule!

Sincerely, Maurice White/ NYC rules.

P.S.: Johnny Thunders lives, fuck you if you're too ignorant to see it!

P.P.S.: You MRR owe an apology to your lesbian and gay readers for publishing something very offensive and insulting. If that doesn't make sense to you, you are all sick.

P.P.P.S.: Mykel Board you are full of shit, I hope you rot in jail. Liar!



Dear Tim,

My name is Jason and I'm from West Virginia (yeah, you've reached the mountain state!). Anyway, about 5, or 6, or 7, or 8 years ago I picked up a Black Flag LP and thought, "Phuc! dis be da shit!" Well, to make a long story and a short life shorter, over the years my musical discoveries have broaden and exponentially with it so did my awareness and attitudes. And now, to me at least the music has become pretty much secondary, it's all ideas you know? Anyhow, that transition also was brought about because about the same time I heard that first chord of Black Flag, I also picked up a *Maximum Rock-n-Roll*, and I realized that there were ideas, attitudes, problems and lifestyles being presented in

the music. As some of my friends, and like-minded freaks from school sedated themselves with the Misfits and other assorted crap, I

kept reading, I kept listening, and I kept thinking. Here I am today, 19, in college (buying time), and trying to figure out a way I can live in accordance to the beliefs and ideas I hold so dear without becoming another drone worker for the queenbee of the capitalist hive. And it's hard as hell!

You know why?

There are very few role models, or examples to look to! (no! not to someone to blindly follow!), but there are very few people to look to for inspiration and to be able to say "Look! he did it!! I can fucking do it too!!" Whenever I hear that patronizing, "Don't worry you'll get over it, you'll calm down." Well, I won't get over it!

Damit! Your one of those examples Tim! You're one of those punk role models (like it, or not!)

I remember when I first saw *Threat By Example*, you know what? You're in there Tim! You know why? You're example is a threat! Yeah, I know it sounds over simplistic and stupid, but think about it! You're an example!

In a scene that is dominated by red-necks and jocks in punk clothing, by image makers and alternative socialites there is a core, a very small core of people to whom punk is a lifestyle, a religion of strength and will to survive and grow, and those people have there best connection and inspiration in MRR and you! I can always point to you and say, "He's 40 years old, fought like hell and held onto his beliefs! He did it, so can I." I have always looked up to you, (no you're not an idol, or anything, so don't let your head swell!), and been inspired by your example.

Well, I just got done reading your column this month, (as you can probably tell). Actually, I read it about a dozen times looking for the words "April fools", but it wasn't there. You know sometimes I feel like giving up and going mainstream and saying what the fuck and either getting a job in suburban McDonald's world, but then I quickly regain my "right" mind again and realize that's taking the easy way out, that's giving up. That is defeatism!

This month's column embodied everything that's ever in my mind when I feel like saying "fuck it!" It's all true! It's all sad, and it's scary, and it makes me mad as hell. But in all honesty, when I read that you were quitting, I cried.

I felt like an idiot for doing it, but I couldn't help but cry. From years of reading your zine and living in a fucked up world I've never been able to get myself to write a single note to anyone for any reason, but when I saw Tim Y., one of the most influential people in helping to shape my thoughts and feelings, the guy responsible for creating an all important media like MRR about to call it quits I couldn't keep quiet!

After I read your column I got out my *Threat by Example* once more. I opened it to page 46, and there between the Dick Lucas's, the Lawrence Livermores, and the Chumbawamba's, was one more person who in who influenced probably a whole *Hell* of alot more people around the world than just Martin Sprouse, It was you, man!





I read back over your section, but it's funny, right there on the facing page was two black boxes that I thought did and still do typify Tim Yohannan, and

probably how he wants to be remembered. The first said: "The key is, first, having a dream. Second, it's important to communicate that dream to others to see if they share it or are a part of it/ And third motivating myself to motivate others to joint action."

Right below that is your story of failing the Army physical! Tim that is motivation! That is an example!

The 2nd black box reads: "We don't have the numbers or power to meet the strength of the Industrial State head on, so we must be clever, must know our limitations but not ever give into defeatism."

Those are words to live by! And you have for so long. Don't stop!

What your column says is true and it frustrates me too! I don't want to seem as if I'm judging you for a personal decision or slamming you for selling out, because I don't feel you are. To me you're a friend, someone who (even though unknowingly) was there to lend a guiding hand and to help me see. To me you're a friend who is now feeling pushed a little too far and a little too hard, and are fuckin' pissed that you seem helpless to do anything about it.

Well maybe the New World Order is to be the death of us all, and maybe CIA terrorism is only a phone call away, and maybe you're getting shit for a petty Dwarves interview from a bunch of assholes who are only one step above Danzig fans and maybe we couldn't stop a war! But, in such an increasingly fucked up world punk rock means everything!!!!

It means in the face of the biggest, meanest, ugliest, stinkiest, most bad breathed, toothless, ruthless, spit-slobberin, club weildin, punk thumping, racist, republican, homophobic, sociopathic, David Duke wannabe, George Bush worshipping, G.M. puppet of a bully that there are a handle full of us 19-41 year old snout noses that just won't back down!!

Besides Tim, the power of the individual in his own time to change the world is very limited! Single handedly you, or even us, could not stop a war, or world wide capitalistic rape, that is one limitation! But you're a success Tim! Because you've succeeded in planting the seeds and you've even stuck around to water dem seeds! You and your crew have inspired hundreds and maybe thousands more people like me to be the next core people of punk to keep the ideas alive and growing so that we can plant them in 10's of thousands in the next wave. (By the way, this is the first time in history that dedicated punks are having and raising kids! Just think of who might pop up!)

Anyway what you and your "baby" have fostered are the seeds and roots of change. Who knows it may take 100's and 100's of years but I believe someday we might win. Unfortunately it's a race against time to win before their fuck ups kill us all, and we might lose, but isn't the punk spirit great that us snout noses will still try!

I Love us!! Go team! (ha ha). Team, yeah right? You know, us punks may be the most disorganized, untrusting, rebellious, uncooperative and sometimes lazy fuckers in

the world but even if every bit of work we ever do gets bulldozed we, ourselves, will not be!! Cos' we're Punk Damnit!

Now maybe I sound naive and immature, but I don't think so! Maybe I'm taking a musical "trend" (as they say in mass media) gone wild too seriously, but I don't think so! I'm just living the way I believe is right, and it's not far from the way the Tim Yohannan I know and loves does probably.

You know, maybe MRR has survived a war, two presidents, growing state violence, harassment and assassination attempts but I don't think it can survive Tim Yohannan. Because it survived due to Tim Yohannan!

Because you're the Grandfather of Punk! And you should be damn proud that you've earned that title!

Yeah sure! Obie and his "straightened out" friends, who one by one "got on with their lives", may see you as a middle-aged kid failure who refuses to grow up; well fuck them!!! And if you ever see Obie or that guy in NY who called you; you should punch their fucking lights out!! Because in an increasingly fucked world, punk rock, and your involvement it means everything!

Tim, I may be the only one who writes to you and you may get a 100 letters saying "Thank god! he's gone!" but I don't think I'm the only one you left a positive impact on.

There a hundred and maybe thousands of other punks out there like me who truly care and know what's up. And probably every one of them cried a tear or two this month too!

So please Tim, I ask for myself and on behalf of them, please, work thru it, reconsider, fight if you have to but please...

Come back.

P.S. You can't let them win by allowing one of our leaders at a time to fall by the wayside. Your friend, Jason Murphy/ Rt. 1, Box 172a/ Falling Waters, WV 25419

Dear MRR;

N This is Rich from vicious Vinyl fanzine sending in this news clipping that appeared in the weekend section of the *Seattle Times* (3/20/92). I was surprised to find out that the mainstream press even knew of MRR's existence!!! But anyway, here's proof that they do!

The April issue of Maximum Rock N' Roll has Northwest bands all over it, including a hilarious interview with Nirvana, an interview-feature with the Fastbacks and an interview with the Mono Men, illustrated by photos of the classic Northwest bands the Sonics and the Wailers. And there are reviews of bootleg recordings by Soundgarden ("Get A Haircut Hippie"), Nirvana ("Smells Like Green Spirit") and - best of all - Bruce Pavitt, the Sub Pop tycoon, plays for something called "Bruce Pavitt Plays Teen Beat," described as a surf/instrumental record. It was recorded in 1979, and the over picture of young Pavitt, is a hoot. By the way, the Nirvana interview squelches rampant rumors about the band breaking up. "We're just gonna keep getting heavier and heavier," Kurt Cobain (who is curiously referred to as "Qurt" throughout) is quoted as saying "More of the same high quality rock. We love our fans and feel like they should be able to expect something from us."

Dear Maximum Rock and Roll,

I I'd never have thought the day would come when I could sincerely quote a Slapshot song, but it now seems ap-

propriate, punk is dead. The once admirable traits of its adversity the the mega-business politics of the "real world," and its individuality and its non-conformity have been transformed into hypocritical political ideologies, and a clique-filled, narrow-minded community. Over the past couple of years, we have watched punk gradually decay, and now, Maximum RocknRoll has finished it off for good. What was once a valuable medium for communication is now nothing but one petty argument after another, pages of mindless interviews, and now, a "corporation." The inside cover of issue number 107 confirmed every doubt I ever had about the sincerity of punk rock and of your publication.

I've probably sworn to myself a half a dozen times over the past year that I would never buy MRR again. The first criticism that got to me was the extreme and blatant bias towards bands and individuals not from an approved location, i.e. the East Bay. I've seen countless original bands from throughout the country suffer from a bad review when bands like the Mr. T Experience and Greenday can regurgitate the same three chords and the same silly lyrics and receive great reviews. And what really sucks is that you have the whole underground community by the balls. We need a review to sell records yet if we get a bad one, which we probably will, we're fucked. And heaven forbid our zine isn't quite up to par with your standards, because now you won't review it. I guess as the popularity of your publication increased, so did your ego. (By the way, these are not pissed off, spiteful feelings that I have because of a bad review, nothing of mine has been reviewed as of yet.)

There is absolutely nothing to read in MRR anymore. The letters section is a joke. They are usually from some half-witted moron complaining about his favorite band selling out. "Oh, boo hoo, bands aren't allowed to make a living if they are really punk fuckin' rock." Then of course I could always turn a few pages and read another interview with Nirvana, (as if they need any more press). Don't interview any new bands, that would be too logical. The news section is ridiculous. That stupid two-page spread that asks all the cool Berkeley dudes a really hip question is a total waste of space. And what really cracks me up is this new feminist and gay kick your on. It seems to me like you pick the hottest topic of the day, (no matter how old and how boring), and use it to capitalize.

The only section worth glancing at is the columns. Thank God there are people like Ben Weasel and Mykel Board who piss people off and force them to think.

And now for the straw that broke the camel's back, Maxide Corp. Everything punk rock has always been against is a reality. To an unsuspecting reader, it seemed almost like MRR performed a hostile takeover of *Flipside*. For some strange reason, I can't buy the fact that the intentions of this merger are totally legitimate. I think I see dollar signs somewhere. I'd never thought I'd see the day when MRR was big business.

But wait, now that MRR has merged with *Flipside*, maybe they will accept all ads. Nope. MRR has taken the liberty to continue to blatantly censor all ads. Excuse me, punk rock is supposed to be against censorship, even if it concerns racism or homophobia. Don't I have a right to say what ever the fuck I want to? Isn't there a journalistic code that plainly states that the views of the editors are not necessarily in agreement with those of the contributors.

MRR has the power to be so informative, but you fucked it up.

I totally think it's time for something new. Punk is dead, stick a fork in it, it's done. Let's move on and start something new. Let's put all of those stupid punk rock philosophies set in our mind by bands and publications such as this aside and start over. God knows its about time.

Sincerely,
Brian McNamara/ 3428 Hess St./ Phila., PA 19136



Dear Mykel Board,

You stinking filthy pervert. It's too bad about your house getting fire bombed... Too bad you weren't in it.

I find your story of how the boy initiated everything to be questionable at best. But for the sake of argument, we'll say he did. What if the boy was 10 years old? Would you have still allowed it to happen you piece of shit? How about it? Maybe six?

Is it okay for children to be seduced to dirty old fakes like yourself? Is it all right if they get A.I.D.S.? I guess it is, after all a six year old can say no, right?

Granted the boy's father was probably as bad as you, deserving the slow death, but if I walked in on you doing what you did, I'd smash your teeth on the urinal, kick your fucking kneecaps in, and crush your larynx.

Rot in prison you sick mother fucker, Warren Fisher.



Dear Maximum Rock N' Roll,

Excuse me Mr. Weasel, your column in MRR #107 makes me want to heave. Let me just briefly explain. Not only do I think your column is a total waste of valuable space, but a waste of readers' time. Who really cares if you have nothing better to do than to tell MRR readers that you're jealous that Jello's got the woman you wanted, which seems to me anyway, a lie. You say Biafra said, "I'm the most famous punk rocker in America." Well shit, he probably is. Hasn't he done many uncountable, valuable things for "smart" punks over 12 years? The guy is fucking honest with intelligence, and has a great voice to boot.

Shit, "Biafra for fucking president." I'm sure you'll comment on that. Who even cares who's more punk than who. About you grabbing Jello's dick, it was probably a wet dream come true for you. I can imagine you couldn't wait to tell all of us about it. You're so pathetic and full of rotten shit. I can't tell what's worse, your hand that writes for MRR or the Dwarves lyrics. You are fucking with shit that you are totally ignorant about. You are about as punk as my fundamentalist Christian grandparents, but that's just my opinion.

Oh yea, I bet you use Trojans as well as Mr. Mackaye, when your neighbors' dog feels up to it. Sorry about that last comment to all you animal rights activists. I happen to be one too, but you probably don't care about that anyway, right? It seems as though you probably won't admit it, you probably follow all those sarcastic "punk rock" rules you made up. Thanks for being the fascist of the month. Please get hit by a truck. You keep writing those nasty columns, so I can amuse myself by fucking with them. One more thing - Jello and Ian are as "punk" as it gets so far as I can see, and have contributed their souls and lives to it. I love them and what they're about. Their music and words have inspired and kept alive the fire in all of us. This is only my view, many may not feel the same way and that's fine, I don't care. Just don't fuck with people you can't hold a candle to.

Remember punk as law, anyone who shares the same feelings as above write me. Steve Richey/ 396 Syne St./ Lakeport, CA/ 95453

P.S. Please write me, Mr. Weasel, you fucked Nazi.



Dear MRR,

I'm writing to answer "A Compassionate Person who Cannot Sign His Name etc.'s" letter. I'll do this point-by-point, so drag out issue #107 and follow along.

1) Several years ago, the Animal Liberation Front raided the lab of John Orem, a man with no medical training, destroyed his equipment and "stole" the cats he had been experimenting on. Contrary to "person's" letter's claims, the cats did not simply have to wear electrodes-the electrodes were inserted into their brains through holes drilled into their skulls. This produces results like "projectile vomiting"-hardly painless. The cats were sleep deprived by being forced to stand on a small platform over an ice bath.

Lastly, Orem's published papers-after a decade of cat-killing, mention SIDS only twice, once to state that his findings had nothing to do with Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. It wasn't until the ALF forced him to defend himself that he grabbed the nearest baby and stood behind her-thus exploiting the tragic deaths of children as ruthlessly as he exploited cats.

2) "Person" says that Alex Pacheco staged the famous photograph of a monkey in a holding chair that appears on the "This is Vivisection" posters. This is a lie that first appeared in *Washington Magazine*, along with the rest of this story. *Washington Magazine* recently printed an apology. Taub, the vivisector in this case, cut the monkey's spinal cords so as to paralyze one arm. He then used painful electric shocks to try to force the monkey to use his/her injured arm.

As for "Persons" assorted tidbits: PETA does have an annual "Gala" party. It's a major fundraiser & chance to thank whatever Congressmen have helped the animals, even a little. Various celebrities donate their time & talent at the party.

PETA's budget, last I checked, was \$3 million a year, not the \$2 million "Person" says. Yeah, that's a lot of cash, but it's nothing compared to the vivisection industry, not to mention the furriers, factory farmers, and the rest of the killing-animals-for-profit crowd. 50% of PETA employees, who work 60-20 hours each week, make less than \$24,000 a year & Ingrid Newkirk makes nothing.

Over 75% of PETA's budget last year went towards Research & Investigations, Public Outreach & special campaigns. Read Peter Singer's *Animal Liberation*. Read Tom Regan's *Case For Animal Rights*. Read the stories in the magazines in your library. The side with people who are defending truth & compassion. For Liberation (Animal-Humans or not), David E. Riley/ 3742 Electra/ San Antonio, TX 78218

P.S. If you think you know otherwise, write me. Come on "person", defend your lies.



Dear MRR,

Last week Artless played at ABC at a Food Not Bombs benefit, Mykel was really pleased to be playing that. I booked the show a while ago and as soon as your last issue came out which had the piece about him getting arrested my phone didn't stop ringing with complaints about me booking him and the band, I even started getting people calling me to ask what I thought about the Maxide Corporation thing. I bet you have received so many letters

saying shit. I kept telling these people, "didn't you notice the amount of joke articles that were in that issue", but they couldn't see past that first page. Congratulations on pissing so many people off.

Neil/ Tribal War Records/ PO Box 20012/ Tompkins Square Station/ NY, NY 10009.



Yo Tim,

What's up? Well, Kevin here, from what's left of the Fixtures. Just thought I'd take a minute to drop you a line and say thanks for all your work over the years with the mag and all and give you a high five and best wishes and all that crap for the future!

Yeah, bizarre ain't it this year marks ten 'count 'em, years for my involvement with this "scene" via the Fixtures-if you can call it involvement; I mean we've been nothing but outsiders from the start to the present, but hey, that's show biz! Anyway, things really haven't gotten any better and there's little difference between this "scene" and the rest of the world anyway-and that's unfortunate-but we push ahead anyway, and go on with whatever we do, no big deal. MRR and all you've done has been quality and valuable, at the very least to me anyway. So I send you my thanks. Too bad I, like many others, am probably sending them a bit late, but here they are none-the-less! Enough babble, take care and take no shit as always! Kevin, The Fixtures



Greetings Folks,

For the first time ever, after reading #107, I've been prompted to write a letter to you lot. Why?

Well, I guess, like many others, I was surprised/ saddened to read Tim's resignation column. I've always seen good ole Mr. Yo Mama in a very 'respectable' light (for want of a better phrase). Not just for what he created with MRR, etc., but also because he's one of the rare species of 40+ years who still knows maximum rock n' roll when he hears it. I will miss his record reviews, from what I've heard he knows 'punk as fuck' more than anyone!

Fuck! I hope I hold onto whatever it is that keeps the rebellious/ punk spirit alive as long as that. Perhaps if nothing else, he can be encouraged to continue writing columns?

Hey, what's this? Another thing (& it seemed to infiltrate Tim's column) is this growing pessimistic virus about the current punk scene. Well, bollocks to that!!

Listen, where I live there is no punk scene, no bands, no gigs, no zines, no mohawks (almost). It's always been like this. I can't look back and reminisce about the good old days cos there's no such fuckin thing. Out here, the punk scene is your bedroom. I can't help feeling that if all these "The scene sucks" punk rockers had no scene they'd soon realize how full of shit they are! To extend a quote from aforementioned column - "if your scene sucks, it's only because you do!" Fuck this negativity. I love life. I love punk!!

And I love MRR. When I first came across it about 6 years ago, I was overwhelmed. Here it is, a well-made punk zine, by fans for fans, with commitment and integrity. I can't say it's perfect, but it sets standards, y'know. And for punks like me, it's a very important medium of communication-almost a punk rock bible!! (no, perhaps not...)



Anyway, when you're surrounded by jerks and the brainwashed, it's nice to have MRR as a forum for punk and a bit of intelligent thinking - at least I'm not

alone!

The *Flipside* merger was quite a surprise too (I guess I'm not the only punk entity that's been fucked by the recession!) I'm very pleased to hear you're sticking to the no racist/ sexist/ fascist policy. A very important position that should not be compromised.

I still look forward to each new issue of MRR with as much, if not more, excitement than ever.

Lastly, to all you shitworkers, out here in the middle of nowhere (sort of) there is someone who really appreciates what you produce. (and you can bet your ass if I lived in Berkeley, I'd be part of it myself) - Your time is not wasted.

Keep up the good work! Thanx, Neighbour Annoyer (Punkasfuckasalways!)

P.S. I have studied each 'Jeff Bale' Column carefully. I have absolutely no idea which is the genuine item & judging by the contents - who cares!

P.P.S. Just cos I've said some nice things does not mean I'll allow any head-swelling/ ego-boosting. Get back to work ya fuckers!!

Now back to our regular scheduled programming-



Dear MRR and Readers,

Hello from the bustling metropolis of Baltimore! I am a 20-year old punk lesbian. I'm still 'in the closet'. It's really difficult, with no support. Because homosexuals cannot be recognized, I get to listen in on my friend's verbal gay bashing. It's really discouraging. I have heard that some people realize the stupidity of their homophobia when they find out that one of their friends is gay, but more often, I hear about people losing all of their friends when they 'come out'. Unfortunately, it seems that every one I know is homophobic, or they say "I'm not homophobic, I just don't like to be around gay people." What the fuck does that mean?

Everyone seems to have learned homophobia, from right-wing fundamentalist Christians, to the punks who claim to reject everything that 'the system' preaches. I don't see why a person's sexual orientation should bother other people. I may not like my friend's boyfriend, or I may think that she has bad taste, but that would have no effect on my relationship with her. So why should the fact that I would choose to go out with another female affect any of my friendships?

I know that this has been said and will be said many times, but, wake up! We're just like anyone else, except for the effects that being rejected by society has. I hope that there are also letters from some homophobes in this issue- I'm really curious exactly what people find so threatening about us.

I hate lying to my friends. I hate getting embarrassed and turning red when my family asks if I have a boyfriend yet, but the thought of alienating all of my friends and family scares the hell out of me. So what am I to do?

-frustrated dyke in Baltimore, MD

After reading your letter, I only wish you had given me your address. Believe me, you are not alone. I remember when *Homocore* zine used to get scores of similar letters. It's so sad - all of these young queers who are just plain desperate for understanding. This is a pretty accurate reflection of the current state of queer youth outreach today. Christ, a few years ago, I could've written the same damn letter, almost word-for-word. You seem to be very confident in yourself, and I'm glad that you're becoming aware of yourself, despite your surroundings. Really, just about every queer goes through this; hardly anyone has it easy. I hope this issue helps you realize that there is a life ahead of you. As far as I'm concerned, this issue is dedicated to you. And whatever decision you make on coming out, just remember that there is help out there for you. Don't suffer alone. If your friends can't handle being around queers, then they're not your friends. Period. Take some pride in yourself and read on. - Matt



Dear MRR & Readers,

I am deeply saddened to inform everyone that my best friend, *Dumpster Dive* partner, and singer/leader of the Connecticut band, The Wussies—Jack Etes—passed away this week. Jack had fallen sick with pneumonia and with that and the combination of his blood disease, hemophilia, he took a turn for the worse.

Jack was really into the music scene thing. He loved our kind of music and everything about it. Jack tried very hard with his band and our fanzine. Granted o.k., both were not the greatest, but a lot of people enjoyed both. He tried hard and some people wish they could take it as far as Jack did. Fame and fortune was not the important thing—having great fun came first with us. I feel really glad that we did all the things we did. Everybody who knew Jack would agree, he didn't have a bad bone in his body, he always meant well, and was a caring person with a good heart.

So not to totally bum you out, I will tell a funny story about Jack. A few months ago we went into New York City with him and some friends to hear Lou Reed do spoken word piece of all his great songs and it was pretty cool. After the reading we hung out, trying to get a hold of Lou Reed and give him our zine. I guess because of things like the death of John Lennon and the countless acts of violence we read about in New York City, Lou has become a little scared of people. I guess I don't blame him. Anyway, Jack refused to leave until we could give Lou a couple of issues of *Dumpster Dive* fanzine. Lou Reed had a huge bodyguard and he threatened us bodily harm if we didn't leave. Jack stubbornly refused to leave and was being as annoying as possible. Finally we were kicked out by the bodyguard and janitor. Outside we went with a large group of people standing and waiting to take pictures and get autographs of Lou. Jack went up to Lou Reed's limousine, opened the door with the driver inside waiting, and threw a bunch of *Dumpster Dives* inside. A large group of people saw this. The crowd roared, cheered and laughed for Jack because he had the balls to do this. Actually you really had to be there, but you get the picture. It was really funny. We got Lou Reed to give us his autograph and I don't know if he ever read those fanzines Jack threw in his limo. But that's an example of how Jack was. He was a funny, great guy who did not like to give up.

Life is a very fragile thing that we all take for granted. When something like this

happens, it hurts. We will have a couple of kegs of beer as he wished a party to remember him. He was hard-core to the end. I will cherish all of our good fun times we experienced and I hope everyone who knew him does too. I will never forget Jack. I loved him very much and I will miss him very much. Jack Etes—Rest in peace. Peace and Love, John (The Bomb) Colletti/ *Dumpster Dive* 74 Osborne Ave/ Norwalk, CT 06855



MRR,

Beth Johnston, thanks for the great thoughts in MRR 106 on being an adult and married punk. My wife and I could relate to most everything you said. Many of your ideas deserve serious consideration by everyone in "the scene", especially those rolling through their early to mid-twenties, a time when so many people fade away into the mainstream.

Your focus seemed to be on taking responsibility for everything you do in your daily life, and how that relates to being an adult punk interacting with this fucked up world that surrounds us. Being a responsible person is often confused with "growing up" or "calming down." It ain't necessarily so. Being responsible is completely compatible with anger, rebellion, and radicalism. In fact, I would say they can be one in the same if you include things like political, social, and environmental awareness along with combating ignorance and intolerance etc. as being characteristics of a truly responsible person. After all, do the majority of people in the U.S. possess these characteristics? No way. That is what makes being responsible, rebellious. I'm not saying that most punks are responsible in those ways either, but I wish they were.

About marriage, which you didn't say much about. Most people we meet can't believe it when we tell them we are married. "People like us" aren't supposed to be married. They ask us why we would do such a thing. It's really not a question that can be answered in a sentence or two, but I'll try to explain briefly. Yes, marriage can be a strange thing, and people do it for a lot of goofy reasons: money, status, legitimacy of sexuality, procreation, it's expected of them, etc. All of these things get camouflaged into the word love. Personally, we had been living together for a few years and we felt like marriage would be a further commitment to one another by acknowledging that this is the person I want to spend the rest of my life with. Oh yeah, did I mention love? We found nothing in marriage that would compromise our beliefs, as long as we did things our way. The ceremony was completely free from religion, performed by a liberal, Spanish-American, woman judge. (Are we PC or what?)

I'm not going to feed you any line about how you'll know when you have found the right person when they come along, statistics would prove me wrong. It takes work and commitment to avoid becoming a statistic. Remember that your relationship is just as "legitimate" regardless of whether you marry. Don't let the government, the church, schools, friends, or relatives tell you different.

Thanks again Beth for the great column. I hope I was able to accurately expand on a couple of your ideas. There's obviously much more that could and should be said about these issues. Gosh, maybe we should start a network of responsible, radical, married punks!

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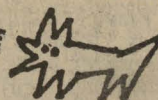
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[Note 1: I promised you part two of my personal *Divine Comedy*. You'll get it—next month. This is the queer issue and there are queer questions to raise.

Note 2: I originally wrote part of this column for HOMOCORE Magazine. They rejected it.]

PART ONE: QUEER'S OK, BUT GAY IS BAD

I was madder than a butt-fuckee with diarrhea. Ms. Lilly tells me about the "queer" issue. She wants me to "do something special."

I tell her. "Just 'cause I fuck guys, doesn't make me a homo. Ask them! Homos don't like me."

"Don't worry, Mykel." She says, "I'm not gonna let the homos steal queerdom from us."

Bravo Ms. Lilly! Queer means queer—not "gay." It means strange—not the norm. It means not Mr. & Ms. Straighthead. It means that the celibate girl with her clit pierced is queer. The head of the gay Republicans is not. The hetero who wears diapers under his Wall Street suit is queer. The Andrea Dworkin lesbians are not. Ok. It's a tempting idea. Already too many folks think Jody Foster and Tom Sellek are "queer." Yeech!

If queer means "strange or different" from the practicing norm, than I'm as queer as a mule in pajamas. If it means strange or different from people's actual sexuality, then I'm as straight as Ray Cappo.

Ever since Freud stuck beard to inkwell, folks realized that everybody is sexual. Kids are born with sexual feelings toward everything. The cigar-sucking shrink called it "polymorphous perversity." Those feelings narrow down and focus with age. Hormones, family, social conditioning, create a "sexual orientation." This orientation is really a selective suppression of natural polymorphous perversity.

The real world is not divided between purse-carrying boys in bomber jackets and Warren Beatty. Girls don't have a choice between Phyllis Shlafly and Holly Near. The real world contains a spectrum of sexuality. It lowers from the natural polymorphous perverse through various levels of repression. Next to celibacy, the most restrictive is mono-sexuality. Homos and heteros are both guilty of monosexuality. BUT homos are *more* guilty. Here's why:

In our culture, as we get older our perspective narrows. If we're exposed to daytime TV and *Basic Instinct*, that narrowing leads to some form of heteroness. Those too weak or ignorant to break from the masses become boring straight people. This narrowing gets even more specific. So there are boys who only like girls with big tits and girls who only like boys with hairy chests. These "normal people" don't think much about their orientation. It's the only way they know. They don't make it an identity. You never hear someone introduced himself, "Hi, I'm Sam, a heterosexual."?

On the other hand, those who find their orientation narrowing to members of their own sex have a more difficult time. Sometimes the "normals" ridicule them. In any case they have fewer examples of behavior to follow. You can't turn on *Love of Life* and find a model homo to admire.

Remember gay "clones?" They still haunt Christopher and Castro streets. It's the Marlboro man with short hair, mustache, flight jacket, hiking boots and tight blue jeans. For girls it's the same with a flannel shirt and, usually, less of a mustache.

Why are there clones? Well, when a person is attracted to the same sex, they often simultaneously discover the label "gay." They know their actions are not "normal." They need to name their abnormality. "Gay," supplies the name.

But gay is more than just homosexual—it's a "life style." Once someone adopts the label, they adopt that lifestyle. Now that clones are a dying breed, there are alternatives.

Take the "beards and dresses" look (please!) Adopted by the "Radical Faeries," it implies that homosexuality is "feminine." (Dresses are, in our culture, clothes for women. A homosexual in a dress is therefore, less masculine than other sexual orientations.) This is exactly what society at large thinks. The so-called gender-fuckers do nothing more than reinforce the stereotypical view. They're as bad as the Brando-biker homos. Those guys claim that homosexuality is *MORE* masculine than other sexualities. Neither makes the more radical claim—that it's HUMAN—part of ALL sexuality.

A novice reasons, "if I like to sleep with boys, that must mean I should grow a mustache" (or wear a dress).

Often the new homo moves to New York or San Francisco or at least to his local gay ghetto. He makes his surroundings as homosexual as possible. But he goes further.

He has chosen a difficult course; a non-mainstream course; a course that can subject himself to ridicule; possibly physical danger. Like most people in danger, he tries to protect himself. He uses his homosexuality as both a shield and a badge or more—his identity.

A homosexual who has become "gay," surrounds himself with more and more gay acquaintances. Sometimes he finds himself with more female than male friends. He gradually loses the ability to bond "non-erotically" with other males. Old friends move away; a few because they're uncomfortable with his sexuality; more because they just don't fit in with his new "life style."

That narrowing circle of friends makes his life-style ever more one-sided. He lives in a mental as well as a physical ghetto. He builds walls around him to keep out the "normals."

Those who refuse the restraints of monosexuality put a chink in this wall. We don't fit into this mentality. We represent a part (the heterosexual part) of the homo that he works to suppress.

The homo sees us as either liars or traitors. We're liars because we're really heterosexual pretending partial gayness to be trendy, hip, or "sensitive." We're traitors because we're really homos pretending to partial heterosexuality to make ourselves more acceptable to the "straight world." In either case, we're a threat to the pat life-style that so neatly defines a way of life for the "gay" person.

The homo resents us because he had to work to become what he was. Now, we come along and tell him, "You were wrong. You

didn't have to make that choice. You didn't have to grow that mustache (wear that dress). You could've gone on being polymorphous perverse and had a grand old time of it."

I've bedded more than a dozen "straight boys" who wanted to try IT for the first time. I've never scored with a lesbian and I've tried much harder. (See the ENDNOTES for my latest effort.) Any pansexual will tell you that it's a snap to get a "hetero" to try homosexual sex. They think it's an adventure. But ask a homo to try it, and they scream, "Don't fuck with my identity!" But it's exactly that identity that's the problem.

In that identity, "gay" people base their judgements on gender—and sexual orientation. They notice you first as a homo/lesbo first, a boy/girl second, and then as a human. There's a PC name for this kind of thinking. It's called SEXISM.

This brings me to:

PART TWO: SEXISM

Sexism means making judgements about people on the basis of gender. It is drawing conclusions, discriminating, acting different because someone is male, female or something else.

Keeping that in mind, it's easy to see that **EVERY HOMO IS A SEXIST**. Choosing your sex-partners, friends, and "life-style" on the basis of gender or orientation is sexist. You can't ask people not to judge you on your "orientation," if that orientation judges others.

Yesterday I got a letter from Massachusetts Congressman Gerry Studds. (Really, that's his name!) He wants me to send him money to support his re-election bid. He's in Massachusetts. He wants me, a New Yorker, to send him money. Why? Because he's a homo! (His mailing list makes him think I'm one too.) Appealing to someone because of their orientation is sexist! Imagine the reaction to a politician saying, "Vote for me! I'm straight!"

So, homos...wanna fight sexism? Punch yourself in the face!

Once we understand this division, let's see where it takes us. Sexual relationships (or the lack of them) are part of our lives. Once, while hugging the toilet, throwing up last night's beer and pizza, the thought crossed my mind. "Hey, I'm not thinking about sex right now." Of course, I was.

Though the actual sex act takes up a small percentage of our time (even for Martin Sprouse!), it still takes up a large portion of our thoughts. Judging the object of our lust by gender is sexist. Put most simply, **IF YOU DON'T SUCK COCK, YOU'RE A SEXIST**.

Every lesbian is a sexist. Every decision made on the basis of dangles or dales is a sexist decision. If you repress your biology... if you discriminate because you have built an orientation—wall around yourself, you are a sexist.

Let's extend this. **EVERY FEMINIST IS A SEXIST**. If I were to proclaim myself a "maleist" or a "white-ist," you'd immediately—and rightly—label me a sexist or a racist. Yet, somehow, those who assert the female; those who base their view of society on gender—avoid being called what they obviously are: sexist.

Even hetero-feminists approach *everything* from the viewpoint of being a female. Gender is their number one consideration. There's no point of view that's inherently more sexist than feminism. More than SILENCE=DEATH, FEMINISM=SEXISM.

Me? I'm not a sexist. I treat people the same no matter what their gender or orientation. I guess that's pretty queer, isn't it?

ENDNOTES:

—> My muscles are killing me. I'm enrolled in a homo self defense course given at *The Women's Karate Center* here in New York. There are six boys and six girls in the class. Of course, any of the girls could wipe the floor with all the boys put together. The teachers orient the course toward bashing fag bashers. It's useful on the street—and a good cause. That's not why I love (lust) it. I've got a crush on the assistant instructor. Like most lesbos, she's sexier than a chipped front tooth.

Last night we practiced "how to get out of bear hugs." For some reason, I had a lot of trouble with it. I kept asking the instructress to put the hug on over and over so I could practice. I think I stained the mats.

—> My predictions have a bad record. Remember, I predicted Bush's impeachment. I also predicted Atlanta would win the World Series. Well, here's the new one: The Supreme Court, because of the protests, will *not* overturn the Roe vs. Wade abortion decision. That's too bad. I wish they would.

First, it'll make Bush lose the election in November. Second, it'll teach the feminists a lesson about lying down with the right-wingers for their anti-porn mongering. Third, it'll make folks who weren't aware of the erosion of their rights, more aware. And fourth, it'll stir shit up.

—> I didn't have a chance last time to thank the suckers who gave to my defense fund. Those who sent money to Chicago actually sent it to BEN WEASEL. If you don't get it back, write to him—and send a copy of the letter to me. I don't want him supporting his new implants with your money. If you sent money to Sam in NY/NJ, (thanks ANTISEEN!), you also better get it back. Tell me if you don't. (As usual, PO Box 137, Prince Street Sta, New York NY 10012.)

—> I heard from Chris East at BIRTH fanzine. Canadian customs confiscated the zine as being "hate literature." I wonder if it had anything to do with my interview. The Canadian border censors are worse than the Americans. They don't have anything better to do. It is Canada, after all. You need a change from watching moose scamper in the snow.

—> Also on the fanzine front, I got a fine issue of *Religion of The Month Club*. This issue deals with shit. Nope, I don't mean "things." I mean the brown stuff that comes out your butt. My favorite article is "Methods of Shitting" These include the "Ghost Shit" (where you feel the shit come out but there's nothing in the bowl), the "Spinal Tap Shit" (where it hurts so bad coming out you'd swear it's leaving you sideways), and the "Whiplash Shit" (where you push and strain until your eyes are bloodshot and the shit just starts to come out when, OOPS, it goes back in.) You can get a copy of the zine by sending a couple bucks to: ROTMC, PO Box 2430, Santa Clara CA 95055-2430.

—> Finally, I got a masturbation letter from a girl—and she's English! She's done it on every form of public transportation. Also on a bed while other people sleep on it, trying not to wake 'em up. They must be heavy sleepers, those Brits.

—> One of my new favorite zines: *The Book Of False Gods* (PO Box 9471, Schenectady NY 12309-9471.) It's a mini 'zine somewhat in the *Cometbus* vein, but funnier. The newest issue has a hilarious parody of an urban guerilla manual. The zine is an iconoclastic put-on. Sometimes iconoclasts and putter-owners can also be taken. These guys believed a clever CAMPUS REVIEW parody. It has girls signing "Consent To Sex Release Forms" so their beaus won't be charged with date rape. Anyway, send 'em a

dollar.

—> Speaking of rape, ARTLESS played our first show in four years at ABC NORIO. Special thanks to REGRESS and SIDESHOW for lending us their equipment. Also special thanks to Jane and her friends. They pulled me off the stage after I sang "Beer Is Better Than Girls Are." To debate my point, the abductors poured my can of *Olde English 800* down the front of my pants. Then they dumped me in a recycling bin. While this went on, a feminist grabbed the mic and started spouting off about rape. I didn't get the relevance. Beer doesn't let you drink it one night and then the next morning change it's mind and say you forced it down. In any case, the feminist was a prize ranter and a fine heckler. She also puts out a 'zine called RIOT GRRRL. Write for your copy (Box #23, 135 East 12 St, New York NY 10003) Tell her I sent ya.

—> Also thanks to Larry, who does the fanzine Genetic Disorder (PO Box 151362, San Diego CA 92175). Besides his fanzine, Larry sent me two articles. One was about a San Francisco hypocrite named Mike Echols who works to "expose" people he doesn't agree with. Instead of debating or discussing issues, this sleazebag, makes tabloid mincemeat out of them. He set up the San Francisco NAMBLA members for exposure on sensationalistic TV. Without trials or even accusations, he ruined the lives of people who did nothing more than think a different way than he does. Kind of like the McCarthy era crew did with the Commies in the 50s.

Weirdest, is that the guy claims he's exposing people "who prey on those who are weaker." What about TV news crews??? They're the biggest weak-preyers there are. But he wouldn't get the publicity in that case. Oh no, he's the power-media's friend and as much a hero as Richard Nixon.

It's probably illegal. So I won't suggest that folks find out where this creep lives and set him up for being exposed. (*Everybody* has something to hide.) So I won't do it. Still, if anyone knows his address, I wouldn't mind having it.

—> Larry also sent me an article about the University of California in San Diego. A few years ago a fraternity hired a stripper for a rush event. When the feminists found out, the frat men were banned from using the campus facility for six months.

This year, there was a feminist "Take Back The Night," march. About fifty women walked bare-breasted, presumably to show their femaleness. The college took no action. When asked why, a college spokeswoman said that the march nudity was meant to engender "respect for women."

Hmmmm, I've seen nude strippers and nude feminists. Guess which ones get more of my respect. But such is the stuff of PC-itude.

—> For the serious Anarchists among you: Jerry Kaplan has been working on an Anarchist Archive project. He collects @-material from all over the world, catalogs it, and makes it available for study. If you're interested, you can get more information. Write to: The AA Project, PO Box 1323, Cambridge MA 02238.

—> *The Protocols of The Elders of Zion* is a plan or Jews to take over the world. That done, we'll turn all Christians into slaves. The document's a fraud. Nineteenth century anti-Semites wrote it as an excuse for their jewsecution. I've discovered a modern version. Ostensibly written by men about women, it could only be written by a feminist. Why? As ammunition to prove how evil men are. Examples: "Women have no penises. They are naught but the receptacles for the seed of creation." "We DEMAND mandatory clitoridectomies (sic) for all women." "Rape is legitimate direct action." "WOM-

AN = REPTILE." There's more.

If I'm right about this being a fraud, then feminists are now at the level of 19th century anti-semites. Since when have they risen to that plane?



"Guess who's a fag?"

"Did you know so and so was gay?"

"Do you know what I found out about her? She's...."

Just a sampling of how some of my least favorite conversations in the world start out. A few years ago I started consciously rebelling against this type of talk after being inundated with liberal smoke and steam about how one shouldn't sit still and listen to racist jokes, sexist jokes, so forth.

"Holier than thou!" a few have shouted at me. If I was offended because I felt that I never gossiped, I never talked behind people's backs, I never was drawn into a description of some sordid event in someone's life than I certainly would have earned the hypocrite tag.

No, basically I find these conversations boring. I could care less about other people's sex lives. I can barely retain interest in my own, although finding out recently that I have been wandering around the world with a serious prostate infection for several years did snap me to attention.

This isn't a medical column, though. It is just part of a lively discussion of "queers", a word we have all heard long before we knew what it meant.

One of my brothers was always considered a classic queer. He has a limp-wristed hand mannerism that every jock in Colorado probably imitated until they needed an ace bandage to go on dribbling their basketballs. He had posters of Bette Davis up in his room. He was teased, driven crazy by so-called normal society.

When I worked for a newspaper I was considered a queer because I didn't go drinking with the boys after work. I guess going home, smoking hooters and listening to Trane sides at peak volume was indeed kind of queer, but it wasn't the type of blowing they thought I was up to.

I can just hear their voices: "I think Chadbourne is a queer, eh?" (This took place in Canada.)

Really I am just not interested in hearing about people's sex activities unless it is something amazingly bizarre told firsthand by the participants. An example that comes to mind is the tale of a wild threesome involving one of my off-the wall avant garde music friends and two Baptist (I think) missionaries that came to his door. Now this I didn't mind hearing about, in fact if there was a video available I would buy it!

What startles me is the type of people who have nothing better to talk about than who's gay. These are highly intelligent people who could certainly find something more interesting to talk about. The fact that they bring

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it up implies to me that they think there is something wrong with it, although most of these folks will quickly deny it.

At a prestigious Swiss jazz festival I was with several women musicians whose names I won't mention because they are quite famous in these circles. They were talking about a pianist who is a lesbian and one said "I'm not really sure if she's a woman." in a really snide tone. I was speechless, and since I had been inspired by this pianist as a teenager I wanted to defend her. "Of course she's a woman," I said. "You should be ashamed of yourself."

I went on. They gave me that isn't-he-a-babe-in-the-woods look and the subject was changed.

Recently one of the smartest women I know said she thought gays were obnoxious because they always talk about their sexuality and she really didn't want to hear about it. Although I also don't want to hear about it, I said that there are certain people of all sexual persuasions who like to yammer and boast about what they are up to, and I'd never had the impression it was an exclusively gay activity. There are people who I am aware are "queers" for one reason or another—maybe one of these stupid conversations I was unable to interrupt or maybe they told me themselves—that never bring the subject up, and there are the "straight" types who will out of the blue start babbling about the fantastic blow-job they got from their wives an hour ago!

Let's face it: sex is such a personal part of all our lives that establishing what is "normal" seems more than a little useless. And what does it matter to anyone besides the participants?

William Burroughs wrote in the '60s about how the Nixon era was using sexual prudishness to control the population. I've even written about this before, and it's no surprise since I live in Jesse Helms country. If an act is forbidden in some way - going down on your wife is illegal in most states - then it is just one more thing that can be used against you.

Schoolteachers dismissed for being gay is just one example. How illogical! Being gay doesn't make one a child molester.

In May I am one of the volunteers taking 12 first grade girls on a 5-day beach trip. They are all adorable. No one suspects me of being into little girls even though I am a heterosexual, into porno, etc. Yet gays are constantly under suspicion in these situations. Anyone who is "different" is in the shithouse around here.

Yet beyond the creation of suspicion, paranoia, control devices, peoples such as Helms play a grand role in actively promoting the various "vices" they seem so intent on trying to destroy. The most obvious example of this is of course the Robert Maplethorpe incident, in which Helms almost single-handedly turned "homo-erotic art" into a household word and created a massive market for it.

A joke around North Carolina is that Helms is probably gay or some kind of pervert, obviously, or why the massive interest in the subject on his part. Bypassing his obsession with the National Endowment for the Arts (in the early '70s he was writing nasty letters to the NEA over the erotic writings of Erica Jong) there is solid ground for such a suspicion.

Back in the days when my limp-wristed bro was a target for every poopoo-brained football player the same thoughts would cross my mind every time there was some hassle about being a queer. The jerks who give you such a hard time are most likely queer themselves.

Back in my newspaper days I ran a series of stupid, personally demeaning errands every day. For instance every morning I brought

Farnso in circulation his tea, which he took with two saccharine pills.

On the bus home one day I was talking to a young lawyer I met through my dad. He started telling me how Farnso had come on to him once, put his clammy old hand on his knee and rubbed his leg erotically. Farnso was a shrivelled up guy in his late '50s.

Later I found out my dad's friend, the young lawyer, was gay. His marriage almost broke up over it. I was puzzled over the Farnso story, wondering whether it had really happened or whether the guy was seeing what my reaction would be, perhaps as an indicator of how I would react were he to come on to me. He had just moved to town, didn't know that many people, and had a sexual orientation that was off the beaten track. In such cases, making contacts must be a bit like finding out who smokes pot and who doesn't. In a way I was into a similar thing with my weird taste in music. It seemed I hardly met anyone who liked the same music and just bringing it up with the wrong person could be a disaster.

But to approach it so negatively is part of the whole headspin society puts "queers" into. As much trouble as weird music got me into, I still can't see myself following a conversation tack such as "God, this guy played me this perfectly horrible music...I hated it! Some shit called John Coltrane..."

And then the other person would say "What? I like that stuff..."

"Oh, I do too, actually, I was seeing if you liked it or not without revealing whether I actually liked it. By pretending not to like it,"

Although it seems trivial, the major incident revealing how screwed up everybody is about all this stuff is perhaps the film adaptation of *Midnight Express*, the autobiography of Billy Hayes.

Hayes was in Turkish prisons for years on a hash smuggling charge. In his book written after he escaped, he eloquently describes the blossoming of homosexual love with a Swedish inmate named Arne. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not saying *Midnight Express* was a great piece of literature, but often within a work of general mediocrity there is a simple, heartfelt piece of truth. And in this case it was the inevitable and natural things that come out when one follows one's emotions. If this stirring saga was supposed to be about how Billy Hayes survived his ordeal, one of the most important factors was that he freed up his heart and allowed himself to love another man.

Well this would never do with Hollywood. When it came time to film the story for a blockbuster hit, Hayes winds up turning down Arne in a steaming shower scene. The same audience who it is assumed could never face a couple of queers easily accepts Billy Hayes ripping the tongue out of another man's throat with his teeth and killing an officer five times his size by impaling him.

In the latter scene, Hayes is protecting himself because the big guy wants to buttfuck him.

None of this stuff really happened. Hayes never ripped anybody's tongue out with his teeth and he never killed a huge officer while escaping. In reality, he escaped in a little rowboat after being transferred to a coastal prison.

The presumption that the man's story had to be changed for mass consumption and the type of additional fictionalizing that went into it as detailed above are all pretty clear indications of how, as a people, we are impossibly screwed up. It's a wonder there aren't many more Jefferey Dahmers wandering around.

The tragic last chapter to it all? The actor who portrayed Hayes, Brad Davis, died last year. He had been hiding his case of A.I.D.S. from everyone. For him to continue working meant that it had to be kept a secret, just like Billy Hayes' love for Arne.

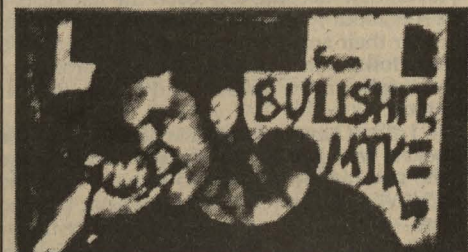
How'd I find out? Somebody came up to me in Tallahassee, Davis' hometown, and said "Hey? Guess who's a queer?"

DAN O'MAHONY

TRIBUTE TO
A BAD MAN



Hmm... All sex should be responsible sex... Only a man knows *exactly* how to make a man feel good... Are you actually going to tell me that any of us are trying to make babies?



I haven't been writing many columns as of late. I find that I've moved off of issues for a while and have become more self-absorbed for the moment. I couldn't imagine using MRR to burden the world with my own personal problems, yet I've found a way to tie them into the theme of the issue, so here goes.

An underlying cause of many of the emotional disturbances I've been experiencing has been the suppression of feelings due to the difficulties of growing up gay in a straight world. Anyone who is gay, or lesbian can relate to this. You feel alone, like you're just strange, and worthless, and no one else would understand. You learn to be afraid, both of letting others find out that you're one of "them" and thus abandon you, or ridicule you, and of yourself, because you can't allow yourself to feel such things. The self-denial and deception emerge as ruling factors in your life, formed as a reaction to oppressive forces which are all too real today. This stifling is unhealthy.

Fighting for "Gay and Lesbian Rights" is important, but another step, just as vital, is coming to terms with yourself. This you *can* do, and you *must* do. Using a stupid analogy, you can't build a building without a foundation. Similarly, you can't form a life without a concept of yourself.

For this reason I see the current proliferation of gay and lesbian/queer zines as very healthy. For the editors, these zines are a creative unleashing of a lifetime of self-suppression. For the gay and lesbian readers, they are signs that they are not alone in their feelings, that they have people to talk to and write with, that they're not "bad" or "evil", but rather perfectly fine and "normal" (gods, I hate that word). For the heterosexual reader, it's a cross-cultural experience, being exposed to a whole new world. All exposures to worldviews and mindsets of those unlike one's self can be seen as positive and educational.

I'm not very comfortable with the word

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'Queer'. It's a rebellious word, and yet, my sexuality is not my rebellion. My sexuality is normal, fine and dandy to me. My beef is with the rest of the world, in their perception and hatred of me. I won't personally take this word 'Queer', because it does not represent me. To me it divides, like flags divide, and I don't need this division. The world has too much division. It needs reconciliation and understanding.

The beauty of the matter is that I see no need to be dogmatic on this point: People can call themselves whatever they want, label me whatever they want. Cool. I will not try to convince them of what I feel is the correct answer here, because there is none. You are what you allow yourself to be. Nothing more and nothing less.

The true test of time is survival, to prove that the odds are wrong, that the individual doesn't need to be forced to conform to the accepted norms of the majority, because these accepted norms mean nothing. They have no value other than that which people grant them.

The true way to gain personal power is to realize that you've always had it. Now you just need to use it. Be Queer! Be Het! Be Gay! Be Lesbian! Be whatever you want, but just allow yourself to BE.

Well...umm...that's about it for now. I guess, I might write some more in the future. Y'all take care now, y'hear.



**OH HELL,
OH SMELL,
IT'S KATY
ODELL !!!**

The other night, I was sitting on my front porch talking to my upstairs neighbors about life or whatever it is I like to babble about to whoever will listen. My roommate Becca came out to join us for a few minutes. I really don't remember what I was saying, except that it was pretty mundane stuff, but Becca suddenly jumped up and ran into the house. I mean, the phone wasn't ringing or anything - she just bolted up and ran indoors without so much as an "excuse me."

I was really puzzled and asked my neighbors if I might have said something offensive. They were just as clueless as I, but didn't think it could have been something I said. Still, I'm always saying stupid, tactless things and was convinced her sudden exit had something to do with me. When Becca returned a few minutes later, I asked her what was wrong.

"Oh, nothing..." she said. "It's just sometimes I don't want to be around heterosexuals." Well, although I've never really asked them, I'm pretty sure that my neighbors are lesbians - not because of some stereotype thing - I just know that some of them date women or their friends who come over seem to come over as couples or whatever and who really cares? Anyway, it was obvious that I was the heterosexual. I felt really embarrassed and my feeling were hurt. For some reason, my roommate (who I like a great deal and get along with well) gets on my case for being a heterosexual fairly often. I don't want this to turn into an attack on Becca - she's an awesome roommate. But sometimes when our conversations take this direction, I want to scream.

She's not the first to do this to me. When I danced at the Lusty Lady, I discovered that a good majority of the women there are at least

into women on a bisexual basis. Let me tell you - if you're even the least bit "bi-curious", a peep-show like the Lusty Lady is the perfect opportunity to explore that side of your sexuality. During the time that I worked at the various nude dancing venues, I developed several crushes on co-workers. I even got PAID to perform in "Double Trouble" shows with some really great women! But rather than feeling free and adventurous, I felt like some kind of sneaky, lecherous pervert. I'll never forget one dancer turning to me and sneering, "I HATE bisexual women!"

OK, here's my interpretation of all that hate or whatever...lesbians feel that bisexual women are basically just straight women who buy into the male (sexist) view of women's sexuality. We read our boyfriend's Playboys and view them the same way as our men do. Yeah, we'll use you dykes to satisfy our curiosity, use your bodies to get some decent oral sex for a change, and then leave you hanging when we go running back to our boyfriends.

I know some women who have been used in this way - then dumped for a guy, and I know it's gotta suck. But my interest in women isn't just a sexual attraction to women's bodies. I really wonder what it would be like to have a relationship with another woman. When I go to Mamabear's Books in Berkeley, I look at the groups of women and the couples with a sort of voyeuristic envy. I'm sure I'm naive, but it seems as if a relationship in which neither partner is "stronger" or more macho or supposed to be in control would be really fucking great. My gay friends tell me that they have just as many stupid problems as hetero couples, but that's just one fantasy I can't let go of.

I'm going to keep this column short in order to make room for others who might have something more important to say. All I want to say is that while I realize gay rights and sexism are very much political issues, sleeping with a member of the opposite sex is NOT sleeping in the enemy camp. Getting hateful and snotty over who sleeps with what gender is going to put us back several steps at a time when we have to fight for every step forward.



Feeling fresh and feminine
.....with
Matt

Wow! My very own column? I'm so nervous - where will I begin? I could go on forever about queers and the punk scene, but for now, I'll keep this fairly brief.

Being queer in the punk scene sucks. It really does. The punk scene is way behind the rest of the world, friends. Sad but true. Of course, it's not all bad. There are many bonuses about being a queer punk, but I'll get to those later. First, the negative. I was talking to my friend Becca a little while back, and we both came to the above conclusion, that it's damn frustrating being out in the punk scene. All of the objects of our lust are just not inclined to want us the same way we want them. This wouldn't happen if we hung out with queers all of the time, an option that is frightfully tempting at times. But still, we persist in hanging out in this hetero freakshow. If punks weren't so damn uptight about sex in general, it wouldn't be so bad.

Being out is like being a magnet. You attract queers. Many of these people choose

you to dump all of their fucked-up feelings on. Everybody chooses you to come out to. You have to play "Dear Abby" when you least expect it. Sometimes, you become the unfortunate object of unbridled infatuation from those who don't know how to deal with their feelings yet. This is purely natural and nothing to be ashamed about. I've done it to people before and all I can say is that I'm sorry - you know who you are. And to all of the people who have done it to me, I'm not holding a grudge against you - all is forgiven. Sex is such an unspeakable thing that many people don't begin to get a sexual education until much later in life. I'm still learning myself. But until the world changes, I'm still subject to sob stories and closeted advances. It's a rough life, eh?

Punk homophobia is one thing. I just avoid the degrading friendships with people who won't accept every aspect of my sexuality. If I'm getting hassled, I can always tear gas them. I would, too. What really bothers me is the "PC" punks. They claim to be so open-minded, so tolerant of my orientation. They can make all of the token statements they want. "Stop Homophobia!" "Leave the gay people alone!" "Can't you see they're just like you and me?" When I hear these, I just cringe. All too often, the same people have their own warped ideas about sex. There is a growing sentiment among PC punks (and in right-wing Christian groups) that sex is bad, especially when it's not cuddly-wuddly sex, in the missionary position. All of these people who want to put an end to "pornography" in the name of sexual freedom make me sick. These same people who have their own preconceived notions on how sex should be are just as restrictive as the pope or the fucking president. I hear people relating the exploitation of women to pictures of women having sex, and then decide that the only way to "protect" women is to not acknowledge sex at all. You can choose whether or not you want to have sex, but leave the rest of us humans alone. As far as I'm concerned, sex is sex. You consent, you fuck, end of story. If you want to be tied up, pissed on, and dominated, then you should do it. Actually, this doesn't sound too bad... but anyway, gender shouldn't have anything to do with it. When it comes to heterosexual sex, there is a whole different power dynamic. People interpret what is going on to be the whole fucked-up power imbalance that is going on in the outside world. People choose to have sex, and sometimes it looks scary to others. But at least it was their choice. The outside world is different, however, because you may be tied up and pissed on, but you have no choice. This is rape. As you can see, there is a difference between the power games going on in the homo world as compared to the hetero world. But this mess is yours, not mine, and you're going to have to solve it yourselves. "Erotica vs. pornography"? Sounds like "good sex vs. bad sex" to me. Don't you ever tell someone how they can or can't have sex.

Poor NAMBLA (you know, the North American Man-Boy Love Association). They admit that they're attracted to boys under the legal age of eighteen and suddenly their rights get taken away. Barring all arguments about whether or not a minor can actually consent to sex (duh), they are a shining example of "punk" sexuality. "Hi, my name is John Doe. I live at 123 Main Street, and I'm a pedophile." How much more punk can you get? Ninety-five percent of you reading this don't know shit about oppression, or what it is to stand up for yourself. Take a lesson from NAMBLA.

Oh shit, I seem to have strayed a bit from my topic. Sorry! Where was I? Well, my queer

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friends don't understand why I hang out with a largely hetero crowd. You see, I live in San Francisco and work in the Castro, and while things aren't perfect here, it is entirely possible to dwell only in the queer domain. I know people who live in the Castro (the queerest neighborhood on the planet) and never leave. They never have to deal with hetero hostility aside from a passing car or the annual Halloween party (a stupid straight-people's gawfest). So why do I venture into the outside world? Because I love punk rock. I grew up with it, and although I'm only 20 years old at this writing, I feel like I've been listening to it forever. I identify with the punk scene so much that my sexuality doesn't even become a factor. I've become accustomed to the fact that who I hang out with and who I date are two different groups of people. However, growing up punk has only made me more well-prepared to be queer. I already know what it's like to gawked at, to be beaten up for being different, and to be treated like a freak. It's only made me tougher (mentally at least).

Recently, I've come to realize that the punk scene and the queer world are practically the same thing. Other than the fact that the punk scene is the largest bastion of closeted homosexuality that exists, the two share too many characteristics to be dismissed as incompatible. After all, what could be more male than your average gay bar? Why, how about a punk show? The pit, perhaps? Imagine twenty "straight" men, shirtless, showing off their well-muscled bodies in a sweaty, grinding pit. After witnessing shirtless all-girl pits at Tribe 8 shows, I realized that such gender-segregated activities are nothing more than pure sex. Homo-sex, that is. At least the girls are open about it. The boys defend their sport in the name of being a "man", but so do large crowds of leather-daddies dancing away in hot, cramped after-hours clubs here in SF. So what's the difference? Denial. This sums up the root of homophobia in one word. People in our society are brought up with this false image of homosexuality as sick and disgusting. In order to distance their own feelings from this entity that they have been taught to fear, they try to prove to themselves and others that they aren't a part of it. Unfortunately for them, this tends to be more of a giveaway than anything else. Trust me, I've been there. Given the opportunity to touch the skin of other men, the punk scene starts a pit. Crazy, huh? Not only is the whole phenomena entertaining, I find it to be very educational. That, my friends, is why I'm still here. I like the music, the attitude, and the energy of punk rock as we know it today. And it's been proven that anyone can take it and make it into anything they want. "Creating your own reality", as it were. If you don't believe me, read the Tribe 8 interview.

I grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania. I moved out here almost three years ago. It was here where I realized that I was a human being. Someday, I'm going to take my newfound courage and move to your small town. And then I'll subvert the entire youth population. Thanks.



Bruce La Bruce is back, and better than ever after a glamorous (what else?) week in Los

An. The excuse I used for going to my favourite North American city this time was SPEW 2, the second international fanzine and spin-off product merchandising convention. I had also attended the first SPEW in Chicago last May as part of the entourage accompanying fanzine editrix, blactress, and spokesmodel Vaginal Creme Davis, the Halston of the underground set. (If that makes me Liza Minnelli, may Skylab II fall on my head.) For those of us who have been doing fanzines for more years than we care to count (we always lie anyway), the SPEW phenomenon is a curious one: what started out as the cheapest (by necessity) and crudest (by choice) means of expressing oneself outside of the conventional publishing world has transmogrified into a mini-literary establishment as unfocused yet elitist and exclusive as the Bloomsbury Group. (Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf? I am, George, I am.)

Now, I don't want to be a stick in the mud, but "Band Wagon" isn't just the name of a 1953 Vincente Minnelli musical. (Can you tell by my literary and cinematic references that I'm a fag?) When what has been dubbed "queer fanzines" started out, the 'target market' (it was faux capitalism in those days) consisted of isolated, confused hardcore kids from small towns and cities across North America who might have just as soon hung themselves in their parents' double garage with an old skipping rope than 'come out' with no support. The homosexual community wasn't offering much of an alternative, unless you were willing to conform to the rules of being gay, including a fear of the feminized male and the masculinized female, and of difference all around. The most exciting mail I ever got as a fanzine editor (along with various detailed correspondence with several death row prisoners, and a recent mash note from *Sassy* magazine) contained zines in which teen punks declared their homosexuality in daring and oh, so sincere editorials, baring their souls to the world, or at least to a few like-minded individuals out there at anonymous post office boxes, who wouldn't hate, reject, or judge them for expressing their innermost secrets.

Half of the worst of the new 'queer' fanzines jumping on the band wagon aren't done out of any sense of urgency or necessity or because it's the only means available to them to publish their work, thoughts, and opinions. No, they're produced by privileged T.F.K.s with literary aspirations, slumming it until opportunity knocks. The other half of the worst are hateful and elitist. Ironically, in attempting to dictate what the alternative to 'gay and lesbian culture' should be, and precisely who should be ensconced as the royalty of the new 'movement', they are behaving but exactly like those 'queens on the rag' they so desperately seek to disassociate themselves from. Heady with power, these queer top ten percenters are so enamoured by their own world view that everything they write comes across as pompous and self-congratulatory propaganda.

How, exactly, did the whole queer zine phenomenon become the tired mess that it is today? What follows is an excerpt from an editorial for the upcoming *J.D.* spin-off fanzine *Monstar*, the Sincere issue, dedicated to the memory of Kenneth Halliwell. It's a cautionary tale - some will be offended, others shocked, but the story must be told.

THE VALLEY OF THE ZINES: A Fable

You've got to climb Mount Everest to reach the Valley of the Zines. It's a brutal climb to reach that peak. You stand there, waiting for the rush of exhilaration but it doesn't come. You're alone, and the feeling of loneliness is

overpowering. I never meant to start that climb. I took the first step the day I left that broke-down, ramshackle slumhouse at Queen and Parliament....

A lot has happened to me since I and my former partner first began *J.D.s*, the original homocore fanzine that has precipitated a deluge of 'queer zines'. Yes, homocore was *our* term then, and we lent it out with abandon, unconcerned with credit or copyright or others co-opting or copying our ideas, our style, our format of expression, our very lives. We had parties then, parties that had a reputation, attracting the self-proclaimed coolest of the cool - the artist and art school crowd, the hangers-on, the wannabees, the thrill-seekers, the posers, the curious. I was always too wild, too drunk, and having too much fun to notice that secretly, furtively, certain Eve Harringtons, certain lags were creepily watching my every move, studying me, biding their time, coveting the throne, waiting to attempt to overthrow the prince of the homosexuals. In particular, the dubious duo were slumming around then. Trapped in their own stifling world of professional responsibilities and hateful monogamy (doomed to sleep with each other for the rest of their lives - what an appropriately miserable life sentence for them!), pathetically searching for someone else's life to emulate, living vicariously through, of all people, me! For years they were even afraid to introduce themselves to me, such was the brightness, the lustre and shiny appeal of the evil apple of my success. In time they would vainly essay to steal my life outright, but...

Now it was about this time that my former partner made the age-old mistake of falling in love with her creation, her Frankenstein's monster. I was, in part, her creation - I freely admit it. I allowed myself to be exploited by her utterly, without limitations. I performed for her, took my clothes off on command, drunkenly posed for naked photos, became the subject of her movies, danced as a pure sexual object for her band, and sat with her, night after night, as she perched on her tarnished throne, hatching schemes with her, mapping out revolutions and planning to overthrow the world as it stood. Yes, we were in love - a strange love, a forbidden love. Alas, her attachment was of a more romantic nature than mine (although mine no less profound), and what had been a partnership as strong as any I had known, as indelible as any tattoo I had received, took on an uncomfortably sexual twist; despite having participated in building me up as a homosexual icon for the world to stare at, be shocked by, mock, ridicule, adore... she tragically fell in love with her creation, hoping that somehow, miraculously, regardless of all indications to the contrary, that he could be 'reformed'.

I have no regrets. Unlike some others, some back-stabbing usurpers whose sole function in life, it seems, is to hoist me upon a cross and watch me slowly bleed my way to infamy, I do not intend to rewrite history. I do not take away from my former partner's genius, nor her beauty: I had to grit my teeth through too many years of insults and hostility directed towards her, my idol, from horrible people who failed to recognize how beautiful she really was, to stoop now to the level of diminishing the memory of our relationship. We sat together for too many years, smoking too many cigarettes, and drinking too much coffee from take-out coffee cups in a world of our own, devising a better fag, a better dyke, and I refuse to let go of that memory, as, apparently, she has. It is too important to me for that.

The world which we envisioned did not

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exactly turn out as planned. Unsure about her own sexuality in the beginning, and unwilling (then) to exploit herself or allow herself to be exploited as I was, she lost control of her creation, her "monster". She had failed to notice that he was and always had been very much his own creation - there had been antecedents equally if not more influential than she - and had a particular way of looking at things that captured the imagination of a generation of lost homosexuals and others. I, a monster, had actually invented myself. I was not Eliza fucking Dolittle. In fact, she had also begun to model herself after me. Eventually, my Halliwell could not, unfortunately, deal with these realities. Enlisting others to do her dirty work (those nameless others who appear to be her pawns, but who are actually now subtly taking credit for all her work - will Chiddy never stand on her own?!?), aligning herself with rank liars and vicious bullies, she sits and obsesses about her own private Orton, metaphorical hammer perpetually in hand, scribbling away at mean little collages of her former paramour. Her new protégée, from Stepford, a star in nobody's mind but her own, blandly defends her Sugar Queen, the only possible ticket to the fame she would do anything to achieve, lashing out like a sniping crone at anyone who dares not supplicate to her Mistress.

The lowest form of celebrity, this tag-along girlfriend, who once brayed "king" in my face, now gleefully participates in Bruce-bashing, the favourite sport of the jealous, loudly protesting too much that no one is paying any attention to her. Sadly, no one is. She is joined in her assault by that stylistically-challenged bougie gay couple posing as "the new queer radicals", the man who would be boy and his houseboy, who would be demented chicken, the trio of flops clumsily defending their Earth Mother, their Martha. So while Three Men and a Baby rant and rave and choke on their own bile, marinating behind the single rag they share, I blithely forge ahead, ignoring their one-note tirade, refusing to allow them to drag me down to their level, their utter reinforcement of stereotypical behaviour of gay men and lesbians. Never do I mention their names, because I, and apparently I alone, understand the value of negative publicity. There are others and they know who they are - who have taken up the mantle of a 'movement' which they will never understand, dilettantes and librarians who collect and copy and catalogue and ultimately take credit for ideas which should be left to those who live them. These bookshop radicals may be bullied into acquiescence by the likes of Bob and Carol and Ted and Malice (I apologize for the reference - it disgraces the memory of Natalie Wood and the hairstyles of Dyan Cannon), but their misguided allegiance only attests to the weakness of their wills and minds. I am sorry, but you see it is my curse to tell the absolute truth, and like Blackie in "Boom", I will always dare to say what I know to be true.

To those Bruce-bashers out there (who have unwittingly acted as the best publicists a Linda Blair could ask for), I offer no apologies. They can throw my reputation in the toilet like Susan Hayward's wig, but Helen Lawson does not skulk out the kitchen exit. She goes out the way she came in, with dignity. And while the Neely O'Haras of the world scream and rave alone in a back alley, a crane shot their only friend, before fading out of the picture, I shall walk in the New England snow with Barbara Parkins, humming the love theme from *Valley of the Dolls*.

The moral of this fiction is, to pull a quote

from the movie *IF K* "In the homosexual underworld, people like to make themselves out to be more important than they actually are in reality".



"Queer Punk" is a reclamation of sorts... culturally so. Punk (the meaning 15 years ago, not the learned applicable one that through marketing combined with familiarity we've come to know and accept) was in a large part supported by homos & lezzies, created and participated only to see it become commodified... mainstreamly macho and homophobic. If you've read these very pages over the last few years there's been some good articles on the subject (JD's "Don't Be Gay", the L Livermore, L. Braindrop, Blowdryer triad of columns etc.) but not enough. The complaints about this magazine being "pro-homosexuality" (such a great word) typifies the assimilation that punk is. Because now there's such an aura, man, of coolness around it, so very much so... The process of absorption of almost every aspect of what was once considered subcultural is fairly complete. Calculated knockoffs of Iggy & the Stooges insure a contract with Geffen, and your hardcore band sounds just like the Bud/Converse ad execs had dreamed it would. Bleah! Time for new words, so the queer punk concept is subversive still on a certain level.

But why say "punk" at all. I was born in 1970. I didn't start regularly going to shows till I was free of High School. I survived those years when Duran Duran was *it*, not Led Zepplin (well, poop; I guess they never did go out of style...) In 1987 it was really kind of the tail end of "hardcore". As much as some neat stuff has happened under the banner of punk through that eighth decade, it was still somehow worthwhile to hold on to that word. But these last 6 or 7 years it's just gotten further and further away from any kind of immediacy. Plus, when you add the fact that it's become such an acceptable and predictable formula... I mean, it seems like every other band has a band they try to emulate, and while they have a genre down, they just aren't expressing anything. It's a fetishizing of anger. Pseudo-anger sells. Look at how well the speedmetal scene capitalized on hardcore. Familiarity breeds conservatism. Making music familiar and unchallenging again. So, in a way we all cheat ourselves. Its time to invent new words because "neo-punk" just is too stale. Yes, it's neo-punk. At least the neo-sixties crowd knows it's being nostalgic (and sometimes still sexist and homophobic, which is where that conservatism=familiarity theory comes in...not to mention the garage scene in the 60's was totally male dominated [almost]).

Why this "underground" it not moving on? Because of that wacky assimilation, man. It just seems that there is really no intense desire to create radiating from the "underground". Just a lot of bored hipsters floundering in a social scene, or stupid squeaky clean cut types that have a chance at being the most popular punk in school. No effort, no gut-level feelings. It's almost worse than being stuck in an art class with nothing but Gothic fashion designers. It all seems so surface. Plus, the irony of jock-like

homophobes, people walking around with piercings when it really came out of the new tribalist/queer community. Rock and roll has a different meaning than it did in the seventies (almost 50 decades, gee, not to say that that's bad; youth worship was another fucked up thing about the hardcore scene). Hip Hop's already absorbed a lot of aspects from hardcore, some of that's really great, others not so great. And it's still fairly unchallenged on the sexist queer-o-phobic crap.

We already know that women and queers can "rock out", but anyway we need not just new words but a new culture. What is at the root of all her babble you must be saying. Well here's that word again—assimilation. Punk has been assimilated thoroughly. Reprocess it if you must, live your life, sing and write what you know my siblings...but don't try to relive it. And as much as I like the idea of fucking with the acceptable notions of punk rock on the womanly and gayness side of things, I'd rather not let it only define me. Sure we are here and queer and at a lame show, but let's make a culture, not react to boring rock and roll...

For me music I was interested in was not about coolness...I didn't get involved as a chicklet with my cool punk boyfriend. I had to seek it out on my own. What got me interested was the culture, the awareness, the possibilities.... that my ideas and feelings weren't just wrong or weird. So anti-sexism, sure anti-racism, great, (they aren't just slogans, really)...but my girl-liking still wasn't really given the same status as an issue not even gayness was as fucking important as animal rights. So my gayness (not to mention my dorkiness, which I readily admit too) wasn't the norm certainly... It wasn't even an acknowledged part of sexuality in that wacky hardcore scene...or sexuality wasn't being at all dealt with like it is now. Which is good that that's changing. If anything, the idea of Queer Punk is acknowledgment loooong over-due. OUT with the mediocre...it's kinda an historical recognition... Which is necessary to move on! Malvina Reynolds was the first Grindcore vocalist!



It should be obvious to anyone with the slightest degree of perception that I've been displaying more obnoxiousness than usual in my columns lately. However, judging from some of the responses that have appeared in the letters section of MRR, many people seem to have completely misinterpreted the points I've been trying to get across. To a certain extent, they are continuing to confound form and content. My adoption of a rude, belligerent style (characteristic not only of the punk ethos but also of my Chicago roots) and my harsh attacks on that minoritarian faction of today's punks who are trying to impose their dogmatic values on everyone else has caused some readers to draw entirely unwarranted conclusions. Thus, e.g., Brian Graham seems to think that my half ironic/half serious definition of a "real" punk in MRR 105 represented yet another effort to restrict punk individuality and establish new

boundaries for punk, when in fact it was intended to demolish those politically correct criteria that a small but vocal faction of punks have been trying to ram down everyone's throat for several years. I entirely agree that what punk is really all about—or, more accurately, what it should be all about, since as Graham points out, it has in the main degenerated into a stifling conformity—is being an individual, defying established standards, and playing with new ideas and concepts. The last thing it should be about is having to follow a “party line” that various people in control of the punk media are trying to promote, regardless of whether that line consists of half-baked Marxist drivel, intolerant straight edge puritanism, vulgar pseudo-Nazi crap, Krsna consciousness, utopian anarchist ravings, calls for vegan superiority, man-or woman-hating, or knee-jerk liberalism. By suggesting that the common denominator of all punks was probably a visceral rebellion against the world and one or more authority figures, a rebellion which can assume all of the above ideological forms, as well as that of simple anti-social behavior, I was trying to expand—not contract—the definition of what a punk is. On the other hand, there has to be some limit established for the meaning of the term, or we might just as well reject it altogether and talk only about people or individuals (which may not be a bad idea). In my opinion, a person who uncritically accepts the status quo and thinks that things are basically hunky dory cannot be legitimately considered a punk, or we would have to include the majority of the housewives in Iowa City in our definition (which isn't to say that all of those housewives are happy with the current state of things or that none of them are punks). Thus it seems clear that some basic sense of alienation from the current state of the world, however transitory, is a fundamental aspect of being a punk, although punks certainly need not agree with each other about which features of that world are most reprehensible. If they all did agree, the punk scene would lose one of its only remaining interesting features—the fact that there are bitter internal disagreements about fundamental values. If the constipated values associated with any single ideological faction within the so-called punk “community” became fully dominant, I for one would become so bored and disgusted that I would completely disassociate myself from the entire scene—although I would never stop listening to primitive rock n' roll.

Then we have Sam Tracy, whose letter was so confused that I originally thought it was one of the bogus letters inserted into our “April Fools” issue. (I'm perfectly willing to concede that he is “really fucking stupid”, although it's certainly not because he's trusting me to speak for him.) This fellow apparently thinks 1) that I am actually advocating that people shouldn't try to understand the world, and 2) that he knows more than I do about the authoritarian actions by various governments, including our own. Concerning the first matter, he misconstrued my efforts to defend drunken, anti-social, fun-loving punks from the prudish, narrow-minded attacks of authoritarian PC punks as evidence that I don't think people should learn or care about what happens in the real world. I've already explained my reasons for adopting this position in the above paragraph, and although I have long promoted obnoxious punk rock bands and records in my record reviews and columns (because I love to listen to them) it seems incredible to me that anyone who is at all familiar with my views on anything—or who has enough perspicacity to pick up subtleties and ironies—could possibly sug-

gest that I don't pay attention to what's going on in the world or that I am trying to persuade people not to think about it. I am one of the few people associated with this magazine who has always encouraged others to read as much as possible and seriously examined divergent opinions. Although my own views about many things have been modified over the years—a process which is inevitable whenever genuinely curious, undogmatic people assimilate new information that challenges or undermines their existing views—the one constant is that I have waged a continuous campaign against genuine ignorance and stupidity, both in the pages of MRR and in other contexts. The only difference (aside from the fact that I've grown to like some metal music) is that I now attack manifestations of left-wing imbecility and authoritarianism with as much vitriol as I previously reserved for their rightist and centrist varieties, a response that is scarcely avoidable when an alert, rebellious person like myself is compelled by circumstances to reside for several years in the environs of a town as foolish, hypocritical, and intolerant as Berkeley. For some people in the punk scene who don't like to be confronted with ideas which challenge their own biases and preconceptions, this shift in emphasis is tantamount to intellectual treason, and for this reason some of them (including a few, like Larry, who are smart enough to know better) are trying to portray me as some sort of hopeless reactionary or opportunistic turncoat, as if I were somehow tangibly benefitting from expressing such views. If these people prefer to engage in slander and cheap shots rather than a serious, informed debate about specific issues, and if people like Tracy can't distinguish between the promotion of truly regressive attitudes and satirical “dumb” punk rock records, that's not my problem.

Even more absurd is Tracy's claim that I'm not aware of the often despicable behavior, covert or overt, of the American government. Apparently, he doesn't believe that a person who occasionally gets obnoxiously drunk and likes the DWARVES and G.G. ALLIN could possibly engage in “intensive research and thinking” every week. (By the way, “reflection” would have been a more appropriate choice of words than “thinking”.) While I wouldn't dare claim that my thinking was on the sophisticated level exhibited in his letter, or that I could match his profound knowledge about People's Park or NSDD's 10 and 47, I think it's fair to characterize spending 6-10 hours a day examining historical research materials (in five languages besides English) and reading portions of hundreds of political magazines every month (from the furthest right to the furthest left, and everything in between) as “intensive”. I don't know, maybe that's just an arrogant contention on my part which will be disputed by the many enlightened Renaissance men and women who regularly read MRR. One thing can be said with apodictic certainty, however. The more one learns, the more one becomes aware of how complex everything is, how little one really knows, and how much more there is to learn. That is why those who propose simplistic solutions to the world's problems and spout off a bunch of insubstantial rhetoric are only revealing the depth of their own ignorance. The more certain you feel about the correctness of your views, the less you probably really know. The absence of all doubt about the validity and righteousness of one's views is the characteristic of an intolerant fanatic, not a sophisticated thinker. Finally, Tracy's claim that I think people should accept the world as it is, or be complacent about it, is so

ludicrous that it doesn't even warrant a response, though this is not to say that people don't have a right to limit their mental horizons and maintain their condition of political subordination by ignoring the world around them, however foolish and counterproductive that attitude may be. My point is simply that punks should be able to go out and have fun, get rowdy and fucked up, be offensive and obnoxious, and indulge in escapism without having to put up with the guilt-tripping admonitions of some pious PC scold. That's when the big middle finger comes in pretty handy, and I find that mine is being used a lot these days.

To finish off responses to letters, Sasha Davis and I obviously have a basic disagreement. I happen to think that a band which is able to catalyze a generalized sense of rebellion in millions of alienated youths, like GUNS N' ROSES or AC/DC, has far more social significance than 50 dogmatic punk bands which only manage to reach a miniscule audience, most of whose members already share their fundamental anti-establishment perspective, if not their political “line”. Of course, the long term effect of such metal bands on the mass of people whose anti-social attitudes they catalyze is hard to foresee, and such attitudes may often take negative, regressive, or counterproductive forms. After all, generic alienation and rebellion often do. Nevertheless, from a broader sociological standpoint, it is surely more important to foment basic rebelliousness on a mass scale than to convince 100 people that veganism is good or that American policy in Nicaragua is bad. If you don't agree, Sasha, that's your prerogative. And if it's any consolation—though I doubt that it will be—this particular “bozo” expressed your current opinion on such matters years ago, probably long before it ever occurred to you (assuming you are near the age of MRR's average reader). Later, I changed my mind, which is my prerogative. But who knows, if I keep reading the liner notes and listening to the awesome *Back from the Grave, Volume 7* 60s punk compilation (double) album, I might change my mind again and end up hating every band that ever sold more than 500 copies of a record, including faves like the YARDBIRDS and ZODIAC MINDWARP.

SPECIAL “QUEER” SECTION

In this month's column, I originally intended to eschew any special remarks about “queer” issues, which beyond the level of basic human rights don't really concern me. But then I decided to tell everyone about how me and a group of my heterosexual male and female friends used to regularly hang out at underground gay discos in Chicago in the mid-1970s, i.e., after the 60s counterculture had become a joke and before punk came along to rattle every hip cat's musical and countercultural cages. I'm sure this might surprise some people who have mistakenly gotten the impression that I'm some kind of macho idiot, but the reason we did so was quite simple. At that time this gay club scene was by far the most exciting and interesting thing happening, and those of us who craved something exciting or different gravitated toward it like moths to a flame. It certainly foreshadowed the all-night “raves” that are currently so trendy, in that there was loud, pulsating dance music, people getting fucked up on poppers and all manner of drugs, cross-dressing go-go dancers, and an atmosphere charged with sex. (I should also point out that the first club in Chicago where they played punk music was one of these gay clubs, though after this shift occurred it became increasingly hetero in orientation.) At the time I regretted that I was too uptight to take advan-

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tage of the many opportunities I had to have sex with flirtatious, good-looking guys, since I could have at least doubled the not inconsiderable amount of sex I was then having with women, but in retrospect I'm glad that I wasn't able to overcome my inhibitions. After all, this was a period in which many gays were establishing and asserting their cultural identity by being totally hedonistic, yet were blissfully unaware that aspects of their wild lifestyles were destroying their immune systems and making them highly susceptible to dangerous diseases that were just then beginning to incubate. In short, if I hadn't had the usual heterosexual hangups about having sex with men I might well be dead by now, and some of the gay or bisexual friends and acquaintances I made at the time and in the years since have in fact died. When I reflect on these matters I become both very sad and extremely angry, not only because nature itself often seems to conspire against pleasure-seeking and pleasure-loving people, but even more so because foolish and mean-spirited assholes have vastly contributed to this death toll in a variety of ways over the years. Some of the blame must surely fall on those elements within the gay community who, in the face of mounting medical evidence to the contrary and against the advice of sympathetic doctors (some of whom were themselves gay), refused to alter their promiscuous behavior because they misconstrued the medical warnings as a political attack on their lifestyle. Alas, many of those people are no longer around today. But the lion's share of the blame must undoubtedly be attributed to the political and medical establishments in various countries, especially the U.S., which have all too often preferred to exploit the AIDS issue for political reasons rather than make a full-fledged effort to find a cure for this horrible disease. Although a lot of unnecessary hysteria has been generated about AIDS from all quarters, insufficient resources have been allocated to establish its precise etiology and develop treatments, and bureaucratic obstacles have prevented those outside the entrenched medical establishment from seriously challenging the often ridiculous hypotheses proffered by Dr. Robert Gallo and his well-connected colleagues. If I was a gay or health services activist, I would stop at nothing in an effort to transform this disgraceful situation, in which a lack of official concern and turf fights about medical reputations are literally killing thousands of people every year.

In this murderous context, the hysterical protests over the alleged homophobia reflected in songs like "I Don't Want to Be a Homosexual" or movies like "Basic Instinct" could not be more foolish and misplaced. It is the collective equivalent of a battered wife criticizing her husband for using terms like "mankind" or demanding that he refer to her as a "womyn". For one thing, neither the song nor the film could possibly be viewed as homophobic by anyone other than a fanatic, a halfwit, or a terminal whiner. To say that you personally don't want to be gay does not mean that you think no one else has a right to be gay or that there is something intrinsically bad/sick/evil about being gay, which would in fact be examples of homophobia. I'm sure that most gays don't want to be straight any more than most straights want to be gay, but no one in their right mind would accuse a gay person of being "heterophobic" if they said they didn't want to be heterosexual. As for "Basic Instinct", I can only say that after listening to radical gay spokespersons on TV and reading a series of so-called "analyses"—which were little more than

bursts of mindless rhetoric—in the local PC press (the Bay Guardian, the S.F. Weekly, and the East Bay Express), I not only expected to find a generally despicable depiction of gays and a gay villain, but also the "criminal" suggestion that a "lesbian" found heterosexual sex to be more exciting than her usual fare. Naturally, all these histrionic examples of moral coercion had no effect at all on my desire or decision to see the film, since I see every horror film and thriller that comes out and make a special point of going twice to see any film that an organized group of would-be censors are pressuring people not to see, regardless of whether those people are fundamentalist Christians or PC leftists. After seeing the film, I felt that I must be living on a totally different planet than these critics, or at least in a parallel universe, since the movie I saw was a slightly above average, stylish, and wholly inoffensive thriller. The bisexuality of some of the main protagonists—and by the way, the women involved in the murders were not lesbians, having regularly had sexual relations with both men and other women for years—was completely incidental to the plot, and indeed seems to have been added only to make the characters more colorful and interesting. To suggest that the presence of bisexual murderers or murder suspects in and of itself indicates homophobia is utterly ludicrous. The fact is that 99% of the psycho killers that have appeared in thrillers and horror films are white males, which one might expect would please the PC lunatics because it conforms to their simplistic view that white males are responsible for all the world's oppression and problems. But nothing seems to satisfy them. First of all, they wanted to ban slasher films which they believed were misogynistic (although even in those films the ratio of female to male victims averages about 60-40%, percentages that are not grossly different than the respective proportions of men and women in the population), then they complained about the depiction of a psychotic woman in "Fatal Attraction" (which I thought had a potentially positive social impact, since at least for awhile it probably made a lot of men think twice about exploiting women in casual affairs), and now they're complaining because two bisexual women are possible murderers. I guess the only thing that would make these people happy is if all women and gays in films were portrayed "positively", i.e., as strong, well-adjusted, normal people who were intrinsically decent and, preferably, morally superior to males and heterosexuals. If they had their way, the only movies that it would be permissible to make would deal with sensitive, socially-relevant matters and would exclude psychosis, gratuitous violence, perversity, and sexual imagery which didn't conform to the standards they considered "acceptable". In short, every film would have to be as dull as their own imaginations and mental faculties.

As I understand it, the two serious rationales for protesting against "Basic Instinct"—here we can exclude the absurd red herring about lesbians allegedly making a transition to homosexuality—are 1) that there aren't enough positive depictions of homosexuality in the films coming out of Hollywood, and 2) that the film would be likely to provoke violence against gays. The first complaint is certainly a legitimate one, inasmuch as most mainstream films do not include gay characters and many of those that do depict them in monodimensional ways, but it fails to acknowledge a basic social reality. The vast majority of people who go to see films have no real interest in seeing gay characters depicted, positively or not. In fact, it's safe to

say that most of them find overt displays of homosexuality offensive to one degree or another, even if they have no personal animosity toward individual gays. Even that minority of heterosexual filmgoers who are firm supporters of gay civil rights, as I am, probably have little specific interest in seeing films with gay characters. In short, since most people are not gay they are not greatly interested in gay issues, just as most people who are not fundamentalist Christians, punk rockers, or nurses have no particular interest in the issues that matter to members of those groups. Ironically, aside from gays the people who are most concerned about homosexuality in the movies are religious conservatives who vociferously protest against the depiction of gays as normal members of society or positive role models. The businessmen who fund Hollywood movies, who are often far more liberal than the average American, are well aware of the moviegoing public's general lack of interest in gay issues, which is often undergirded by a profound moral revulsion against homosexuality. Hence, until there is a fundamental transformation of Judeo-Christian values in America, which will be a gradual process unless everyone is forcibly placed in PC reeducation camps, it is ridiculous to expect that gay characters are going to be regularly and positively depicted in mainstream films. And if one hopes to get through to the majority who are uncomfortable about homosexuality, initiating disruptive protests is the most counterproductive strategy I can think of.

I therefore humbly suggest that gay activists would be better off devoting their efforts to resisting the truly significant examples of homophobia and anti-gay discrimination, like official inattention to AIDS research, legislation denying various kinds of benefits to gay couples, or clear cut acts of gay-bashing, rather than focussing so much frenzied attention on irrelevant symbolic issues and lost causes. Believe me, the vast majority of people are not likely to ever feel comfortable about homosexuality, at least not in the foreseeable future, and insisting that they be forced to view images of gays engaging in normal activities, including having sex, is about as likely to be productive as trying to persuade radical feminists to be tolerant of or sympathetic toward religious fundamentalists by showing them films about proliferators attending church and disciplining their children. The most that can reasonably be expected is that heterosexuals not be permitted to run roughshod over the tangible civil rights of gays. Period. As far as films are concerned, one obvious solution to the problem of unhealthy depictions of gays (whether real or imagined) is for gay or otherwise sympathetic directors to obtain money from wealthy elements within the gay community so they can make the kinds of films they want to make. It is these that already form the basis of the annual gay film festivals in places like New York and San Francisco. At least gays have that option, unlike punks and various other groups of social outcasts with no economic or political base.

However, there is another paradox involved here that many gay activists seem unwilling to come to grips with. Do radical gays really want to see films that depict all gays as normal, well-adjusted members of society, i.e., boring dorks? This relates to the larger socio-cultural issue of assimilation versus rebellion. Are militant gay groups more interested in being socially accepted by mainstream society, or in shocking uptight heterosexuals by flaunting the more outrageous features of their lifestyle? To put it another way, are they more interested in really effecting changes of atti-

tudes among the majority or in getting their kicks by transgressing social conventions? They can't expect to have their cake and eat it too, any more than a punk wearing a swastika can expect to have a sympathetic hearing from Old Left or Jewish groups. This is a choice that every individual has to make for themselves, but groups of gay protesters need to resolve these obvious contradictions, at least temporarily, when deciding what political strategy to adopt in specific instances. For example, if they really want to oppose a conservative community's decision to change a street name from Gay Court to something with less objectionable sexual connotations (for the majority)—an entirely trivial symbolic matter, if you ask me—it is necessary to employ extreme sensitivity and moderation in approaching the people who are debating that change. The worst thing to do is mobilize a contingent of leather boys, butch dykes, queer punks, and drag queens (like the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence) and hold a "kiss-in" in the area, as was recently done here in the Bay Area by the goofs in Queer Nation. The result was utterly predictable. Although the participants may have had fun thumbing their noses at society, they completely alienated the locals, who then went ahead with the name change.

Obviously, the attitude one generally adopts toward this broader issue also has ramifications in the context of the depiction of gays in films. Not being gay, perhaps it would be better to provide an analogy concerning the movie depiction of punks, another "offensive" group. Personally, although I don't particularly like it when punks are depicted as total morons in films, I am much happier when they are portrayed as social misfits or outcasts, including psychopaths and criminals, than when some gushy liberal director portrays them as basically normal people who just happen to like weird clothes and loud rock music. Well-meaning do-gooders generally bore the hell out of me, even when they have green mohawks. I'd much rather see a movie with a bloodthirsty gang of punks on the rampage (with a soundtrack by someone like G.G. ALLIN)—and indeed, have seen several such movies—than an up-to-date "Ozzie and Harriet" featuring a good-natured, well-adjusted punk kid who has a warm relationship with his family (while goofy Lookout bands play in the background). Similarly, if I was gay or bisexual, I'm sure I'd be pleased as punch about the depiction of a bisexual as smart, sensual, manipulative, and possibly psychotic as Catherine in "Basic Instinct". On the other hand, oh-so-sensitive films about lesbian sexual encounters like "Desert Flower" would make me gag whatever my sexual orientation (where are Susie Bright and Lily Brindrop when they're really needed?), just as the sappy pablum that passes for "women's music" invariably does. From this point of view, it might seem inconsistent or strange that so many of the gays protesting the film look anything but mainstream, at least on the surface. You'd never suspect that all these characters with tattoos, nose rings, and motorcycle boots could be so uptight and easily offended, not to mention that they would demand that gays be portrayed as normal and well-adjusted in movies. Unfortunately, this just provides further confirmation of my thesis that all too many of today's punks and pseudopunks, whether straight or gay, are a bunch of simpering bourgeois whiners.

The second claim of the protesters is that "Basic Instinct" is likely to provoke violence against gays. To me this is an absurd claim. If someone is the type of sociopath who custom-

arily beats up people they don't like, including gays, surely it isn't necessary for them to see an erotic thriller about three bisexual women who may be jeoparded murderers in order to be provoked into using violence. (In fact, I would argue that a coming out movie like "Desert Flower", which portrays two lesbians in a "sensitive" and "positive" manner, might be even more likely to set such a person off, given its explicit sympathy vis-a-vis homosexuals.) Conversely, if someone does not already have violent tendencies, such a film is not going to cause them to suddenly become violent. Despite the lack of any evidence of a direct cause-and-effect relationship between what people watch and the likelihood that they will commit violent acts, this is the sort of spurious fear mongering which is always used by would-be guardians of public morality, leftist or rightist, to urge that certain types of films or records which they find offensive be banned or altered to suit their own tastes. Blaming "Basic Instinct" for contributing to violence against gays is like blaming JUDAS PRIEST records for causing the double suicide of two disturbed teenagers in Utah (as their parents and a group of right-wing Christians sought to do), a type of simplistic reasoning which permits people to avoid having to admit their own responsibility or confront the far more complex and intractable sources of today's social and familial problems. Furthermore, for every gay activist who gets upset about films like "Basic Instinct", there are 100 conservative moralists who get upset about the positive portrayal of gays or the depiction of homosexual sex. Therefore, if one is going to argue that "the people" should have the right to determine what kind of films get made or shown and that the First Amendment be consigned to oblivion (as the stupid promotion of "hate speech" legislation also does), as of tomorrow don't expect to see a sympathetic gay character ever again in the movies. I think it's fair to say that the gay protests against "Basic Instinct" are themselves more likely to provoke violence against gays than the film itself, because there are lots of people around who resent being told what they can and cannot see. Certainly, if someone—anyone—tried to block my entrance to a film or threw a stink bomb into the theatre while I was watching it, I would immediately feel like doing grievous bodily harm to them. Fortunately, as per usual the strategies designed to prevent people from seeing or enjoying a film, such as revealing the ending or mounting a campaign to induce guilt, completely backfired in this case, and "Basic Instinct" became a big moneymaker. Maybe the activists will learn something from this example, though I doubt it given that they seem to be congenitally incapable of grasping the nature of reality, especially here in the Bay Area. And by the way, it is by no means clear that Catherine did do it, so don't be discouraged from seeing the movie by this lame ploy.

And now, for the PC inanity of the month (which is saying quite a lot). Apparently, a lunatic faction of gay activists has become convinced that Tim Y is "homophobic", presumably because he didn't kowtow to all their ridiculous demands. This is particularly amusing since morons from the other side of the political spectrum have been calling Tim a "commie fag" for years. I've got news for everyone: Tim is neither gay nor homophobic (although he may be one of the world's last commies). Although I certainly wouldn't try to discourage all the idiots out there from believing whatever they happen to find congenial, if I were Tim I'd tell you all to kiss my ass and then go fuck yourselves.

SMELLS LIKE MEAN SPIRIT[EDNESS]

I'm sick and tired of all the petty slagging of NIRVANA which has become so fashionable in "alternative" circles ever since they became successful, as if success itself, fairly attained, is a crime. Judging from the interviews I've read, the members of the band seem as uncomfortable and perplexed as anyone else about their sudden, newfound popularity, and it certainly hasn't prevented them from acting pretty much the same as before. Note, e.g., their punked-out performance on "Saturday Night Live", Kurt's wearing of a shirt that says "Corporate Magazines Still Suck" on the cover of Rolling Stone, etc. So, to all those punk bands that rationalize their failure to become more popular by pretending to be radical anti-capitalists, I'll just say this. When you write a song with 1/100th as good a hook as the one in "Smells Like Teen Spirit" or 1/10th as good a hook as those on over half the remaining songs on Nevermind, other people might pay attention to your stupid whining. Until then, all it sounds like is that hoary old refrain, "Smells Like Sour Grapes". (By the way, the low point of MRR's otherwise funny April Fool's issue was undoubtedly the bogus interview with NIRVANA, not because it was bogus or satirized today's alternative pop icons, but because it portrayed them as moronic homophobes. Of all the possible criticisms one could level at NIRVANA, even in jest, this one seems the most gratuitous and least justified. And what in the hell is Steve Albini talking about by saying that NIRVANA is trying to sound like LED ZEPPELIN? Perhaps he'd care to enlighten the rest of us about the basis for this comparison. I've always hated LED ZEPPELIN, and can't see any similarities at all between them and NIRVANA. In fact, people who call NIRVANA a retro 70s-style rock band are only revealing their own lack of familiarity with both. On the other hand, crappy bands like PEARL JAM really do fall into that despicable category.)

APRIL FOOL'S AND APRIL FOOLS

And speaking of the April Fool's issue, I thought all the bogus columns were really funny (although they may seem funnier to those who know the columnists personally than to outsiders). Most were written with sufficient skill so that it was difficult to be absolutely certain they were bogus, since each columnist's characteristic styles and/or themes were ably mimicked even as they were exaggerated. I laughed so hard I almost hyperventilated when I read the ones that made fun of me, so I'm reluctantly forced to congratulate Larry and Lily for managing to make me seem even more ridiculous than I usually make myself seem by carrying my stupidest traits to the most extreme lengths imaginable. (Which reminds me, I think Lily's recent columns have been enormously entertaining and perceptive, and deeply regret her apparent decision not to continue producing them. Don't consign us poor heteros to boredom, I beg you!) The main giveaway that I didn't actually write the columns under my heading lay in the references to my taste in and references to women, as anyone who really knows me will appreciate. If it's true that gentlemen prefer blondes, then I ain't no gentleman because—though there have been occasional exceptions—I generally prefer slender, angular dark-haired types like, say, Diamanda Galas, Audrey Hepburn, every tenth girl in Italy, and my girlfriend (who looks very much like the brunette with bangs in the CAVEGURLS). And, as a matter of fact, I do like androgynous teenage girls with flannel shirts and rings through their noses, and certainly never

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mistake them for boys, but since I'm old enough to be their father I find it increasingly difficult to relate to them. It's probably just as well, because they don't express as much interest in me as they once did either. Finally, I haven't used the term "chick" to describe a girl since about 1969, and have never used hackneyed terms like "old lady" to describe my girlfriend. I use more sensitive, modern phrases like "fox and a half" and "total babe" to describe her and the other girls I'm really attracted to. Just thought I'd clarify that. After all, I don't want a bunch of androgynous teenage girls coming up and telling me what an asshole I am at the next Gilman show I attend, since I'll already have to fend off a contingent of East Bay punks who will be warning me not to try to strangle them or their dogs and cats. In any event, I'm glad we managed to fool so many readers in the April issue, some of whom became so concerned or outraged that they felt it necessary to call or write us here at MRR.

CLARENCE THOMAS UPDATE

I regret to say that the American left, which typically exaggerates the dangers posed by everyone who doesn't share its own attitudes, was right on target about one thing—Clarence Thomas has turned out to be every bit as awful as they claimed he would be. Since I already passed on Nat Hentoff's original views about Thomas, it's only right that I humbly apologize and try to make amends by passing on his updated views about the newest Supreme Court justice. According to Hentoff (in the 17 March and 24 March 1992 issues of the *Village Voice*), who has been monitoring the situation closely, Thomas has up to now been consistently joining his colleague Scalia in supporting the most repressive positions imaginable. This does not necessarily mean that Hentoff's analysis of Thomas' past legal judgements was flawed (though perhaps it was), but if not he was certainly wrong to believe that those judgements could be used as an indicator to predict Thomas' future decisions. In any event, anyone who is concerned about preserving civil liberties will now have one more thing to be concerned about. (By the way, since Larry satirized the notion that Thomas' views had something in common with Malcolm X's, it should be pointed out that Hentoff drew this comparison only in relation to their attitudes toward black self-help. Such an attitude is of course utterly hypocritical coming from Thomas, who owed his legal career to the very affirmative action "handouts" he now decries. On the other hand, his appointment to the Supreme Court may turn out to be the best argument against affirmative action that anyone could make.)

Next up: cool new records and—finally—a response to the Whatever Happened to Jeff Bale Committee.



I don't really have too much to say about this month's theme, "Queerness." I basically give two shits what anybody's sexuality is. As long as people treat each other with mutual respect, I don't care where they stick whatever they want to stick. Unfortunately, they usually don't respect each other once sex comes into

play (at least in hetero circles, though I've seen little to make me think human behavior is much different in the homo world), which is enough to make me avoid my species as much as possible on this "playing field."

But I do have something to say about the latest trend, major label interest in punk. I've been of the opinion that every now and then majors make forays into whatever indigenous music scene they think they can milk. It happened in the 1950s to the original rock'n'rollers, happened to the hippies in the 60's, happened in the early days of punk.

In the 50s, the majors just moved in and bought out the contracts from the multitude of indie labels, or bought out the labels themselves. What had been a thriving and adventurous regional 17" industry soon found itself shriveled up and conservative.

In the 1960s, the counter-culture got grabbed early on and bands signed like crazy. The music got corporatized real fast, and the lifestyles of the bands quickly became different from the lifestyles of the communities that spawned them. Once that happened, the music was no longer a true "folk" music, no longer reflected the concerns of that alienated community. Corporate takeover of artistic expression leads to a beheading of that expression, a separation from the body.

In the early days of punk, many bands, especially the English variety, signed to major labels. But as the punk ethic developed, and the music became harder and the lyrics more radical, the DIY strain grew stronger. After the majors lost interest in punk, having co-opted and trivialized the initial wave, the second strong wave of punk learned fast. Because it was so abrasive, there was little danger of being swooped on again, and this also gave the punk community breathing room to dig its roots in deeper, to develop better modes of communication and distribution, to further establish small labels, zines, venues, etc.

When Husker Du signed, there was a fear that the majors would go hogwild again, but that never really happened, except to a few pop/commercial bands. But with the recent Nirvana furor, it looks like the corporations are going to all be jumping on the punk bandwagon. Ex-punks now work as A&R guys for the majors (like 'Rockin' Ray Farrell of Geffen, and John 'Pink Socks' Silva, who manages Sonic Youth, Redd Cross, Nirvana, etc.—both ex-MRR staffers from the early 80s) and sign the bands. Rick Ruben of Def America used to be in a Flipper clone band called Hose, and has now signed them. "Girl groups" are especially "hot" items and are getting scouted and scarfed like crazy, as are noisy bands with little to say and less to stand for.

A lot of people in the indie scene are confused by all this. Some want to sell themselves (not just bands, but writers, managers, radio people) to the highest bidder, helping turn the scene into a corporate feeding frenzy, turning indie labels into minor league organizations for the majors, moving further into control positions of distribution, etc.

And there are others who are clearly opposed to this tendency. Having experienced that aftermath of the 50s and 60s corporate decapitations, I can assure you that I, and MRR (over my dead body) will remain solidly against this shit. If "the scene" does go wholehog for the wholesale selling of our culture, we'll soon find small punk clubs gone, small labels bought out, and bands and zines with dollar signs in their eyes from day one.

But I don't think this will occur. The DIY scene has dug in deep roots, and, I believe, can

outlast this attack (and make no bones about it, this is as intense an aggression as skinhead violence or police repression). The majors will lose interest when they lose enough money. Meanwhile, those bands with the least integrity will leave, as will the greedy and the has-beens or never-weres. So rather than waste a lot of time fighting off the intruders or cursing out the bailers (though I think they all deserve a good send-off—like in last month's graphic section), I think it best to dig our roots in even deeper, recommit to strengthening the DIY community efforts, rejuvenate at the grassroots level, and don't spend too much energy on negative and unproductive emotions of those who've used this scene as a stepping stone to mainstream selfishness and self-indulgence. Most likely, they'll get theirs all by themselves.

If we can bolster our scene at the roots, we can outlast these fuckers till the next trend leads them off to devour elsewhere. Like locusts, they destroy all that's in their paths, but the punk/hardcore scene is different than most other cultures because it has a built-in anti-corporate and anti-authoritarian ethos. Those with the least backbone and most traditional values will fall, but we can retain the basic integrity of our efforts. And, if it's any consolation, most bands that go the corporate route either wither quickly, or shoot up rapidly (in more ways than one) and plummet just as fast. You may not get rich or famous in the punk underground, but at least there is a history of slow growth, free expression and the ability to remain part of an organic cultural process—an integrity that few others can take pride in, living outside of governmental or corporate dictates.



Well, I guess I owe my friends and colleagues at MRR an apology. Here all this time I've been ragging that bands like Nirvana and Rollins and L7 and Helmet etc. etc. had nothing to do with punk and were simply the 90s version of hippie sellout bands using the underground as a shortcut to becoming rock stars.

Well, obviously I was wrong. These bands, and their Sub Pop/Amphetamine Reptile/Touch and Go brethren are obviously right at the heart of the punk scene, and I and my rapidly diminishing circle of loser friends are hopeless outsider wannabees. How did I arrive at this realization? Why, I read it in *Rolling Stone*.

As for why I was reading that glossy piece of shit high fashion rag published by and for overaged baby boomers in the first place, well, it's not really relevant, but I'll tell you anyway. It seems there's some poor loser here in the East Bay with an excess of energy and a shortage of imagination who's been amusing himself by sending fake magazine subscriptions and similar junk to everyone he somehow got the impression is more important than him. So we at Lookout Records received a gift sub, courtesy of "Mr. Tim Yohannon" (is 90% of the punk scene really so dumb that they still haven't figured how to spell this guy's name?).

Anyway, first issue to arrive at our palatial headquarters featured none other than Nirvana on the cover, and was largely devoted (the

part not taken up with photos of scary android models posing in underwear that costs more than my entire wardrobe) to "new music." Yes, new music, in spite of the fact that some of these hip discoveries have been around almost as long as I have, which is only a couple years less than the pathetic old farts who publish this magazine (*Rolling Stone*, that is, not MRR, though I understand your confusion). All right, I exaggerate; it just seems like they've been around forever, as does anybody who refuses to go away.

In reality Nirvana are still quite young, and Rollins, the oldest of the bunch, hasn't quite hit 30 yet. But the crux of the issue is not pointless discussions of age - I know 18 year-olds who make me feel like an immature child - but whether this new crop of "alternative" major label signings is "punk." And *Rolling Stone* says yes, in about every other paragraph of their puff pieces, so I guess it must be true. I mean, even if it wasn't before, if you say something enough times and in a big enough mass media organ, it becomes the truth, no matter what bullshit it was when you started out. I didn't make that up; Hitler's minister of propaganda did. But back when I used to be a punk (actually the second or third time), I wrote it on one of my ripped up T-shirts, in German, natch, since German used to be punk, and unlauts apparently still are, since half the new crop of "new" major label bands have them all over their product.

So what is the point of this barely if at all concealed sarcasm? I guess for me it's to ask what the hell we're doing this for if MRR and the whole independent label/band/zine thing is just going to end up functioning as a talent scout and promotional vehicle for *Rolling Stone* and the brain-dead mass-consumption ethic it represents.

Yeah, I know that's a pretty extreme statement. For one thing, the overwhelming majority of bands that have appeared in these pages never have and never will make it into *Rolling Stone* or onto a major label. The overwhelming majority of athletes who play college sports or in the minor leagues will never make the big time either. But there's never any doubt that that's what they're shooting for.

The punk scene has in my opinion remained relatively uncorrupted (at least compared with other underground movements like hippie rock or rap music) for so long precisely because it was so inaccessible. The music was so obnoxious and the people so ugly that corporate America concluded (wrongly, it appears) that they couldn't be mass marketed.

Well, now the music is more obnoxious and the people uglier than ever, and they're being mass marketed all over the place. So much so that horrible, ugly noise is now mainstream, and people like me can rebel, be "punk," even, if that massively overused word still has any meaning at all, by listening to music that has traditional melodies and deals with thoroughly retro concepts like love and happiness.

But no use fooling ourselves; what little remains of the "underground" will soon be the property of the masses. What *Rolling Stone* did for Seattle last month, they'll soon enough be doing for the East Bay; in fact I understand *Spin*, *Rolling Stone*'s little brother, is even now preparing just such a feature. And while Seattle's hairball barfly retro-grunge bears only a remote relationship to punk, the East Bay is the heart and soul of the matter.

So what then? Are we all going to be celebrities, getting interviewed on Donahue and Geraldo about how we used to drink beer with Jake Filth and break bottles on Eggplant's head?

The biggest danger in creating social satire is that we fail to exaggerate enough; no matter how ridiculous we try to make ourselves seem, there will always be some even bigger losers who will take us seriously. And when we are serious? Instant trivialization: see the pages of *USA Today*, America's first newspaper published exclusively for illiterates, for a demonstration of that art honed to mastery.

Enough of those dark musings; let me now turn to a slightly less dim outlook. Early this morning I shifted in my sleep and a pile of accumulated junk fell on me. This happens quite often in my room, which essentially is little more than a pile of accumulated junk, and normally I just shove it to the side and resume what I was doing. But this time I couldn't get back to sleep, so I started pawing through the stuff, and one thing I found was a copy of *Rutabaga* zine that appears to have come from last summer.

The fact that zines like this keep welling up from some apparently boundless source of creativity that still exists somewhere beneath the bland and largely repulsive exterior of our nation's youth is one of the best antidotes to the discouragement produced by *Rolling Stone* and Henry Rollins selling blue jeans for The Gap. One thing that caught my eye was an article by Ms. Bitz, wherein she complained that Joel Wing (one of a number of over-educated local punkz who too often mistakes sarcasm for wit, yes I confess to being one too) had put her down thusly: "You aren't even new school, you're pre-school."

I don't know if this terminology is nationwide, or specific to the East Bay. What it's about is that the really cynical old burnouts, the ones who were 16 or 17 when Gilman Street opened and are now having their early-20s midlife crises are "old school," while the kids who were so uncool as to be born a couple years later are "new school," implying, of course, that they don't really understand what punk's about, but if they observe their big brothers and sisters carefully and buy them beer and do whatever they're told, they might finally get accepted as full-fledged punk. Well, maybe not punk with a single "x", but at least punkz. It's pretty much the same thing as getting initiated into a fraternity or sorority.

Well, Bitz got it right, of course; she ended up saying she was glad to be "pre-school," no matter what grizzled veterans like Joel Wing said, because (this is my own interpretation) the true excitement of any movement comes to those who see it through the eyes of a child, who do everything as if for the first time, and who aren't weighed down by the preconceptions and disillusionments of the past.

Which, to sum it up, seems the only way open to those of us who want to avoid becoming the latest item on the menu for the all-consuming feeding frenzy mass American culture has become. We may have to change our names and leave no forwarding address - I've been saying for years we should get rid of the word "punk" before it becomes as completely debased as "hippie" did - but more importantly, we've got to keep renewing ourselves, deconstructing old visions and formats and looking at the world as if we were born yesterday and didn't notice it until today.

On another subject: my sympathies go out to friends and family in the UK, where the low-life bastard motherfucking satanic enemies of all that is beautiful and true, aka the Conservative or Tory Party, just managed to get itself elected to another five year term.

To Americans who know little or nothing

about British politics, you don't need to, just read: Reagan-Bush, starve the poor, sell off the country's assets to give massive tax breaks and other financial bonanzas to a tiny minority of ultra-rich parasites, and you've got the idea.

What's truly sickening is that the Tories only got about 42% of the vote - a minority by any definition - but will still have near-dictatorial power over the country until 1997. The reason for that is that the other two parties, Labor and the Liberal Democrats, couldn't put aside their differences long enough to accomplish the most vital task facing Britain, which was kicking out the Conservatives. A second, though not nearly so important factor, was the fair sprinkling of so-called radicals and anarchists who refused to participate at all, claiming, with all the intellectual depth of a two year-old (and if any two year-olds are reading this, I apologize for insulting your intelligence), that there's "no difference" between the parties.

You've heard the same rhetoric in this country: "If voting really changed anything, it would be illegal;" "Don't vote, it only encourages them." Well, any Brits dumb enough to believe that now have another five years to experience just what a difference Tory rule does make. Unfortunately the rest of the British people will have to share the same experience.

But if you're a typical American, you're probably saying, "So what? Who cares what those foreigners do?" I'll leave discussion of the global community to a future issue, but there's a lesson to be learned from the British calamity that's particularly appropriate to Americans faced with the real prospect of another four years of Republican rack and ruin.

Which is: no matter how bad you think the Democrats are, and they can be pretty rancid, I think it's safe to say that the highest priority in American politics right now is to get George Bush and his gang of spooks and thugs out of power. I could fill up another ten pages with what's wrong with Bill Clinton or whatever hack the Democrats eventually put up, but as many writers before me have observed, politics is the art of the possible, and no, it's not possible that your favorite socialist or green or punk candidate is going to beat Bush, at least not this time around.

Back in the 70s when Jerry Brown was governor of California (the best governor we ever had, in my opinion), Jello Biafra attacked him in "California Über Alles" as a zen fascist, an epithet that actually got dragged up against Jerry in this year's presidential campaign. Biafra made a lot of good points, but I think he eventually realized he'd been directing his energies at the wrong target when, a couple years later, he redid "California Über Alles" as a commentary on President Ronald Reagan, calling it, appropriately, "We've Got A Bigger Problem Now."

After 12 years of extreme right wing rule, we've got some really, really big problems in this country. Hopefully all of you out there in punkland can put aside your ideologies and slogans long enough to do something about them, and I mean something a little more substantive than spray painting circle-As or yelling at the yuppies down at your local shopping mall.

And speaking of big problems, I've just been handed one. It's nearing midnight, this column is overdue, and just as I was about to congratulate myself for finishing it, I learned that this was supposed to be the special queer issue and that theoretically my column was going to be about queer stuff.

Well, I have mixed feelings about that. For a long time I felt that Mykel Board had said,

way back in issue #20 or something, everything that needed to be said about sexual preference, specifically, "I have none." The only thing I'd add to that is that I do prefer sex to no sex, but as to worrying about what sort of plumbing the people I fall in love with are sporting, like who cares?

But that's a pretty idealistic, and naive view, because most people care a great deal. Enough to lock up, beat the shit out of or even kill someone who puts the wrong organ in the wrong orifice. I was lucky enough to spend most of my adult life in an area that's pretty tolerant, and in an era when sexual attitudes were rapidly relaxing. I was able to have some wonderful love affairs with people of both sexes, and I suppose I got pretty complacent, thinking that sexuality no longer had to be that big an issue.

But I overlooked a few things. One was that the vast majority of people weren't fortunate enough to live in such a tolerant environment. More important was that even my phenomenally liberal Bay Area was still populated by a hefty number of violent and hateful people, a fact brought home to me one night when my girlfriend (she looked just like a boy) and I had to literally run for our lives from a carload of teenagers armed with 2 by 4s and baseball bats. And brought home again when I got my face bashed in for having hair that was too short and the wrong color to suit the tastes of some other enforcers of the local morality.

But punks get beat up all the time, right, or at least more often than they deserve to. There's still one more issue that dwarfs the gay bashing and the name calling and all the subtle and overt forms of discrimination encountered by someone who doesn't fuck the way God and his faithful posse of rednecks on earth have decreed s/he should.

That's the fact that a boy or girl who loves members of his/her own sex is robbed of many of the most vital and precious feelings that a human being can have, the feelings of loving and being loved. Oh sure, you can still have lovers, great lovers, and in a place like Frisco or New York, you've got a good chance of living out your life relatively unmolested. But a kid growing up even slightly queer learns from a very early age to censor his or her feelings, to choke off instinctive emotions, to deny the most fundamental realities.

Think about it for a minute, you hardcore heterosexuals. Even you legendarily tough and insensitive punks have probably been in love at one time or another. Do you remember what it felt like to go running down the street with that special someone, to hold hands in the hallway between classes, to run and tell your friends or family that you'd finally found the boy or girl of your dreams? How every love song you heard on the radio seemed to be about you and your sweetie, how every romantic TV show or movie or even advertisement only reminded you about how great your love was?

Now picture a young gay boy or girl who starts to have those feelings, and how everywhere he or she turns, there's going to be one overwhelming message coming through loud and clear: "Ugh! That's disgusting! You're a pervert!" Even if you're lucky enough to have friends or (much less likely) parents who will tolerate you, that's usually the best you can hope for: tolerance. "I still like you even if you are gay," that sort of thing.

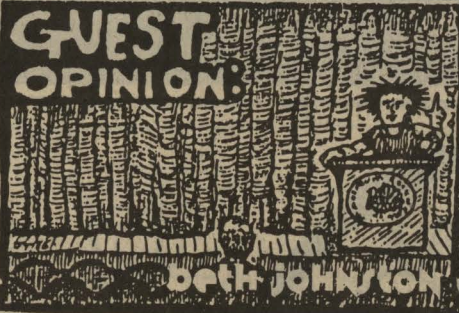
But you can't exist ten minutes in high school without hearing the word "fag" applied as an all-purpose insult. No matter how self-confident you are, no matter how determined you are to live the way you feel (and few gay

teenagers, understandably, have that kind of assurance), the most simple acts of having a social life, let alone a romantic one, become a constant struggle.

I missed out on an awful lot as a kid for that reason. I thought I was over it long ago, but I was wrong. I don't think you ever get over it. It's easy for me to be flamboyant about my attitudes now, to laugh about how boring and predictable heterosexuals are, to observe that someone who's never once been curious enough to try something with someone of their own sex must be suffering from a terrible lack of imagination.

But deep inside I realize that I still feel guilty and ashamed sometimes. Those feelings never go away completely, no matter how obvious it is to my intellectual self that the religious nuts and self-repressed fanatics are the real perverts, no matter how obvious it is that the love I've shared has been as pure and true and beautiful as any love there ever was.

That's why I started speaking out again, not so much for my own sake - I haven't had a lover in years - but because I never want to see or hear of another kid growing up the way I did, afraid to love. All the politics and economics and social theory that I put across here doesn't add up to diddly-squat if you don't have love. And if you don't want to take the word of Lawrence Livermore, noted pagan, heretic, and corruptor of youth for that, you don't have to, because I got it straight out of the goddam Bible.



Some asshole made a comment in a letter to the editor recently that brought back some really painful memories for me. He was making another point, but he wrote that he figures all MRR readers are the geeks, nerds and losers that the cool people made fun of in high school.

By that definition, I'm a geek, along with a great number of the punk community. That's the same jock/prep mentality that we all loathed in the first place. For whatever reasons, we all rejected the norm and sought out an alternative. When punk came along, we fit in with it—not just the clothes and music, but the ideas, views and attitudes. I'm glad I wasn't a mainstream normal. But I resented getting picked on. I didn't ask for it. It took me years to get over it.

My last two years of high school were hell because I got grief from all sorts of people, not just the cool ones. Things appealed to me or to my senses that held no significance to other people. Just because of that, I was considered too strange and too different. Somehow, the group mentality concluded that since I didn't fit in with them, something must be wrong with me. Not only was I outnumbered, I felt like a freak. I marched to the beat of a different drum; I was just waiting for that drum beat to reach my state and town.

All of this had been building since I was a kid. I never felt carefree and happy like kids are supposed to be. I was serious, plus I was a

loner, which are two characteristics unfavorable to girls. I had a taste for the unusual, which made even my thoughts and opinions and ideas different from most kids'.

People who didn't even know me in high school took an instant dislike to me because I didn't smile enough. Girls in America, especially down South, are expected to be sickeningly happy, nice, and always "sweet." YUCK. I tried to be as invisible and inconspicuous as I could, but it never worked. Those were the worst days of my life. And I've never felt as miserable as I did back then. I didn't have one friend.

I got fed up with feeling like I was untouchable about the same time I got fed up with the petty shallowness of the normals. The only way to fit in with them and be accepted was to wear name-brand clothes and get a new car at 16. I didn't have any of that shit, and no way to get it if I'd wanted it. Things just got worse when I started fighting to defend myself. I was out there all alone, with no one to identify with or associate with.

Maybe all of this wouldn't have happened if I'd lived somewhere else. This was the late 70's and early 80's. Punk hadn't hit in my area yet, so there was no one else in my community like me.

But I KNEW there had to be something else, something more. And I still believe firmly that people should have the freedom to be themselves without getting hassled by everyone around.

When the Sex Pistols exploded onto the scene, and punk subsequently took off in America, a lot of people just like me were relieved to find what we'd been waiting for, plus an alternative to everything we rejected by being different.

I've talked to so many other punk/alternative people who got the same treatment, that I'm convinced that it's the common ground that nearly all of us share. There was no justification for the hassles and bullshit we all lived through. Looking back, I'm proud I didn't fit in with the ultra-normal mainstream sheep who ridiculed me mercilessly for not fitting in with the flock. Fuck 'em—I've experienced more in life already than they will in an entire lifetime.

As I've stayed involved with punk through the years, I've come to want more out of it than just a refuge for my anger and aggression. And as punk has progressed, more facets if it have opened up, giving us all more avenues for our ideas and creativity. I'm sorry that so many people keep punk on such a shallow, surface level, exploiting the raw anger and making a decadent spectacle of it. Punk got stereotyped as mindless violence because it was originally a violent reaction to existing social norms and practices. People were sick of the status quo and punk was the perfect way to thumb their noses at society and all its games and pretenses. But anger is so one-dimensional and there's more to punk than just a bad attitude.

Beyond the anger are valid ideas and habits. Long live a counter-culture that rejects and questions silly and harmful traditions and institutions. The whole idea of a counter-culture is important because there are numbers of us who can't subscribe to commonly accepted social norms. Whether someone was once considered a freak or nerd by a bunch of sheep is irrelevant. Aren't we all into punk as a culture because it fits better with us than the normal lifestyle? Being considered a geek by a bunch of normals is kind of redundant, since we all rejected both them and their ways a long time ago.

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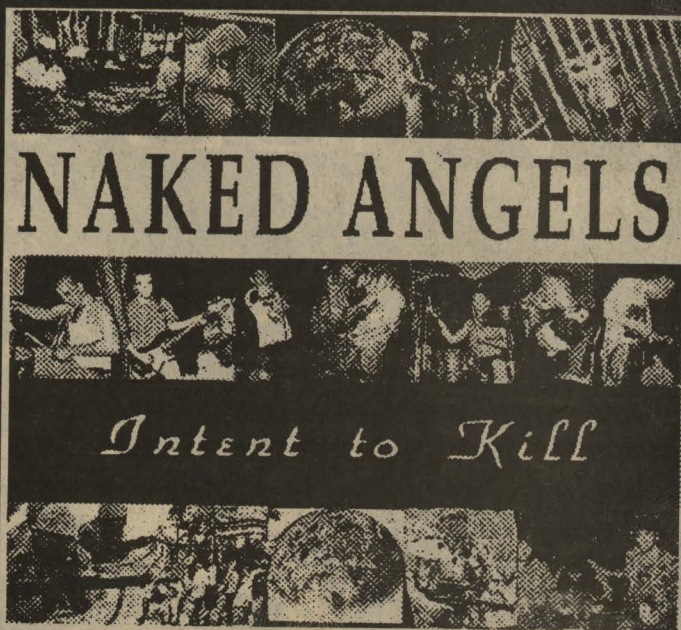
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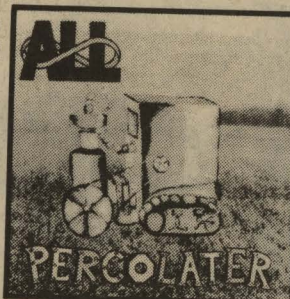
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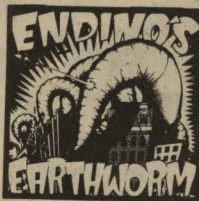
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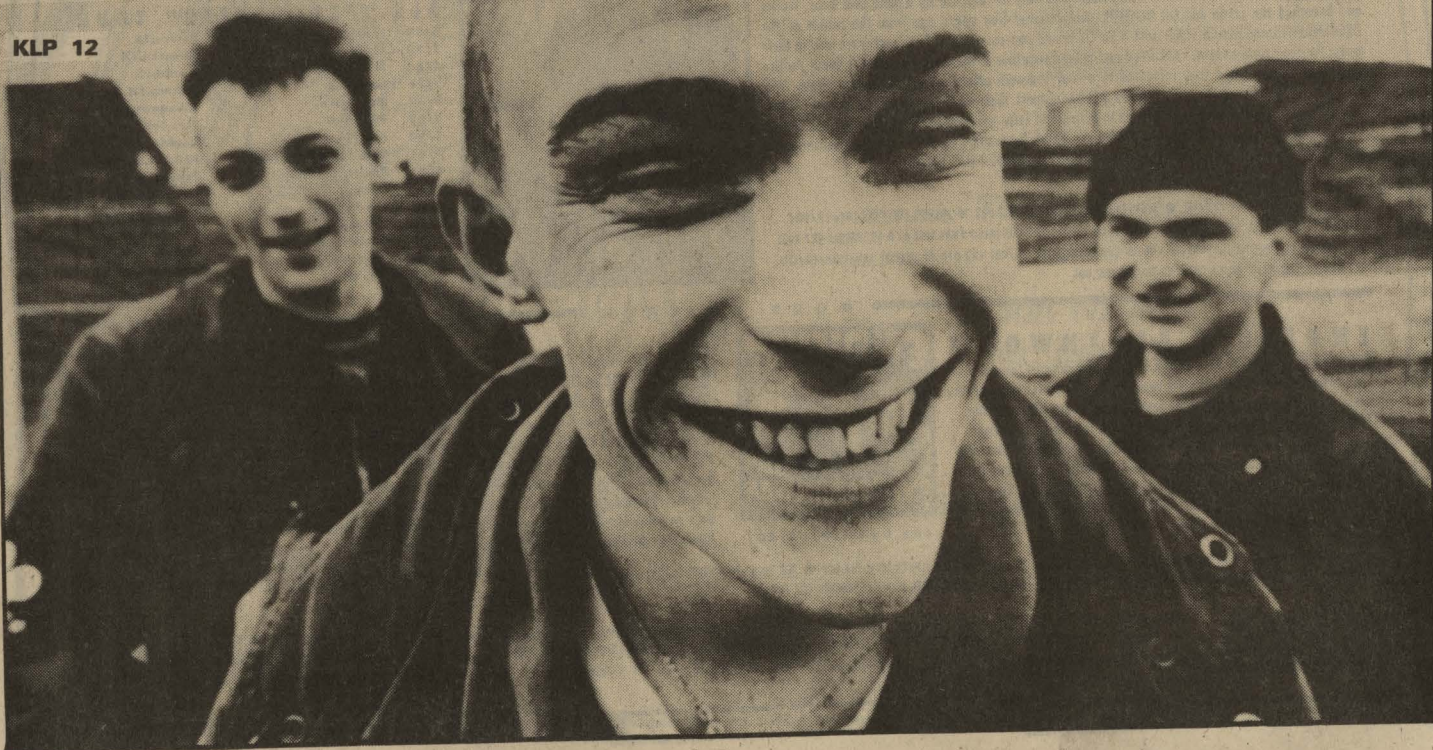
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Cont. Page 3
Col 3

STINKS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT

"Here we are now, entertain us / Yeah we're stupid, it's contagious..."

-some famous band's multi-platinum and all too true hit single.

On March 18th, the volunteers at the Komotion International non-profit musicians' collective in San Francisco attempted to host a benefit for Berkeley's infamous 924 Gilman St. center. The intentions were to raise some money for Gilman's ongoing debt problem and channel some cash into the pockets of the two touring bands from Santa Barbara; NoFX and Lag Wagon.

Unfortunately, before the three band show (also featuring the East Bay's Paxton Quiggly) was halfway over some "cool" scenesters decided to act out their "FUCK SHIT UP" philosophies in standard retardo fashion. Whilst loitering outside the hall, someone decided busting 40 oz. bottles of malt liquor wasn't an effective enough means to draw attention to our facility and pulled the corner fire alarm box.

Hardee! Har! Har! that's a funny one... Almost immediately "the proper" authorities arrived and decided to shut down the show. As many as 200+ people were now being forced to instantly evacuate the premises due to the actions of a few brainless morons in our midst. To make matters worse, a false 911 call was made from a nearby payphone (by a "skinhead patron of yours" according to the cops, as if we'd allow ourselves to be "patronized" by skinheads). Within minutes every available squad car and paddy wagon in the vicinity were racing like Keystone Kops to our performance space. For a time, there was definitely the looming possibility of a riot in the air with random fights and some pathetic efforts at "academy training manual" style crowd control. It is amazing that in the ensuing melee, no one was seriously injured in the altogether unnecessary Punk vs. Pigs confrontation. Over a dozen police vehicles reported to the scene and officers and punks alike ran rampant looking for reasons to panic. Most audience mem-

Youthful Advisory Explicit Censorship

Washington State Restricts "Erotic Music" Banning Sales To Minors

Challenging the recording industry, Washington Governor Booth Gardner signed a measure that would outlaw sales to minors of music deemed to be obscene.

bers had the common sense to disperse without too much prodding, but with all the flashing lights and excitement many decided to loom about long after it was necessary. In one of the more bizarre moments of self-absorption I've ever witnessed, Fat Mike from NoFX set-up a table and casually sold silkscreened sweatshirts and other merchandise while his "fans" were being herded around with nightsticks. He claimed later that "We usually make more on a good night." Quite a few others in the "clueless wonder" category hung around demanding full refunds from haggard volunteers and cops alike. Some blamed us at Komotion for "not having enough rules" and "ripping off the scene".

The truth is we've always had a more or less "police yourself" policy and have only ever had problems with suburban yahoos who haven't mastered the art of standing on a sidewalk upright. We don't throw in free etiquette lessons for your \$3 donation and aren't running a low cost babysitting service either. These people who demand such attention almost exclusively show up for "punk-type" shows and lack the most basic understanding of common sense and respect for the space and those around them. I've also noticed that there seem to be more of them all the time and they show no signs of going away.

As for the money that came in while we were "ripping off the scene," it didn't even cover our own expenses for the event, much less all the money we'll lose while being closed down because of this show. Our financial motivations have only been to pay our rent and break even during events; any extra money has always been given to benefit recipients or in some cases to out-of-town performers. In this case, Gilman was given \$100 by NoFX and Lagwagon who then took over \$300 while Komotion received \$250 and the wonderful proposition of being forced to stop doing shows in our own space because we tried to help others do the same.

The sad facts surrounding these cir-

KOMOTION

Cont. Page 3 Col 1

Discounting the pleas of leading artistic groups and thousands of letters from young people, the governor said he signed the measure because he wants to "send a warning shot across the bow" of the recording industry.

The law, which goes into effect June 11, would make record retailers and their employees criminally liable for selling such music to anyone under the age of 18. It amends a 1969 statute by adding "sound recordings" to a list of materials that can be judged obscene.

For a recording to be found obscene, a prosecutor would have to go before a judge, who would weigh the music against state obscenity standards. Current law defines "erotic material" as what appeals to the "prurient interest," is "an affront to contemporary community standards," and "is utterly without redeeming social value."

If a judge were to find that the material met that standard, he would order a warning label to be put on the record prohibiting its sale to anyone under the age of 18. Selling the material to a minor could then be prosecuted under a misdemeanor violation.

Selling, distributing or exhibiting erotic material to a minor is a misdemeanor-carrying fines and jail time of up to \$500 and six months in jail for a first offense. A third offense becomes a felony punishable by a \$5,000 fine and from one to 10 years in jail.

Daniel House, of C/Z Records in Seattle, states "I don't think it will affect much of what we do, primarily because it is pretty much unenforceable. And there's a good chance that if it is challenged in a higher court, it would not be upheld. The wording is too vague. Right now, everybody, including the ACLU, is waiting to see what happens."

"It also doesn't really solve what is perceived to be the problem, which is access to the music. It doesn't stop people from hearing it on the radio, seeing it live, hear it if their neighbor plays it loud. The state senate also changed some of the language in the law, which allows young people to buy the music if accompanied by a parent or adult guardian. I could walk in with some kid under 18 and buy it for them, and the store would not be liable. It isn't the government's responsibility to tell us how to raise our kids. Plus, censorship is basically fucked."

KOMOTION

From Page 2 Col 2

cumstances are that since our inception Komotion has strived to support a variety of different causes and forms of creative expression. Now, hundreds of different types of people, artists and organizations are out of an increasingly rare commodity, a safe place to gather and generate support for their projects. We have never gone to the authorities seeking their approval and never felt their approval was vital or necessary to accomplish what we do. We've been supported entirely by the community that uses our facility and haven't begged traditional arts fundraising sources or bullied audiences with high prices or exploited bands with bullshit pay to play policies. It's a free association and we've always suggested to those that don't like it or have nothing to offer that they can leave. Well, on this particular night the people who should've been reading our statement to that effect in our literature were busy writing "Fuck The Pigs!" on my girlfriend's car. As if they sensed that the next time she gets pulled over by the man, he'll want something to read while she looks for the registration. Ahhhh, the many joys of putting on a show...

It's hard to conceive that all the time and energy spent creating and maintaining our fragile space can be cancelled out by a few fucked up and worthless individuals.

I hope this doesn't come off as a lot of bloated whining, because I see this as something people involved in "punk" could learn from. If I have learned anything from this incident it is this: NEVER PUT YOUR ASS ON THE LINE FOR SOMEONE WHO WOULDN'T DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

The type of people who got our space shut down have never and will never volunteer to get a show or any other worthwhile activity started in their feeble lives. There is no reason we should be at their fucking mercy. There is absolutely nothing "radical" about being the first dude to bring the cops to the only space in town that will let you congregate. The so-called "underground" is a very fragile and undefined world where if we don't police ourselves, the "real" police will gladly do it for us. It amazes me when I hear kids complaining about a lack of places to play and how no one gives punk a chance. Well, I've damn near done all I care to do for it at this

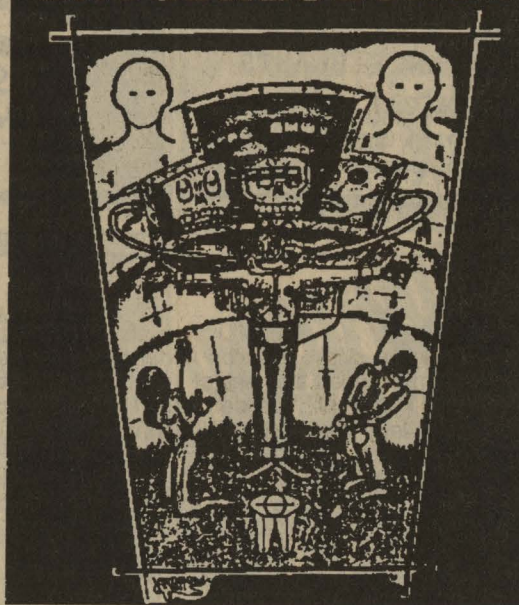
junction.

I've tried my best to support all sorts of underground and alternative cultural activities and have reason to believe that all but a minute faction of so called "hardcore" bands and their respective crews/fans/followers etc are so incomprehensibly mired in petty namecalling, bickering and time-warping that's it's a wonder they can still make it to a show at all.

In a way I'd like to feel exploited and betrayed by these goons that scour the earth in search of the true meaning of punk, but that would be as pathetically uninspired as they seem to be and, truthfully, I really don't have the time for it. I guess I was wrong in my laughable assumption that these people might appreciate our efforts to preserve their rapidly decaying punk cultural aesthetics.

Like lemmings they head for "the edge", louder! faster! louder! and faster they go! and finally... what? achieve Nirvana? arrive D.O.A.? did they die a *Napalm Death*?

KOMOTION International



leave a worthy *Epitaph*? is this the *Revelation* of the *Chameleon-like Paradigm* of the *Epicenter* of our *Profane Existence*? does it all add up to *Maximum Rock-n-Roll*? Or is there a *Flipside* to this?

What is the object gang? Somebody tell me, please. Do we not have more to do on this planet than live out the lyrics to some proverbial "rock anthem"?

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, we, the permanently temporarily insane, selfishly and naively altruistic folks down at Komotion, are busy trying to continue with our activities. So far many bands and alternate venues have offered to assist with upcoming "KOMOTION-IN-EXILE" events. Due to the rather unanticipated closure of our space we've had to cancel a lot of previously scheduled shows that literally just couldn't occur without a space like ours. Events and benefits featuring English percussion groups, local filmmakers, sculptors, tenants rights groups, Latino

performance groups, Sitar, Marimba and Digeridoo players and a slew of other programming are now cancelled and postponed indefinitely. As you can see, a lot more than some generic wannabe hardcore bands are out of a place to perform.

For the time being, we're doing what we can with our limited resources and are working on publishing another edition of our magazine, doing recordings in our studio and providing rehearsal time to the 10 local bands that practice here. We are still seeking people interested in our activities and making contacts with people of similar interests throughout the world.

You can help financially by purchasing a copy of one of our tapes or printed magazines. Over the past 5 years we've recorded many different artists some live and others in our studio. The list includes: Sister Double Happiness, Beatnigs, Primus, Looters, The Ex, Chumbawamba, Citizen Fish, Grotus, MDC and many others who appear on our various compilation projects. For further information please contact: Komotion International/ PO Box 410502/ San Francisco, CA 94141-0502.

Thanx for your time and whatnot: Lil' Mike and the many Komotionary Kohorts.

BAKER

From Page 1 Col 3

instrumental support for him and everyone else with her extreme enthusiasm and general concern.

Bobbie and I went to high school together, and she was a great friend, especially during our junior year when I needed her to be.

That was many years ago though, and I haven't had the opportunity to spend much time with them in the last three years or so.

I'm not sure if I'm grieving for them or for myself for not being able to see them ever again. Either way, it hurts tremendously, and no one can convince me that there was any type of justice in either of their deaths.

For everyone I know that has lived on the edge, just managing to walk that thin tight rope day after day while maintaining their sanity/and or lives. I can't help but ask why it had to be these two. Because they weren't like that. they both exuded a happiness and zest for life that was unparalleled by many.

I guess my underlying thought for the day is that we are all pretty mortal. Life is quick, but death is swifter.

For tonight I will be sad. I will mourn and cry. For tomorrow I will strive to realize the sacredness of life just a little bit more. And although I often failed to show it, I want all my friends those who touched my life, my essence so much, to know how important they are to me. Many have gravitated to other parts of the country, WA, OR, CO, primarily still in SD. I wish to say to all of you, I love you. - Todd P.

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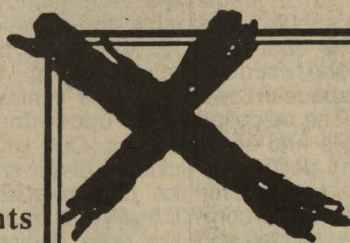
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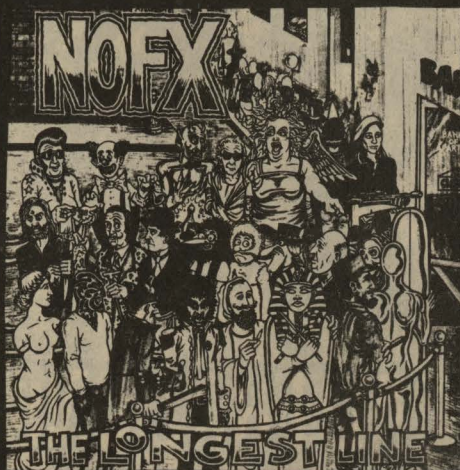
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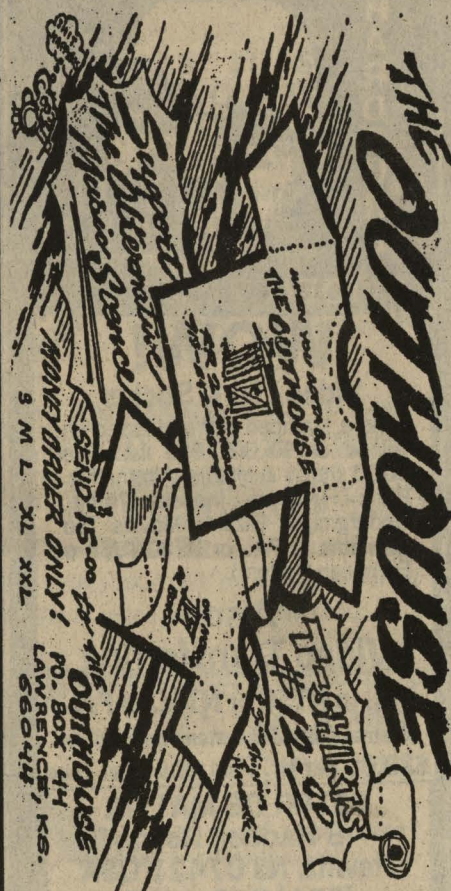
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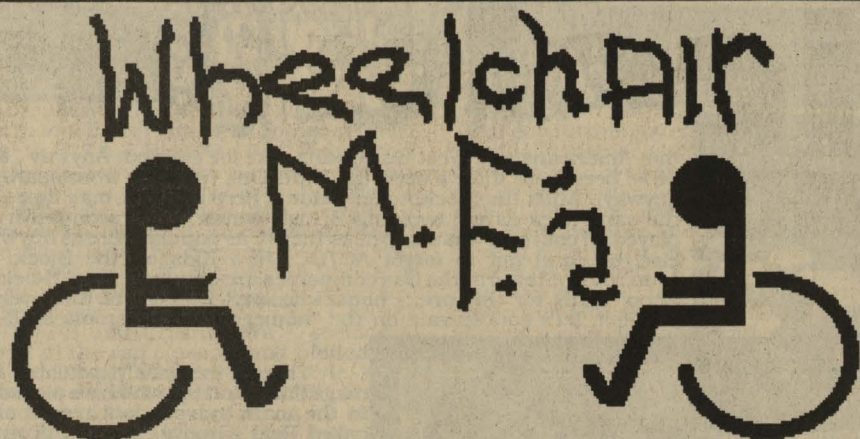
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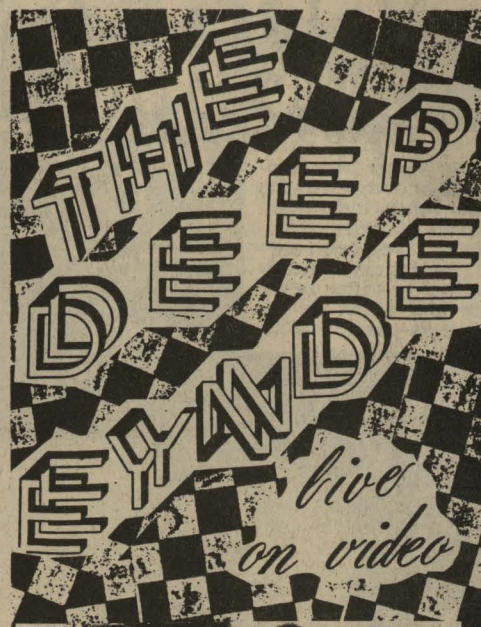
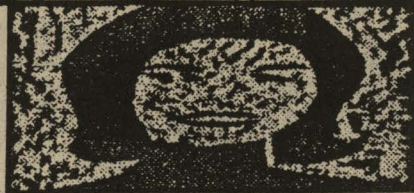
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Scene reports



Winter was closing in once again in the miserable industrial wastes of northern England... we'd been saving up for ages and finally it was time to get the hell away, as far away as possible... Ki-

NEW ZEALAND



that Americans and West Europeans take for granted. Anyway, since we've been here there's been the Hard-Ons (who are from nearby Oz anyway), Atilla the Stockbroker made it here round X-mas time...had the same idea as us, avoiding British winter, and recently Nirvana played, of course it was sold out as they're as popular here as anywhere else, oh, and not to forget AC/DC, New Kids on the Block, and soon...Rod Stewart! (the bus companies are doing a special "Rock and Shop" deals for this one - housewifecore!) Enough of this overseas rubbish, let's concentrate on the "homegrown" grassroots stuff- ho-

hoho!

There's the widely available free magazine, *Rip it Up*, which we picked up in the main independent record shop called Real Groovy. It lists upcoming gigs and stuff but it's a bit too kissy ass with the local music mafia for my liking. We also came across *The State Adversary*, which is the biggest anarchist magazine here and is an excellent and informative read. We got in touch with them and met up with Ross and Lyn and all the other punk rockers who live in the "Loud Dork Cafe" (a piss take of those stupid "Hard Rock Cafe" T-shirt-wearing tourists ya see everywhere). It's a huge warehouse situated in the city, they have a printing press and put on gigs there, reminded us of some of the brilliant squats in Europe. Yeah, after 3 weeks in suburbia we were rightfully blow-away! The average punk rock age in Auckland seems to be about 19 (which sure made us feel old). It's really inspiring that younger people are getting into it all, but sad that most people of our age have gone and "grown up" - fuck that shit!

The day we met up with everyone was the day of an excellent demo in



wiland, beaches, surfing, the wonderful scenery, summer approaching, and a good old slice of punk rock! In no way is this report comprehensive, (after all I'm only a "Bloody Pom"), just some experiences and impressions from the three months I've been here...

We've been based in Auckland (well, out in suburbia with Karen's folks), NZ's largest city (1 million of the 3 million population live here), most of Karen's friends from the "old days" have moved south or overseas so we felt a bit out of touch. We arrived on November 9th, turns out we missed Fugazi by one day! (apparently the best gig here in ages), people travel from all over the country when an overseas band comes to play, for those in the south island it can be a day's journey. Only well known bands can make it out here without losing a fortune so Kiwi's miss out on a lot of great stuff

HEATHEN FILTH



Salad Daze



town organised by the Unemployed Movement, a radical group who have developed quite a reputation for sticking together and confronting bullshit like the recent benefit cuts, the right wing National Party and the whole stinking capitalist system in general, they're based at "The Peoples Centre", a place where the unemployed can get free legal advice, can use the printing and other facilities, get free dental and medical assistance, haircuts etc, everyone pooling their resources and helping each other out - fucking brilliant! The demo was pretty effective, a lot of banners and theatrics, burning effigies and much publicity, a couple of days earlier a load of people went and had a party in this guy from the "Business Circle's" (top rich bastards) garden, swimming in his pool, etc, got national TV coverage, yes indeed - the peasants are

Scene reports



revolting!

Anyway, onto the music, if you want to keep in touch with anarchist goings on in NZ write to T.S.A./ Box 78-104/ Grey Lynn, Auckland/ New Zealand. A couple of bucks should get you a copy, comes out quarterly.

First gig we went to was a couple of hours down the road in Hamilton, Ross's band HEATHEN FILTH were playing with about 4 other bands, the posters were total "grindcore" style. Sure enough, so was most of the music, SHIKE AND THE GANNET HURLERS and CHURCHFACE seemed to consist of the same people and both played the usual "Urgh" Napalm Death style, keeps 'em off the streets I suppose... CORPUS were, well, more of the same really, a bit slower. ATROCIOUS were a lot more fun, blasting out some Scandinavian style noise (sorry we missed your other band, Sean). HEATHEN FILTH were the standouts, mainly due to the ridiculous costumes (different ones each gig) and sense of humour. Tonight they were dressed as viking longboats! The music is sorta grindy but with lotsa silly bits thrown in. The high point is the barn dance song, and of course they sing about sheep!

There are no record pressing plants here so very few of the bands have made it onto vinyl. If ya want to press a disc you have to send away to Australia, wait ages and the sound quality can turn out poor. To release your own record is a real uphill battle. Simon from SALAD DAZE and his brother have put out EPs by the band, their press run is only about 400 and they still have trouble shifting 'em, the only DIY record I know of here.

Here's a rundown on the other Auckland bands we came across; BALANCE: good ol' tuneful positive HC stuff, members of SALAD DAZE and HEATHEN FILTH. BEEF-CAR: awesome, the best NZ band I saw, quite a new band, progressed beyond "emo" and into the realms of taut, funky heaviness, Quicksand style. LUMP: funky and punky, a lot of bands here getting funkydoo. NARCIS-SI: tight, tuneful HC sorta stuff. SALAD DAZE: never saw 'em unfortunately but the EPs are rocking! SWINEDOG: we missed 'em! THE FOUR HORSEMEN: a covers band who did all the old punk rock classics and some NZ classics (such as "I'm a Rabbit" by PROUD SCUM, recently covered by the Lemonheads). A fun evening it was, alter ego of the WARNERS who do the older style punk stuff and have been going since the "old days".

After the Xmas and New Year period (spent on a roasting hot beach - weird!) we spent a month travelling around the rest of the country, thanks to Ross, Lyn and their car, saw some amazing scenery and met loads of weird and interesting people. In Wellington we went to this great gig in a warehouse and saw SCHERZO FANTICS who are 15 year old skater dudes who played this totally raw racket that was truly their own, spotted an almost unrecognizable Black Flag song in there (or did we?), then it was time for the awesome SMUT (No, not the Minneapolis band) who are Wellington's punkiest band - silly haircuts and everything! They played angry, noisy, raucous punkrock with original female vocals, the kids went wild! Next was some heavy metal band called DELIVERANCE, I believe, I was getting a bit nauseous with the beer at that point and had to leave, missed SEPTIC NOISE GRINDER as well but I'm sure you know what they'd sound like!

Also from Wellington are HEAD LIKE A HOLE who we saw in Auckland one time, they play that funky Chilli Peppers sorta stuff but a bit noisier and are real good at it, their gimmick is to play naked, which is OK by me but I heard they got glassed off playing in some small redneck town.

Down to the South Island now, 3 hours out of Wellington by ferry, it's sparsely populated and the roads can be really narrow and bendy, the first large place we visited was Christchurch. Didn't encounter any local bands, maybe because people are too busy forming ridiculous armies like "Alf's Imperial

Army" who have their own mess building, scene of much merriment and brew quaffing. Their guru is this guy called "The Wizard" who is actually the official wizard of Christchurch. Every day at 1 o'clock he stands in the town square and waffles on about all sorts of shit, he's a total nutcase! He has no national insurance number and claims he is a living work of art and that he left the earth's atmosphere on the day of the census. The McGillicuddies are a lunatic political party who have a weird fixation with Scotland, and when they get media coverage spout out pure anarchy! These people take part in "Pacifist Warfare" which involves people fighting with cardboard swords and shields and other such madness... quite often the lift doesn't reach the top floor. Also, there's this guy who printed up some stamps for an imaginary country, made a load of money out of stamp collectors, declared himself the sultan and got the country officially recognised! What a scam!

Anyway, back to boring old music. Next stop south was Dunedin which has a massive student population but thankfully they were on holiday, home of Flying Nun records (recently relocated to Auckland) which puts out a lot of jangly crap. The only band we came across here were CIRRHOSIS who sound totally grindcore and are every bit as good as most Earache stuff. It's incredibly cheap to live down here—a lot of punks actually own their own houses, and loads of 'em have got kids. It's where the oldies go to retire. We actually met people older than us! I should also mention MORAL FIBRE from Invercargill, which is the only place of size south of Dunedin, and quite possibly the world's southernmost punk band!

After a week or so travelling up the west coast getting wet and bitten to death by mosquitos we made it to Nelson, the only other sizeable place on the South Island. Didn't come across any bands - or any punks! Ross and Lyn went up north a bit to brandish paper swords while we ended up at some biker parties - where the men are disgusting beer swilling slobs (well OK I'm one too!) and the women are dressed up in ridiculously tight trousers and tops, I'm sure you get the idea, boy did we feel out of place, intelligence was lacking somewhat. One house had pictures of Hitler on the walls! After smearing some shit on his face, went and hid in the car until we could leave - fucking scary!

Continuing with the theme of sheer genius, New Zealand has a bit of a problem with nazi skinheads, in fact with gangs in general. But apart from our biker chums in Nelson the only other real scum we encountered were the nazis in Auckland (or the "AK Skins" as they like to be known). There are only a few of 'em round these days but they still manage to intimidate and terrorize the mostly younger punks and it pisses me off like a bastard that they can get away with it. They need to be kicked out (and kicked in!), but to stand up to them you need everyone, else the people with their necks on the line will get picked on for evermore. To all the liberals who stand by and allow this bullshit: Get your heads out of your arses and give it heaps! Cos if ya can't handle a dozen or so mixed up assholes then what chance is there in the real world?

These bumholes don't deserve any more space so I shall press on and mention some of the bloody excellent zines we've seen. *Sekhmet* is the paper of the Anarc-Feminist Federation of Aotearoa. Its format is pretty much like TSA's, the content leans to feminism, obviously. A great first issue - keep it up! (ooerl). A couple of dollars should get you a copy: from PO Box 876/ Auckland. *Direct Action* is a quarterly from Christchurch, it has local and international news, a dollar should do it: from PO Box 35-020/ Christchurch. *Social Disease* is an excellent balance of punk and politics. It's been going quite a few years now and is the most well known zine, sorta Profane Existence meets Raising Hell. Yeah, that good! Better send

three bucks for this one, it's big: Box 14156/ Kilbirnie, Wellington. Also from this address ya can get the SMUT tape *Tunnel Vision* for five bucks - check it out! Another absolute classic zine is the mighty *Nasal Gonorrhoea*, totally insane stuff, mainly about the '70's revival, flares, farting, problem pages, etc, all done with a brilliant sense of humour - essential! Get yours from Brenda/ 12 Nash Street/ Palmerston North. Couple of dollars or a swap. Finally, there is the *Taranaki Underground* which has been around a while and looked real good when I saw a copy at *Loud Dork*, write to: PO Box 39/ Oakura, Taranaki.

Here are a few more contact addresses: Bands: SALAD DAZE/ 33 Mountbatten Ave/ Kenfield, Auckland 10 (send em five bucks for their excellent EP while you're at it). HEATHEN FILTH/ PO Box 78-104/ Grey Lynn, Auckland. CIRRHOSIS, c/o John the Lawyer/ PO Box 6127/ North Dunedin. MORAL FIBRE c/o PO Box 382/ Invercargill. Also, there are a couple of tape labels that do NZ stuff: Sean/ 4 Hall Lane/ Frankton, Hamilton, and Gonk/ PO Box 216/ Greymouth.

Well, that's all I know! In a few days I'm back off to grim old Britain to play in my band and find a place to live and see mom. Karen's out here a couple more months, a million and one thanks to everyone who put us up, take care! Anyone who owes me money for Generic or One By One's EPs, can ya please pay up cos I'm broke, I'm at my usual address: Box Flat Earth/ 52 Call Lane/ Leeds, LS1 6DT/ England. "Anarchy in the UK" was written by Megadeth! Or so the spotty little metallers tell us. Fight the Power, Fuck the Police, love Sned



Southern Brazil - Well, now I'll try to show to you something about this South Brazilian shit scene. The ordinary American reader supposes that in a place like Brazil, the people are only into Carnival, soccer and live in tropical forests. Well, those who are inside, know that our scene is relatively strong, and probably had heard about OLIO SECO, COLERA, RATOS DE PORAO, and nowadays, SEPULTURA. I think MRR readers aren't ordinary.

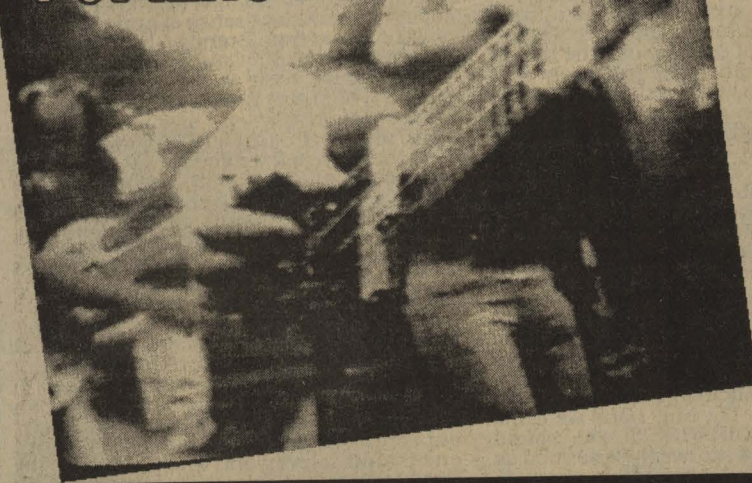
We live in a Catholic country. That's difficult, but doesn't impede that we construct an alternative scene. We try to make our sound and go away with our ideas. Come on...

Porto Alegre is the largest and dirtiest city this side of the country, with 1,800,000 inhabitants. Nowadays, the scene is cool, very bad, comparing with some years ago (1985-7), but still strong and very creative.

Setting: Bom Fim Quarter - place where there's the majority of bars - is the cultural point of the city. Jewish typical quarter. At night, artists, bohemians and crazy people arrive. Bom Fim was the political center of the left resistance to dictatorship in the 70's. In the 80's, it given space to the underground scene.

So, in the beginning of the 80's, the first bands appeared. In 1982, the punk movement was on the rise in São Paulo, and soon Porto Alegre was on too. REPLICANTES was the first punk rock band here; bringing the '77 punk rock, mixing postpunk and HC influences, they recorded a 7" EP with 4 songs in 1984, and two good punk LPs: *Os Repli-*

PUPILAS DILITADAS



cantes *Em Vortex* and *Historias De Sexo e Violencia*. Wander Vildner, Carlos Gerbase, Claudio e Heron had in Porto Alegre an explosive success, incredible to this kind of music in those days. REPLICANTES are around still, but with commercial orientation.

Other ones came soon: ATAHUALPA Y OS PANQUES, COCCIX, COBAIAS, ANOMALIA, UTI, VERMINOSE and much more. These bands don't exist anymore. PUPILAS DILITADAS did a positive punk style, like Jesus & Mary Chain, lots of microphone mixed with a chaotic HC, using the sound of knives and machines. In 1987 they recorded an EP with six songs named *Experience*. This band is around still, but now they do a West Coast HC style. Contacts: Roque Calage St. 280 apto 310, Bl. U/ Porto Alegre 91350/ Brazil.

In 1986 was recorded a powerful cassette with four great bands: ATRAQUE, JUSTA CAUSA, KADAFI and ORTN. The cassette, called *Dances de Guerra* (War Dances) was recorded by the late Vortex Records. Vortex recorded a lot of cassettes, and three videos. One: *Replicantes Em Vortex*, with 2 clips and a live gig, and 2 other gig videos, with various underground bands: *Zona Mortal* and *Pancadaria No Terceiro Mundo*. In the same place of Vortex, had a fucking bar, place for gigs, very good, in 1987.

ATRAQUE was one of the most important bands, fucked our hearing with their apocalyptic Hard Core - pure and powerful. Unhappily, ATRAQUE finished.

JUSTA CAUSA and ORTN did a skate punk sound, very "Californian", like The Faction. KADAFI played an Exploited style sound, but very worse and not too strong.

At that time, Porto Alegre was extremely active. Every week they had shows. Some Punk gigs brought 27 bands together in the same night!!! The "Gaúcho" Rock had a museum exposition and prominence in press then. A big part of this explosion was caused by Ipanema FM, our alternative radio station.

Unfortunately, the party didn't go far. In 1988-89 they had much police repression in Bom Fim. One of the best dance houses of the city, Ocidente, was illegally invaded by the cops that humbled the people. In those years, doing actions like that, searching for drugs, the police imposed an hour to close the bars, to combat the "violence" that never was.

But, and now?

In 1991 the situation is: the punk movement is down. Thrash metal, and funk metal, however, reign. From punk's, only the *Paranoia Suicida* comp LP with 7 bands, with 2 songs each. This LP contains: RATOS DO TERCEIRO MUNDO, INSANIDADE, N.D.A., SUBVIDA, VOMITOS E NAUSEAS, JACK E

have 4 LPs recorded, the last one: *We Give a Shit* (in English) thrash, with nonsense lyrics, sex and madness.

To the thrash fans, we have bands like PANIC, GBRA, M-19 and LEVIAETHAN, that recorded last year an LP named *Smile*. To those who like crossover, there is DISTRAUGHT, that play like R.D.P., mixing with death metal, fucking loathsome.

Another interesting band is PERE LACHAISE, that play a Velvet Underground style, mixing Television, and, of course, The Doors. Poetry screamed by a stammering vocalist. LACHAISE is in another collection: *Assim Na Terra Como No Céu*, with another 5 bands, like PLASTIC DREAM (Manchester type) and SANGUE SUJO, the new Wander's band, playing punk rock.

Florianopolis—Capital of Santa Catarina state, this little beach city with 250,000 inhabitants, have a young scene, but with a strong will for growth. Recently, I went to a gig in that city, in July, MARCHIA FUNEBRE, LIXO URBANO, CHIUTE NO SACO and EXTREMA AGONIA (a HC band from Curitiba) played. That gig showed the power of the Florianopolis underground, despite the place (a suburban school), the few people and the shitty amps.

MARCHIA FUNEBRE play grindcore like Carcass, Napalm Death, a shit! Their sounds are no more than 30 seconds, and all sound equal to me: brrr-grauu-brrr...

LIXO URBANO play a good ultra-fast HC, like

OS ESTRIPADORES and PUPILAS DILITADAS. MY favorite is N.D.A. an excellent hardcore: two less-than-a minute anarchical shots. SUBVIDA, doing a consistent HC, influenced by the 50's R'n'R, Californian HC and English Oi music. Playing together since '87, SUBVIDA recorded a demo tape with 12 songs. Contacts: 24 de Agosto st. 265/ Esteio 93250/ Brazil. DE FALLA is a very good band, eclectic and original. They play a good metal, mixing w. funk and 70's Hard. They

the Finnish loud/fast bands. Angry vocals between an apocalyptic wall of sound. Contacts: W. Alzizio/ Elza Lock ave. 357/ Jardim Eucaliptos/ Palhoça-SC/ Brazil. CHIUTE NO SACO played traditional Hard Core.

In November, the death metal band from Brasília, P.U.S., played in Florianopolis. Before P.U.S. played, two local bands opened the show: ASFIXIA, that did thrash metal like everybody in Brazil is playing. There's nothing more ridiculous than a suburban Brazilian band playing (bad) the same thing everyone plays, singing in English, maybe so nobody understands the shitty lyrics. My advice: the world can only stand ONE SEPULTURA!!!!

SOBREVIVENTES DO ABORTO did a crossover, like R.D.P., sang in English. They did, some months ago, punk rock, like COLERA.

An interesting thing in Florianopolis are the Free Radios, radio stations that don't have government concession to work. The most important is 107 FM, that worked until some months ago in the kitchen of a university restaurant. Organized in an anarchical regime, and a non-profit way, 107 brought to the air the music that wasn't played on commercial radio.

Another important band is VASTNESS, that play a good thrash metal. They recorded a demo tape. Contacts with Claudio/ Ricardo Gouvea St. 27/ Sta. Monica Florianopolis 88000/ Brazil.

That's all! To contact me: R. Damasceno/ Venancio Aires st. 476 apto. 202/ Porto Alegre, 90040/ Brazil



NE LUUMAET hit the number one spot in the Finnish charts with the single "Onnel-

HYBRID CHILDREN



NE LUUMAET



Scene reports

linen Perhe (Happy Family) on their latest album *Pahat Jarumat* (Bad And Ugly). This fourth studio album off their Ramones-inspired madness is their best record so far. After reading their interview in MRR, a Japanese record company is interested in issuing all their records on CD. NE LUUMAET can be contacted through their singer, Joey Luumaki/ Halkaisijantie 2E47/ 00980, Helsinki, Finland.

THE HYBRID CHILDREN's latest EP *Another Dose Up Your Nose* includes a cover of "Orgasm Addict." Their debut EP *Reveal Your Charms* is also still available. If you like the Misfits you'll love THE HYBRID CHILDREN. These 2 slabs of horror punk may be obtained through Alternative Action/ PO Box 74/ 11101 Riihimäki/ Finland

Some other recent records of arctic fury are THE 69 EYES album and THE WANNA BEES *Vegetable House Time* on Gaga Goodies/ Box 47/ 13211 Hämeenlinna/ Finland. On the Stupido Twins label (PO Box 301/ 00121 Helsinki/ Finland) recent releases include the HITMEN 3 *Perfect Copy* mini LP of '77 punk, a GREENHOUSE record (Stooges style punk), a U.M.K.E. mini LP (early hardcore) and WALTARI *Monk Punk* LP with a sound sorta like Red Hot Chili Peppers but much more hardcore. On the Spine Farm label new stuff includes FUNEBRE *Children of the Scorn* LP (death hardcore grind), a AMEN/RHYTHMHAIRIO split LP (hardcore as hard as it gets), and a HIRVI LP (thrash). Spine Farm/ PO Box 137/ 00181 Helsinki/ Finland.

THE DOLPHINS have a couple EPs of early hardcore style tunes available from Abrasive Product/ Helsinginkatu 21E 116/ 00510 Helsinki/ Finland.

DUNDELION aren't playing live anymore but they have a new record of psychadelic hardcore out on Spine Farm records. Their singer is now singing and playing bass in HUGGIN WAYNE a "SubPop hippie punk" band. Another new band is the one in which I am singing, THE ASTRONUTS. Our music is spaced punk influenced hardcore.

PROTECTED ILLUSION is another band which has been brought to my attention lately. They are a thrashy fast kind of hardcore band which reminds me of Suicidal Tendencies.

DEEP TURTLE is a band that I highly recommend. Their sound is very hard to describe; it's a kind of punk, hardcore with zillions of other influences, totally fuckin mindblowing! Their first EP and their latest demo which is entitled *Baila* are self-released and may be obtained from Benson Turtle/ Kielokato 102/ 28120 Pori/ Finland. They have just signed to the Bad Vugum record label. Also on Bad Vugum Records are the GENERATORS (jazzy funky punk), SWEET-HEART (weird hard sounds), FAFFBEY (hardcore death punk), CMX (unique hc), RADIO PUHELIMET (great hc) and many other bands. The address is another record label of which I have become aware of lately is Kill City Sound Oy/ PO Box 47/ 00531 Helsinki/ Finland. Among their many releases are the 28 song TERVEET KADET LP titled *Propaganda* and the TK EP *Message*. They also have the RIISTETYT Tuomipaiva EP and the KAAOS Ristinnaulittu LP which are old classic Finnish hardcore bands.

In the tradition of the Ramones and NE LUUMAET is RANTAUHDIT. Their demo is available from Ikevil Tapes c/o Kiskontie 5.A.9./ 00280 Helsinki/ Finland

Well I guess that's all the news from Suomi for now. Once again I'd like to thank all the bands, record companies and concert promoters for their assistance and I'd like bands to send me pictures, records, tapes, information about themselves because if I don't know about your band I certainly can't write about them. Moi Moi, Nick Anarchie/ Pikalahetintie 3.A.2./ 00620 Helsinki 62/ Finland.

P.S. We're the ASTRONUTS and we're fuckin' spaced.

PHILADELPHIA



So, you're coming to Philadelphia for some strange reason and you don't know what to do. Well, me (Sean Gustilo, so-called editor and publisher of *Philly Zine*, hardcore god of sorts) and my buddy Joseph A. Gervasi Jr. (stud master of the young babes, co-writer for *Philly Zine* and singer of the presently-defunct Orgasmic Toilet Band) came up with the following suggestions of things to do and see in the Philly area. Since the majority of the stores and clubs are located in the Center City/South St. vicinity (with the exception to the New Jersey stuff and Killtime/No Warehouse), everything is in walking distance. Also, this is from a Jersey-centric point of view; there's probably a lot more stuff to do in the western suburbs of Philly - if there is, we don't know that much about it. So put on your walking shoes, spike up that mohawk and show a little attitude, dude.

The following passages were written by Sean Gustilo:

Radio Stations

If you're lucky enough to have access to a radio while visiting the "City of Brotherly Love", then take some time and listen to what the Delaware Valley has to offer on the airwaves. Bands can send their demos for possible airplay here are some choice stations to check out:

-WKDU 91.7 FM stereo (215) 895-5917. (WKDU, 3210 Chestnut St/ Phila., PA. 19104) Broadcasts from Drexel University. Definitely one of the best in the area when it comes to hardcore/punk/alternative muzak that drives the parents nuts and sends the kids slamming into each other. A good portion of airtime is dedicated to "alternative" music, while the rest goes

to rap, ethnic, jazz and metal. Uncensored, gritty and obnoxious, this is what real radio should be.

-WDBK 91.5 FM mono (609) 227-8070. Broadcasts from Camden County College, N.J. (WDBK, Camden County College/ PO Box 200/ Blackwood, N.J. 08012) This station covers just about every aspect music there is, from D.J. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince to the Dead Milkmen. Such an erratic format change can be annoying at times, but worth the wait at other times.

-WPRB 103.3 FM stereo (609) 258-1033. (WPRB/ PO Box 342/ Princeton, N.J. 08542) Broadcasts from Princeton University, N.J. A pretty comprehensive station, even though they play car, beer, and Sears commercials. Decent hardcore/ska and rap shows, but watch out for the basketball/lacrosse games and classical music. WPRB is most notable for their massive signal - 17,000 watts total. They can reach up to Brooklyn, N.Y. to northern Delaware. Impressive for a college station.

-WLFR 91.7 FM stereo (609) 652-4917. (Stockton State College/ Pomona, N.J. 08240) WLFR - Upper G Wing Broadcasts from Stockton State College, N.J. If for any reason you're in the Atlantic City/Ocean City vicinity in the summer, look out for medical waste on the beach and tune to WLFR. Loads of fun await you. Hardcore/punk/British/rap, etc. are the flavors of the day. Decent radio station considering it's located in the middle of nowhere...

Places To Eat

Fuck the Snickers bar to satisfy your hunger - try one of these neat places. A bountiful array of culturally-diverse restaurants await you Philly...

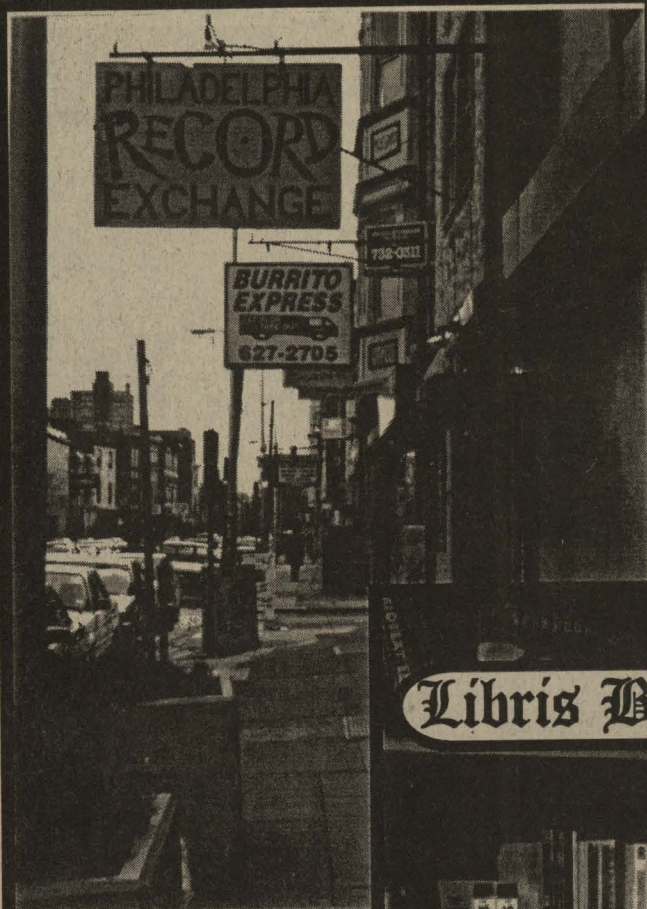
-Cedar's (2nd St., half a block off of South St.) Mmm. Did someone say falafel? They have probably one of the best falafel sandwiches in Center City, but why don't you find out for yourself? They roll their sandwiches up in pita bread, rather than the typical "open faced" way. Warning: the waiters are incredibly snobby; don't punch 'em in the face. That's the way they are.

-Govinda's (between 5th and 6th on South St., right across from Blockbuster Video) So you don't like Krishna's, but did you ever try their delicious vegetarian food? Then come on in and try Govinda's scrumptious buffet, chocked full of good stuff that mom neglected to tell you about. All-you-can-eat is about \$10, but you can



Sean & Joe
on Ben Franklin Bridge





most comprehensive record stores in Center City - two floors of tapes, CDs and records await you. Upstairs is dedicated to jazz, blues, and rap, while downstairs is for all you way cool alternative/rock types. They have a decent selection of hardcore and punk, plus a pretty extensive collection of alternative music. Not that great of a zinc selection, but it's only a record store.

-Record Exchange (5th and South, near the Gap) Lots of used records - good selection of new ones. They sometimes have a good mix of hardcore 7's and zines. Set some time aside to browse through all the records - you might find a rare gem for cheap. Watch out on weekends - they're sometimes packed.

-Full Circle Records (279 RD 41 Blackwood-Clementon Rd., Blackwood, N.J.) If for any reason you're in New Jer-

-The New Jersey Shore. The shore comes alive in the summer when all the families and students make a pilgrimage to the beach for some sun, bikinis, cotton candy, etc. If you have access to a vehicle, you might want to check this out. But go at your own risk - lots of New Kids On The Block/Vanilla Ice wannabe's prowling the babes on the boardwalk, punk rocker/hardcore-types hanging out scaring the little kids, etc. The two most frequented beaches are Wildwood (the beach is free there) and the "family-oriented" Ocean City (you have to have beach tags, which involves money, to use the beach there). They're deserted ghost towns in the winter - that's a neat time to go. Warning: watch out for the dirty hospital garbage and fecal matter on the beach. Also avoid Atlantic City, that decaying city of sin and Donald Trump. Yuck.

-The New Jersey State Aquarium at Camden. This just opened. Located right across the river from Philly, you might want to check this out. But then again, maybe not. Approach with caution.

-Try a walkover the Ben Franklin Bridge, that big blue thing that connects Philadelphia and New Jersey together. There's a walkway on the side of the bridge, so you don't have to worry about dodging cars. Look east and you'll see New Jersey, west is Philly, below is the Delaware River, and above you is the sky. This is a cool place to get a different perspective of the Philly skyline and some scenic photos. And if you're adventurous enough, walk all the way over to Camden and enjoy the sights of abandoned buildings of a run down city.

-Or how about the Philadelphia Museum of Art (big building on the Benjamin Franklin Parkway), with its cavernous interior or filled with pleasant art, medieval armory, etc. The Fairmount Park behind the museum is breath-taking, and have a try at retracing the steps that Rocky ran in the movie Rocky in front of the museum. You'll feel like a winner. Their hours are 10am to 5pm Tuesday through Sunday. Admission is three dollars with student I.D., but on Sunday it's free if you get there before 1pm.

-If you're into the macabre or weird, check out the Mutter Museum (22nd st., between Market and Chestnut). It's an old medical museum filled with unusual and tasty items such as a mega-colon that weighs sixty pounds or a fetal skeletal of Siamese twins joined at the cranium, all preserved in glass jars filled with formaldehyde. The museum also contains 144 skulls, the 2nd tallest skeleton in the nation, etc. and other abnormal medical items. It's open 10am to 4pm, Tuesday through Friday. Admission is only a staggering one buck, so don't miss out.

-If you have to resort to T.V., check out channel 35 (WYBE) on the UHF dial. It's Philly's newest independent T.V. channel offering a true alternative to regular T.V., running shows that even PBS won't touch. Some worthy shows to watch are Paper Tiger, Not Channel Zero, Alternative Views, Speaking of the Animals, and Deep Dish T.V.

-If you're wandering around Philly and wanna do something else interesting, pick up a free copy of City Paper (available in most stores on South St. and from these yellow metal box newspaper dispenser things on just about every other corner in Philly). It has plenty of listings of movies, shows, places to eat for every day of the week.

-There's always the Liberty Bell (between 5th and 6th St. on Market) or Independence Hall (right behind the Liberty Bell). Go at own risk.

The following passages were written by Joseph A. Gervasi Jr., (bands can call to be considered to play at the Harwan - (609) 277-6830):

Bookstores

-Borders Bookshop (1727 Walnut St. and in New Jersey, Rt. 73, Marlton) Arguable the best bookstore in Philly. Borders not only has a massive selection of books, but it also boasts in-store appearances by authors.

Libris Bookstore



pay by the pound and save some money because the last time I was there, I only got one plateful of food and was absolutely stuffed. If you're lucky enough, Ray Cappo might be floating around somewhere...

-Harmony Vegetarian Restaurant (135 N. 9th St., near Arch St. in Chinatown) Take a stroll in Philadelphia's Chinatown - look at some dead meat in the market windows, browse through some tattoo art at Eddie's Tattoo and then head on over to Harmony Vegetarian Chinese Restaurant. A nice quaint place - all the food is vegetarian, so you don't have to worry about stray pieces of meat in yer rice. It's kinda pricey at about \$10 for a complete meal, but you can always get an eggroll or steamed dumplings if you wanna spend less.

-Taco House (between 12th & 13th St. on Pine) Where do all the hip people go for their food? Taco House. Expect to find art students from hell talking about "arty" things and same sex couples having dinner and complaining about the smoke from your cigarette. They have vegetarian tacos, burritos, taco salads, etc. And for you carnivores, they can accommodate you in more ways than one. Small, cheap, and way rad - expect to spend about \$5 for a good meal.

-Sabra's (the corner of 13th and Pine) Yet another tasty restaurant with a middle eastern theme. Delicious falafel stuffed with the usual stuff. About \$3.25 per sandwich.

-There are plenty of other restaurants in Chinatown, around South St., etc. Take your pick. And when you're done eating, take a stroll on down to the waterfront at Penn's Landing and enjoy the sights of the Ben Franklin Bridge, the Delaware River, etc.

Record Stores

-3rd St. Jazz and Rock (20 N. Third St., about a half block off of Broad St.) One of the

else do you want?

-Noise Pollution (4th St., between South and Bainbridge, former sight of the infamous Chaos Records). Digital Underground (5th St., between South and Lombard, specializing in alternative CDs) are other places you might want to check out (at your own risk).

Miscellaneous Crap You Might Want To Consider While You're Here

-Howard Stern. If you're not from the New York/New Jersey/Philadelphia Washington D.C. area, you probably don't know who this man is. Well, he's this vulgar, repulsive, offensive, and obnoxious man with a morning radio show where he babbles on (with his sidekick Robin) about the latest news events in a particularly humorous way. Everybody either hates him or loves him. Give him a listen on 94 WYSP weekday, between 6-10 a.m. He also has a trashy T.V. show that's on WPIL 17, Saturday nights, 10-11 p.m. If the "Lesbian Dating Game" (where Becky from the Lunachicks was a contestant) or "Homeless Howiewood Squares" sound somewhat enticing, then give the show a try.

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benches to sit on while you browse in the relaxed atmosphere, and an espresso bar for the turtle neck sweater wearers among you.

-Book Trader (on the corner of 6th and South) The Book Trader is an old, established bookstore that carries a massive stock of used books on all subjects, plus some records and tapes, too. The books are priced according to value, condition and age, but the prices are pretty fair.

-Giovanni's Room (on the corner of 12th and Pine St.) This is a very "respectable" homo/lesbian bookstore that carries a wide variety of books and magazines on many different facets of homosexuality and lesbianism. It carries books on politics, feminism, fiction, art, child care and some pornography, too. What the store lacks is some of the great radical homo/lesbian zines that come out of the radical community, like *Homocore*, *J.D.'s* and *Taste of Latex*. Also, their little music section has too much Phranc and k.d. Lang, where it could also have some Gof, MDC and Crass. The addition of some extreme music and literature would draw in, I'm sure, a younger lot of radical queers, and introduce some of the more established, "straight" homosexuals and lesbians to some new and revolutionary ideas. An excellent store, though.

-Libris Bookstore (518 South 4th St., located right off South St.) While rather small, Libris Bookstore is a great book shop in that it almost only carries fine literature and underground classics like the works of Henry Miller, Jean Genet, William S. Burroughs and Charles Bukowski. You don't have to wade through the Sidney Sheldons to get to the Hubert Selbys. They also carry most of the RE/Search books and books on tattooing, freaks and other fetishes.

-Paperback Trader II (Laurel Hill Plaza, Laurel Hill, N.J.) If, for some inexplicable reason, you find yourself in South Jersey, be sure to check out the Paperback Trader, my all-time favorite bookstore. It's not that the P.B.T. has the greatest selection of books, it's just that this is where I managed to build my collection of books. I go there at least once a week. All books are sold for 1/2 the cover price, and if you bring books in, you get 1/3 the cover price in credit for them. In this way, if you could get a load of crappy books and trade them in, you could get some cool books in return for cheap. Next to Full Circle Records and my home, this is all there is in Blackwood.

-Popis (4th and South, a few doors from Libris) Popis carries magazines only, and while they have a great selection of fashion, art, film, teeny-bopper and porno mags, the closest they get to punk zines are the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Utne Reader*.

-Tower Books (between 4th and 5th on South St., near the Ace Hardware store). The only corporate bookstore on South St., it also carries the largest stock of new books and has a gigantic selection of magazines. As for as hardcore zines go, they carry all of the big names like *MRR*, *Flipside*, *WW 3 Illustrated*, along with some smaller zines like *Murder Can Be Fun*, *U.K. Resist* and *Jersey Beat*. They also stock *Re/Search*, tattoo zines, and fanzines devoted to suck rock god and goddess as Led Zeppelin, Yes, Pink Floyd and Kate Bush. Consume at your own risk.

-Wooden Shoe Books (112 South 20th St., near Sansom St.) This is the most radical bookstore in Philly... So radical, in fact, that they never seem to be open, as the proprietors are, I suppose, too busy smashing the state to peddle their wares. Still, this is the place to get lefty anarcho newspapers, books and pamphlets, plus comics, t-shirts and some records. This place is so underground this it is literally underground.

Clothes

There are a load of "alternative" clothing stores on and around South St. in Philly, but they're all over-priced, pseudo-punk boutiques. Be prepared to lose all of your punk points for even entering one of these estab-

lishments, you poseur.

There is one clothing store worth mentioning, and it's I. Goldberg's Army-Navy Store (902 Chestnut St.). This is a fucking gigantic store loaded with military surplus, hiking supplies, sweats, sport jackets and boots. Pretty punk.

Comics

I'm not really into comics, so I can't say much about Philly area comic stores but there is a comic store (name unknown, 6th and South, a few doors down from Tower Records, next door to Inferno), that might be of interest.

Concerts

(In Philly? GOOD LUCK!)

-The Blackhole (13th and South St.) A new club to the city, shows have been happening there on and off for a couple months. I don't know how long they will last or if it's dead already, but it was mostly fun while it lasted. Besides lots of bands for only \$5 and a can of food, the Blackhole also boasted tables of propaganda, t-shirts and patches. Call Rick at (215) 886-0199 to see what's happening.

-The Harwan Theater (Blackhorse Pike North, Mt. Ephraim, N.J.) The Harwan is an old movie theater with a large stage and no dance area that occasionally has hardcore shows, usually put on by Orgasmic Productions (me and friends). There are usually 3 or 4 shows a year, with varying attendance. We've showcased some local bands (almost always Matter of Fact!), plus other bands such as Born Against, Neurosis, Sticks and Stones, the Parasites and Bugout Society. Recently we've been supplying free vegetarian food and literature. Shows are usually \$5 and a can of food.

-J.C. Dobbs (3rd and South St.) J.C. Dobbs is a bar that occasionally holds all-ages shows, usually put on by Ralph of the band Random Children. This is always a showcase for local "talent" and the occasional visiting band. Shows are generally \$5 to \$6 plus a can of food.

-The Killtime/No-warehouse (3854 Lancaster Ave.) These are two warehouses in Philly that are more often the scenes of parties (with bands sometimes) than shows, but there have been occasional shows. Don't look for flyers, because word of mouth to avoid cops, permits, etc. If you don't mind massive amounts of alcohol and cigarette smoke, you may like these warehouse events.

-Revival (22 South 3rd St.) If you're over 21 and you can become a member of this club, dress in all black, and buy overpriced fire-water while canned music plays. If you're under 21 you can go to their "alternative" dance night, wear all-black, pick up/get picked-up while canned music plays. Witness: Fourteen year old boys "slam-dance" to Ministry CDs. Witness: Philly ex-punks lumber about like extras from Dawn of the Dead. Witness: Pre-pubescent girls drawn to "punk" males like "flies to shit".

-The Trocadero (10th and Arch St.) For rich spermbags only. Avoid at all costs.

-The TLA (between 3rd and 4th on South St.) Yawn. The once great movie theater now hosts to bands too "big" to play clubs but too "small" to play arenas. If you like They Might Be Giants, Joan Jett, and the Wonder Stuff, then plunk down \$20 or more, have a mixed drink, get an enema and a box of Tums and rock and roll, dude.

Miscellaneous

-Foreign Bazaar (13th and Chestnut) This one comes courtesy of my friend Amy. She says they carry Indian beads, clothes and other paraphernalia, but the prices are pretty steep.

-Harry's Occult (13th and South St.) From eye of newt to wolfsbane, Harry's Occult has all of those items you can't live without. Funny discharge seeping from your genitalia? Get a special candle at Harry's to cure what ails you.

Movie Theaters

-The Ritz (214 Walnut St.) and The Ritz



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at the Bourse (4th St. north of Chestnut St.). Both Ritz's show the best arty foreign and domestic films being shown in the U.S. Of course, the price of fine art is a high one, so go to the first showing of whatever film you want to see so you only have to pay \$3.50, otherwise it'll be \$6. Both theaters are frequented mostly by the upper middle-class literati, so be sure to come armed (and don't forget to buy a cup of tea so you can experience the full sensual pleasure of going to the theater).

The Roxy Theater (2021 Sansom St.)
The newly re-opened Roxy Theater is like the evil twin of The Ritz. It's seedier looking, the screen is about as big as my T.V. screen and the chairs are about as comfortable as rickety folding chairs, but showings are \$4.50 (\$3 for the first showing). They basically show the same kinds of films as the Ritz, but occasionally they show older and/or trashier movies. Definitely punk.

Video

Okay, what visiting punk carries his or her VCR with him or her, and how many punks have credit cards (at least legal ones)? Anyway, if you do want to rent a film in Philly, TLA Video (across the street from Libris Bookstore) is the raddest video store in this area. The TLA was once a movie theater on South St. that would show rare films, "trash" films like Rocky Horror and the John Waters films, and other exploitation goodies, but since its demise and reincarnation as a concert theater (see concerts), TLA Video has taken over the position as top purveyor of cinematic "filth" in the Delaware Valley. They have hundreds of cult, horror, science-fiction and porno films, plus a good selection of "straight" comedies and dramas. You'll definitely be paying to see these films, but, in a way, it's worth it for the vast selection.

Well, there you go. Sounds like fun, eh? It's not as complete as it could be, but we were pressed for time and this is what we came up with. Hey, at least it's a start. If you need more information, contact either Joseph A. Gervasi, Jr. at 142 Frankford Ave/ Blackwood, N.J. 08012 (609) 227-6830 or Sean Gustilo at PO Box 225/ Glassboro, N.J. 08028. We'll be more than happy to assist you (maybe). Happy travels! (And if Philadelphia really gets that boring, there's always NYC or Washington, D.C.)



This is coming from Clemson and Pendleton, SC. I live in Pendleton and nothing of interest ever happens here. Next to Pendleton is Clemson, which, although somewhat overrun by permanently drunken college students and "The South Will Rise Again!" types, can be pretty fun at times. I guess I should start off by naming some of my friends, since they're going to be the only ones I mention in this anyway.

First off, I'm Michael McLellan, and I publish *Soulless Structures* fanzine. Mallie Turner is a wonderful person who lives in Anderson and for some unknown reason spends lots of time with me, which is nice. Many fun things in this area revolve around this apartment where 4 friends of mine live while they attend Clemson University. This apartment reaches new heights in filth at times, and, although my friends watch way too much TV, I still enjoy it there. The occupants are: Brent Jones, drummer for DREAM HOUSE who does some other cool things; Eric

Seanor, a big tall guy who used to have purple dreads; Kevin Stockunas, a friendly bald person; and Brian Zettle, who wants to be a redneck. A frequent guest to this residence is Marla Boggs, who likes godawful dance music. Two other people whom I enjoy being around are the Lee siblings—Nathan and Kate. Nate does a zine, aptly named *The Nathan Chronicles* (you know it's good because he wants to interview me!) and I don't really know what Kate does. Ummm....there's also Doug Grigsby, who does a zine named *RUI* but will never give one to anybody. Fuck, I'm sick of naming names. I'll just list 'em as I get to them.

I guess the biggest thing that happened recently would have to have been the appearance of David Duke in Clemson and Anderson. He came to Clemson first, and was greeted by 1000 anti-Duke protesters and very few supporters. This was fun. Chants ranged from the boring "DOWN WITH DUKE!" to the more direct "REAM MY ASS, DUKE!" Andrew Wood definitely gets mega punk points for mooning the shithead while the cops just laughed.

In Anderson, though, the tables were turned. 300 Duke supporters faced off about 30-40 protesters. The two sides traded insults through a wall of cops and I was threatened with arrest for holding up Eric's "FUCK RACISM" sign. It was pretty scary.... is there some rule that states that in order to support Duke one must weigh over 300 pounds? The Klan was out in force, as were the American Nazis. This was interesting—I wound up being interviewed for a local TV station, along with other protesters. Duke says that he will be back so I'm expecting more things like this.

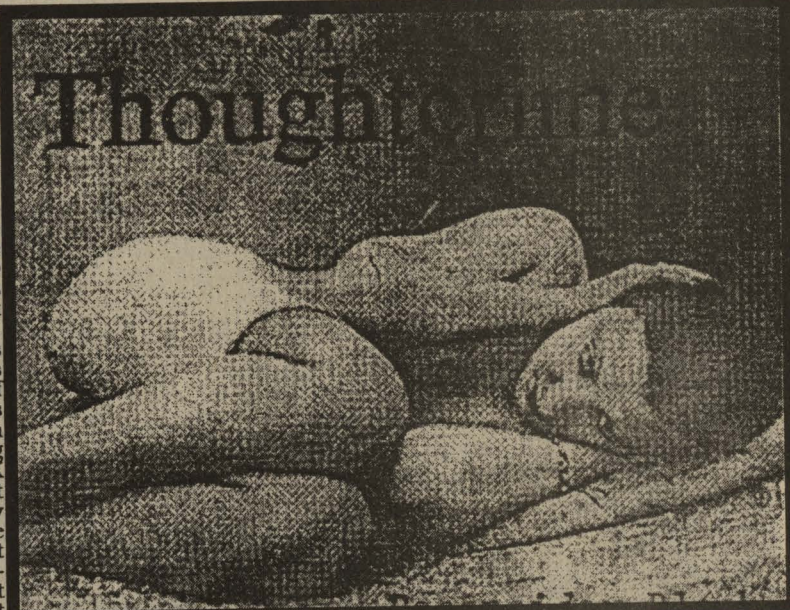
Speaking of ignorant racist scum, the Ku Klux Klan was out recruiting in Pendleton last weekend. Unfortunately, I didn't hear about it until they were long gone, so I didn't get a chance to go argue, but I did manage to see a copy of their newspaper, *The Klansman*. Scary stuff here, but typical of what you would expect from the Ku Klux Klowns. There are very few Klan activities here, though, so I don't think we need to worry about them much.

The Lambda Society, which is a support group for lesbians and gays, recently got started on the Clemson University campus. This is the only organization of its kind in the area and had a hell of a prolonged struggle to get accepted as an official student group. The College Republicans attempted to block them on the grounds that "Homosexual acts are illegal in South Carolina, and by accepting this group we would be endorsing these acts," but happily, the group persevered and managed to get recognized. The other night they sponsored a showing of the movie *Before Stonewall*, which is a history of the gay and lesbian liberation movement. There were many people in attendance, and they even gave out free food afterwards! Something like this being shown in Clemson is nothing short of being amazing, as it seems to be a breeding grounds for backwards homophobic attitudes, and it was a breath of fresh air to see the

obvious interest in the movie. Thumbs up to the Lambda society for being composed of courageous, caring people. I hope to hear more from them in the future!

Anyway, enough about past events, let's talk about cool punk rock things to do here! I think the best new thing in town is the changing ownership of The Book Cellar, a used bookshop just off of Main Street. Will Conner, drummer for local hotshots 1-3-4 and the SLEESTAKS. Just purchased the place, and has made tons of improvements. This place has millions of books on all kinds of subjects, and he even sells a few fanzines for me, so if you're in town, this is one place not to miss. I think he has readings there every Thursday night. He pays well for used books too, so this is a good way to pick up cash if you need it.

A new doughnut store just opened also, called Daylight Donuts. It's not 24 hour, so that's a minus, but they do have damn good



hot chocolate. I've only been there once, but it seems to be sparsely populated. It pales next to the almighty Huddle House, though, which is the absolute best place in town to find good, cheap, food. I can personally recommend the hash browns, which put all others to shame. Good waffles too. The waitresses are some of the friendliest people in town. Eat here.

There's a pretty good punk show on WSBF (88.1 FM; Clemson University Radio Station) from 7 to 9 on Monday nights. It's done by local Dave Adams....check it out.

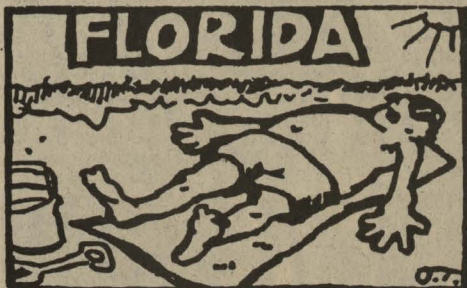
On to gossip. Let's see....I've pretty much lost track of who dislikes whom, and it will have all changed by the time this gets printed, so this won't make much sense. The Modern Cause organization sucks because everyone is too apathetic to do anything. I think the main problem with people around here is that they put all their energy into worrying about petty things rather than doing anything constructive. With this in mind one can understand some of the problems in Clemson. Almost every person I know is an asshole in somebody else's eyes for some reason or another, but really, everyone is OK. Anyway, fuck gossiping and immature backstabbing.

There were some Nazis in Greenville, but for the most part, they are all cowards and dorks. I would write more but they're not worth the ink.

I guess that's about it for this time. Oh yeah, bands.... DREAM HORSE play hardcore stuff that reminds me of older Naked Raygun. 1-3-4 play industrial hardcore and are probably my favorite Clemson band. SLEESTAKS play music. THOUGHTCRIME

Scene reports

are loud, punk and obnoxious, and are good live, although their sets are too long. VOO-DOO CHILDREN'S CHOIR are young, loud and punk. I forgot everyone else. Issue 4 of my zine has Profane Existence and Holocaust and many editorials. It sells for \$2.00. Number 5 will be out by the time you read this and it will be cool. Anyway, thanks for reading this. Write me and write for: Soulless Structures c/o Michael McLellan/ 550 Pinewood Dr/ Pendleton, SC 29670



The "Hard Core scene" in the Tampa Bay area is in a rut, tired, and needs to be put to sleep. Good riddance. The last "Slamfest" was embarrassing as hell, the novelty of stage diving and skanking wore off long ago, and in general, things need to progress. Enough said. But don't think for a moment that punk is dead. On the contrary! It's alive and well in Tampa Bay, and all over Florida. Don't take my word for it. Pick up a copy of *The Lizard's Eyelid*, *No Idea*, or any other Florida zine, and within the pages you will find that punk is not only alive, but kicking.

For an example of true reckless abandon and wanton disregard of public safety, check out punk veterans PINK LINCOLNS, one of the great institutions of the genre. These Homosassans still know how to play raw and raucously. Their *Back From the Pink Room* LP is a classic, and last year's *Headache* disc follows in the same tradition.

The "Plinkons" recently did a show with the notorious Screeching Weasel at the Ritz in Tampa, and boy did Weasel blow. Benberated the crowd between every song, which is fine and usually expected at a punk show. But when people started throwing shit and it got hairy, he threw a temper tantrum and stormed off the stage. He can dish it out, but he sure can be a baby when things don't go his way. When they played Tampa a few years ago, right before the *Punk House* EP came out, they were terrific. That was one of the funnest shows I've ever been to. All the attention since then has apparently gone to Mr. Weasel's head. Oh well! No big loss. Leather jacket-clad punks with big egos are a dime a dozen. It's just a little disappointing, that's all.

Three-fourths of NO FRAUD kicked out the only remaining original member, Dan Deconstructo, and replaced him with ex-Meatwagon growler Bill Bowman. They performed in the Southeast Music Conference last month under the name MANIC DOSE, and should have new material out soon. Bill's absolutely

the only guy that can live up to the dynamic stage presence and boundless energy of Deconstructo. Bill sings a lot better than Dan, too, so it all balances out.

Bill's other band, Ima, is one of my favorites. He plays drums for the three piece. When they get a singer and start playing out more, they'll dominate the music scene in St. Pete. Their stuff is real jazzy, and they do a bitchin' cover of "Driver Eight". The other night they opened for Victim's Family and absolutely destroyed.

MANIC DOSE drummer Rob Proctor's other band ASSUCK is living up to its potential in a big way. The songwriting on their new album, *Anticapital*, is developed to the point that their sonic perversions and grind-core virtuosity reaches perilous new heights! Go see them if you get an opportunity - but beware!

Steve has been playing guitar for ASSUCK for years, but the demise of his old band, Tampa's PEOPLE'S COURT, has initiated the genesis of two other new bands. Jason and Ben are working with Var Thelin of *No Idea* magazine up in Gainesville, and promise to do some very interesting work together with their new band BOMB SHELL. But the best PEOPLE'S COURT spinoff has to be Carlo's new band, SOURSONG.



Not only do these guys to me exemplify what punk rock should ideally be, they play some of the most exciting music in this hemisphere. Their dissonant songs are angry and expressive. I could go on and on, but I'll stop here with a challenge - find out where SOURSONG is performing next, and go see them.

My band, CRANKSHAFT bit the dust last summer when our bassist went off to art school in Savannah, Georgia, where he's doing quite well with his new band, Jigsaw. Our 7" EP is still available, and we've got a full length LP recorded, but I'm starting to wonder if we'll ever put the thing out. Johnshaft and I are putting together a new band right now. We're called GOSSAMER, and by the time we start playing out, we plan to have a three-

piece horn section and two or three dancers, with a total of nine or ten people in the band. I'll keep you posted.

If you're visiting the Tampa Bay area and you're looking for stuff to do, here are some cool places to visit:

In St. Pete

The Salvador Dali Museum • Fun Junction Pizza (They got Burger Time and Centipede!) • Great Explorations Hands-On Museum • Mons Venus Exotic Dancing • Channel Zero (but only on show nites, cuz they have disco music most of the time; look for flyers) • The King of Kings Wax Museum at Sunken Gardens (it's hilarious and it's free!) • World of Natural Foods (Bill Bowman from Manic Dose works in the Deli).

In Clearwater

Vinyl Museum Records (Johnshaft works here!) • Ruth Eckerd Hall • Crash and Burn (clothes & shoes & stuff) • The Oriental Gift Shop (cool bongos).

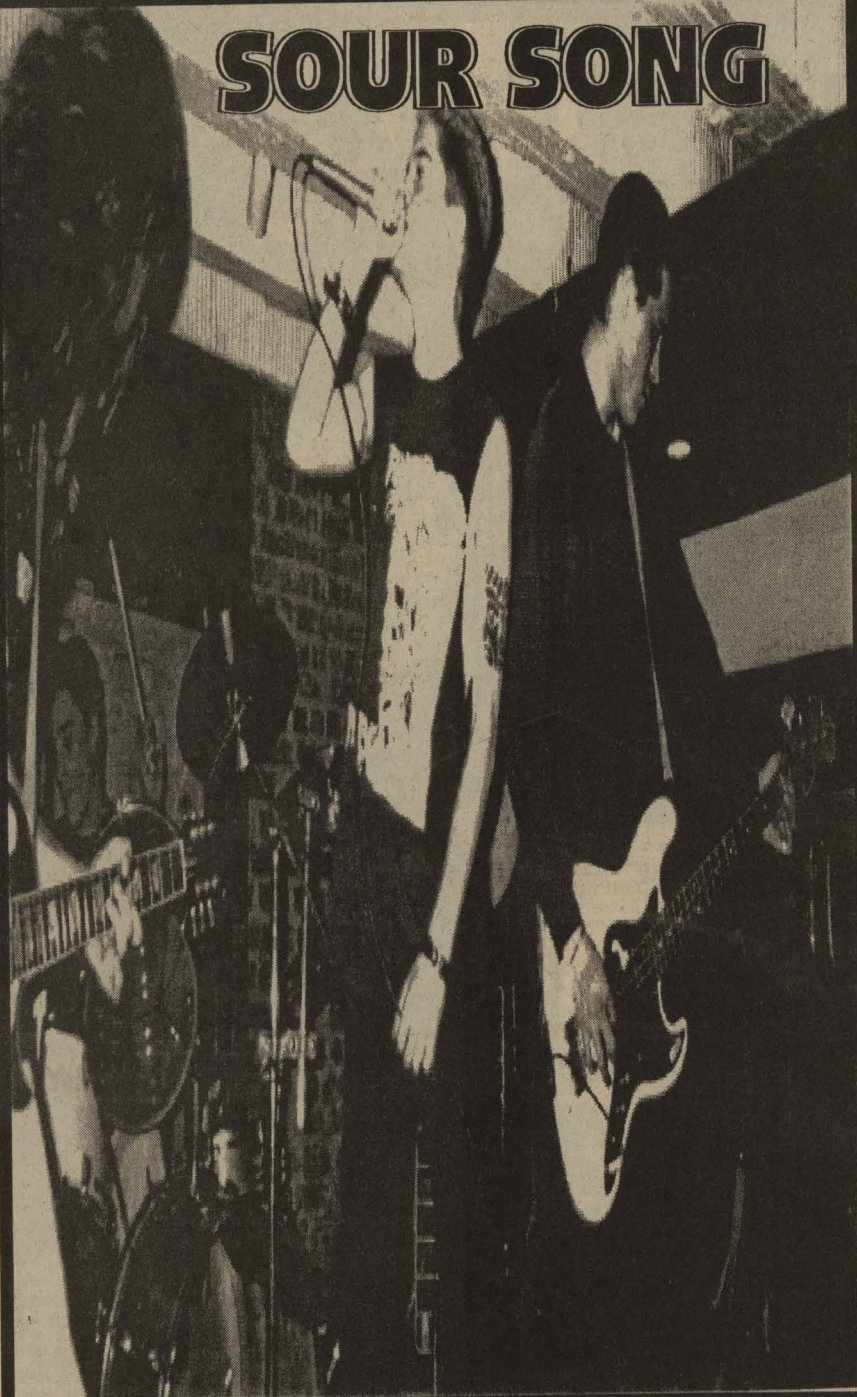
In Tampa

Alternative Record Store • Sweet Charity (total hippie hell! I warned you!) • Dog Eat Dog (super air brush artist) • The Tampa Theatre • Busch Gardens (free fresh brewed beer if you're twenty one or you have a believable fake I.D.) • Adventure Island (water slides) • Decades A Go-Go (retro collectibles like Mork and Mindy bubble gum cards, Hippie Barbie dolls, and Star Wars figures) • Tracks (cool gay dance club) • The Ritz (cool venue where a lot of out of town bands like Melvins, Screeching Weasel, Victim's Family, Helmet, L7, Didjits, Mentors, etc. play when they come thru) • Malibu Grand Prix (mini race cars that you can drive on a scaled-down track) • Ybor Pizza & Subs (a cool place for smaller bands to play. Good pizza, too) • Three Birds Bookstore (by far the hippest bookstore in the area).

I wish I had the space to mention all the great things going on in underground music



SOUR SONG



MANIC DOSE



right now. As far as I'm concerned, we're experiencing a renaissance of bold, ambitious music, here in the sunshine state. SPECTRE-MAN is working on material and should be hitting the club circuit soon; SLAP OF REALITY has replaced Frank with Brent from HIGHCHAIR; LYSERGIC GARAGE PARTY is still rockin' out in Jacksonville (home of Lynard Skynard, don't forget); HUPHIN SHITZE plan to start playing out again soon; Gainesville is enudated with terrific new bands; Troy from Phat Boi Video Productions has a new band called OUT TO LUNCH; LAST TO GO have a new singer and are desperately trying to keep the spirit of rock and roll alive in Brandon; THE MISSING have found each other again and are playing parties; the list goes on and on.

It suffices to say that as long as the world is insane and unpredictable, and as long as there are garages and pawn shops, punk rock will survive.

• "Playing in a band is the only thing that always makes me feel great." "Hard to the Core" by NO FRAUD, 1987

• "That's just a bunch of noise. That's nothing but junk." My Mom, 1992

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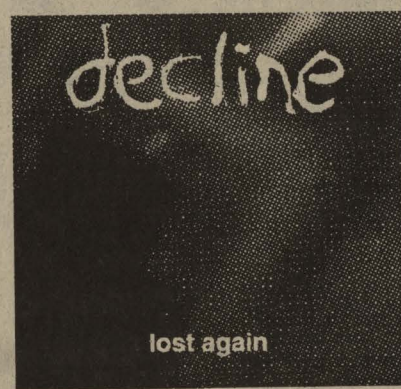
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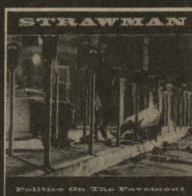
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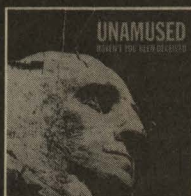
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PUNCHLINE Magazine issue no. 12 - "Age Of Discover-Up" - 32 pages, offset printed, 8.5" x 11" booklet.

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	17	Seattle, WA
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	20	Riverside, CA
	21	San Diego, CA
	22	Coolin' In Cali
	23	Phoenix, AZ*
	24	Driving Day
	25	Houston, TX*
	26	New Orleans, LA
	27	Pensacola, FL
	28	Tampa, FL*
	29	Melbourne, FL
	30	Augusta, GA*
JULY	1	Winston-Salem, NC
	2	Richmond, VA*
	3	Washington, DC

*tentative dates

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JULY	15	Baltimore, MD
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	17	Buffalo, NY
	18	Boston, MA
	19	Syracuse, NY
	20	Columbus, OH
	21	Detroit, MI
	22	Chicago, IL
	23	Milwaukee, WI
	24	Minneapolis, MN*
	25	Lawrence, KS
	26	Omaha, NE
	27	Rapid City, SD
	28	Missoula, MT*
	29	Seattle, WA
	30	Portland, OR*
	31	Berkeley, CA
AUG	1	Riverside, CA
	2	San Diego, CA
	3	Coolin' In Cali
	4	Phoenix, AZ*
	5	Driving Day
	6	Houston, TX*
	7	New Orleans, LA
	8	Pensacola, FL
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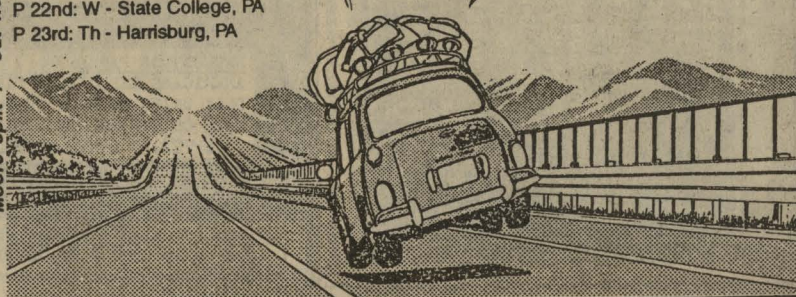
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? 1st: W - Arcata/Eureka, CA
? 2nd: Th - Eugene/Clovis, OR
? 3rd: F - Portland, OR
? 4th: Sa - Olympia, WA
? 5th: Sn - Seattle, WA
? 6th: M - Spokane, WA
? 7th: T - Boise, ID
? 8th: W - Salt Lake City, UT
? 9th: Th - Laramie/Cheyenne, WY
? 10th: F - Ft. Collins, CO
? 11th: Sa - Lawrence, KS at the Outhouse
? 12th: Sn - Lincoln, NE
? 13th: M - Omaha, NE
? 14th: T - Sioux Falls, IA
? 15th: W - Sioux City, SD
? 16th: Th - Mankato, MN
? 17th: F - Minneapolis, MN
? 18th: Sa - Madison, WI at the Fang Gang House w/ Trademark
? 19th: Sn - Chicago, IL
? 20th: M - Kalamazoo, MI at Club Soda
? 21st: Tu - Pittsburgh, PA w/ the Dream
? 22nd: W - State College, PA
? 23rd: Th - Harrisburg, PA

C 24th: F - Willamantic, CT
C 25th: Sa - New York, NY at ABC-NO-RIO
P 26th: Sn - Philadelphia, PA
C 27th: M - Baltimore, MD
? 28th: Tu - Charlotte, SC
P 29th: W - Atlanta, GA
C 30th: Th - Pensacola, FL at Sluggo's
C 31st: F - Pensacola, FL at Nite Owl
AUGUST:
C 1st: Sa - New Orleans, LA
P 2nd: Sn - San Antonio, TX
C 3rd: M - Dallas, TX at Common Ground
? 4th: Tu - El Paso, TX
P 5th: W - Tempe, AZ
? 6th: Th - Los Angeles, CA
P 7th: F - San Francisco, CA

C = confirmed, P = in progress, ? = need help (especially in Northwest)

Please contact us care of Devon Morf/Wallemac:
P.O. Box 312, Larkspur, CA 94977-0312: day and night phone;
(415) 931-2525. Also please welcome to the band Myron (Seth) from Les is Moore on drums and Charlie ex-Animal Crackers on bass. Also a round of applause for our celebrity guest roadie Mr. Bucky Sinistrar. A.Y.C.E./Les is Moore split 7" out now (\$3ppd) and Wallemac #10 (\$1ppd).



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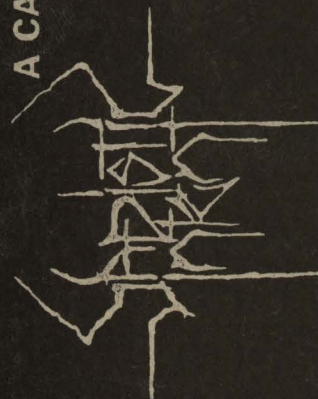
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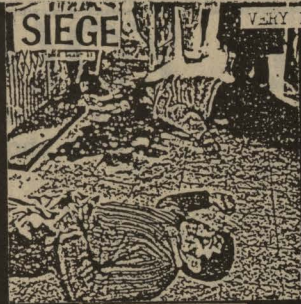
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WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

By: Chris Dodge

This month's question:

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY QUEERS IN PUNK ROCK?



Chris, "too happy to know how old I am", Sunnyvale, CA
"I don't know. I'll stop hanging around."

Moez, age 19, Sunnyvale, CA

"What kind of question is that? You guys are losers."



Graham, age 16, Saratoga, CA

"I don't think they should be called 'queers'. They should be called 'homosexuals' and I think there are a lot of 'homosexuals' in punk rock because punk rock is an anti-social upheaval. It's against what everyone thinks is the norm and homosexuality is against what is considered the norm, but I don't think it's wrong."

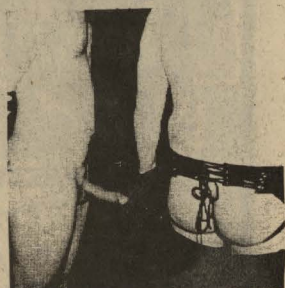
Elmer, age 29, Tracy, CA

"You're asking the right guy because I think punk is gay."



Kari, age 15, San Jose, CA

"I don't know. 'Cause you usually can't tell if they're gay or not. Usually you don't think queers are going to be in the punk rock scene, but a lot of 'em are now."



Christy, age 15, Santa Clara, CA

"I don't think it's just the punk rock scene. I think there's queers coming out everywhere."



WHAT'S THE POOP?




M.J. Skittlediddle, age 21, Compton, CA

"There are so many queers in the punk rock scene because they all want to be like Chris Dodge."

Rich, age 22, San Jose, CA

"Cuz punk rockers accept freaks where ever they are. Like gay people are considered freaks by society and so they join punk rockers because no one's going to fuck with them."



Angela, age 16, San Jose, CA

"I don't think there's anything wrong with it. I think everyone should be homosexual."

Katherine, age 16, San Jose, CA

"A lot of queers like to disguise themselves and I guess their way of showing off is to become punk. But I like punk..."



Danny, age 15, Saratoga, CA

"I think there are a lot of queers in the punk rock scene because they need to feel special, too, and the only way to do so is to be in the punk rock scene."

Julie Matthews, age 14, San Jose, CA

"Queers? I don't know. There's queers everywhere."



John Ogle, age 18, Sunnyvale, CA

"I think it's all the moshing. People get in the pit and get all sweaty, no shirts on. They just can't help themselves."

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NO IDEA: #9

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RADON: 7"

The first pressing sold out right away, so we made another batch! This features two rockin' songs with Brent (ex-STABILIZER) on vox, and two insanely catchy tunes with Dave (ex-MINIMUM WAGE) on vox. All together rad. Both Maximum Rockroll and Cometbus think this is crucial vinyl, and so do I. (Touring sometime)

SPOKE "Celebrated" --7"

Full-on buzz-biting, emo-melodic inspiration rolls off this burgundy saucer when it spins. There's even a catch power-pop tune and a tense instrumental. Three pasta-core kids switch off on the vocals, each with a different approach. There's a strong vibe in this wax that'll carry over into your head too. (Touring in May.)

BOMBSHELL: 7"

Out by the time you read this. New G'ville band with a slightly off-kilter sound some liken to a blender full of Rapeman, Samiam and Sonic Youth, among other things. Contains Ben & Jason (ex-People's Court), Chris (ex-That Guy Ray), and Me (there goes my objectivity, huh?) Kinda heavy, kinda melodic. Ish. (Touring in June)

NO IDEA #10

A blow-out issue, featuring TWO 7"s for the price of one: JAWBREAKER/ SAMIAM; SPOKE/ RADON/ GRUEL/ BOMBSHELL. The zine will have: 23 more Minutes, Samiam, Jawbreaker, Steel Pole Bath Tub, local stuff, babble, reviews, pasta-core, etc...

NO IDEA: #8

Comes with STABILIZER/ BIM SKALA BIM 7". Interviews: Plaid Retina, Green Day, Babes in Toyland, Dissent, Pirate Corps comics, Bim, and more.



NO IDEA: T-shirts

We've got #7's cover: reproduced as a five color print on a 100% cotton, ash-grey shirt, and #8's cover: reproduced as a four color print on a 100% cotton, red shirt. Very high quality and snazzy lookin' too.

PRICES:

\$3 Postpaid in USA for first 7" or zine/7". \$2 each additional. T-Shirts: \$10.

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ON TOUR !!!

Boy, do we need your help! SPOKE is touring for 2-3 weeks in May. Call Jonathan at (904) 338-1489. BOMBSHELL is touring for 4-5 weeks in June. Call Var (904) 375-9041 or Ben & Jason (904) 375-7277.

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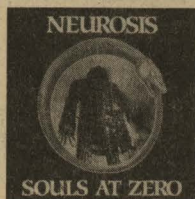
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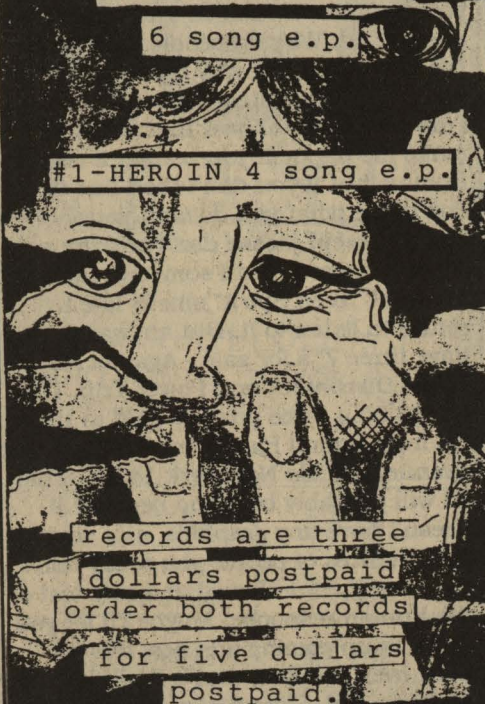
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punk identity

OK, you know by now that this is the queer issue of MRR. With lots of columns, opinions, stories and amusing anecdotes. Well, this isn't any of that; it's an article on gender roles and queer identities. A lot of which I got from my gender class at Berkeley, so I know you're already thinking it's going to be boring as fuck and too school-like. And I did try not to be, but some of it is pretty dry. But hey, it is about sex and if you're kinda interested in the stages you go through in figuring out sexual identity, then it might not be too bad. - Jux

Sexual conduct is primarily social in origin. Existing social groups define what sexuality is, the purposes it serves, its manner of expression, and what it means to be sexual.

People pretty much learn to be sexual as they learn everything else; from parents, teachers, adults, friends, books, movies, advertising, etc. It appears males and females are born with an open-ended capacity for bodily pleasure that is shaped and expressed through sexual roles or scripts. These scripts are learned along lines laid down during gender-role reinforcement. Males, for example, are taught to see sex in active, genitally focused and goal oriented terms (ejaculation). Females are encouraged to view sexuality in reactive, emotionally focused, and process oriented ways. The mind has to define something as "sexual" before it is sexual in its consequences. This is not to deny the biological urge for sexuality, but to emphasize the powerful role of social forces in shaping sexual conduct.

Because sexual learning occurs within specific historical and socio-group settings (hippie love of the 60s or the promiscuous gay sex of the 70s), sexual conduct and its meanings vary across cultures and sub-cultures. Never before in history has there been such tolerance for non-conformity. The unprecedented growth of gay and lesbian identity in recent history has transformed various subcultures and allowed sexual deviants to interact openly. Since before the Stonewall riots in New York (Stonewall was a gay bar in New York's Greenwich Village in 1969, where cops were demanding payoffs to not hassle patrons. When they didn't get any money, the cops raided the place and beat up the gays inside. When they finished and tried to leave several hundred angry queers were waiting for them outside. The resulting riot left many cops critically injured [yeah] and finally gave the impression that gays were a serious political force to be reckoned with.) The gay perspective has gone from being a pathological category to an oppressed minority. Now gay is identified as more of a social world, where being homo-sexual is tolerated but not really accepted.

Matthew is 16, and says that he is gay. He lived most of his life in a small city in eastern Washington.

His parents were divorced before he entered school. Matthew felt an attraction for males at an early age.

His first memory of sexual play was at age 7 with a male cousin. At age 13, Matthew was raped by an older man, a stranger. Following the rape, his problems at home worsened. He endured a childhood of physical abuse associated with his mother's alcoholism. He was placed in a boys' home for two years.

And yet, for all of this, the mainstream had not planned upon the emergence of a generation of youth, punk-like sexual deviants who feel homosexual and who confront the difficult process of "sexual identity" outside the boundaries of regular society. Until recently, gay and lesbian adolescents were felt not to exist and ignored as a social problem. Today, it's estimated that 3 million of this country's 29 million teenagers are gay. As a social issue, homosexual youth, when acknowledged at all, was as a psychological problem. To the extent it was socialized, it was from adults' retrospections about a different generation and can not be generalized to today's gay youth. The social/historic context in which an individual's sexual identity is formed becomes even more problematic for gays and lesbians, with

three distinct periods emerging. The first is pre-Stonewall (1969), when homosexuality was closeted and generally considered a psychological disorder. The post-Stonewall, pre-AIDS period of being gay in the seventies was open, promiscuous and even trendy. Music at various levels become more androgynous and even somewhat queer-identified: Queen, the New York Dolls, David Bowie and the Sex Pistols. The current period, post-AIDS, is somewhat similar to the pre-Stonewall era of being stigmatized but for reasons of an incurable and mislabeled "gay disease" instead of the homosexual act itself.

Without the need to define a problem or blame society, we can look at four fundamental assumptions regarding homosexuality and youth:

- 1) The automatic assumption of heterosexuality.
- 2) Inversion, or the feeling of being different or an outcast.
- 3) Recognizing the stigma and the conformation of society.
- 4) Assumption of homogeneity or that all homosexuals are the same

the presumption of heterosexuality

The first preconception that youth must contend with in social development and subgroups such as punk, revolves around the assumption that any interactions and roles are automatically assumed to be heterosexual. Considering the power of early experiences to shape one's gender identity and even one's world, this influence of an assumed heterosexuality from before puberty must be profound. Whether sexual orientation is caused by cultural or biological factors and the extent to which gay is constructed in a persons character become fundamental questions. There will always exist a discordance between a homosexual youth's feeling of being different when growing up in a heterosexual environment and their eventual place in an alternative setting.

My friends were mostly females. Most of the guys called me boof. I went out with a lot of girls. As long as I kissed them they thought I was straight.

The heterosexual assumption also has profound psychosocial problems from the start of adolescent development. Children who manifest nonconformist behavior from an early age, an act of open-mindedness, are the most susceptible to parental and peer pressure to change even though they have the greatest likelihood of being gay later. A variety of ways of feeling different and becoming self-alienated have been correlated with the heterosexual assumption. Some of the most powerful factors are early homosexual experiences, getting caught sexually playing with a same-sex friend and made ashamed. Other factors such as early puberty or sexual precocity, and disinterests in the opposite sex or for males, sports can also have a major impact. The age for sexual contact for gays is younger than heterosexuals, although prehomosexual boys do not develop earlier than heterosexuals. And since dating and team sports are two key points of adolescent peer grouping, homosexual youth experience a "social vacuum" and an alienation from the mainstream.

Many gay youth turn toward more individual and private activities such as art and music. It's these activities that punk music can offer a relief and outlet for many gay youths. Punk offers a social alternative for people who feel alienated for various reasons and combines that with an vehicle for those interested in music. It serves as a loose "gay youth support group" and early punk also has a history of gay members and gay acceptance.

I was hassled for being gay. It was terrible. A friend and I got caught experimenting sexually with each other and I got around school. I was called buttucker, faggot, and queer. I went through two years of torment.

Feeling different and alienated are in turn associated with the earliest aspirations to change identity, which eventually leads to being open about your sexual preference. The earliest aspect of the process

oncel !qcmfifl

may involve self suspicion of being different or homosexual. Because of the presumption of heterosexuality, most people who eventually identify themselves as gay must change their perceived meaning of "homosexual" (faggot as a put down, that's gay, etc.) before they can place themselves in this category.

The initial responses to feeling alienated this way is the decline of self-esteem so as to reinforce isolation. Another is to displace self-interest from heterosexual dating and sports into intellectual or artistic performance. A third is to engage in surreptitious sexual contacts or clandestine same-sex romantic relationships. The most radical is coming out within some youth group setting or within the punk scene.

the presumption of inversion

The feelings of being different or the presumption of inversion, stems from the stereotype that, not being heterosexual, one must be unnatural: The "invert." In the absence of knowing about positive identities or cultural scenes, the alienating power of self-doubt comes into play. Sometimes the main effect is related to crossgender behavior: Feeling that one is not a normative heterosexual male or female, one must display attributes of the opposite sex in order to attract attention or "fit-in."

I'd rather be heterosexual. I'm bisexual, but I think homosexuality is unnatural.

I played a rejection trip on myself after I was raped. I thought I might be bisexual.

Youthful gender transformation seems to be a playful process, but increasingly indicative of a new awareness that manifests an openly gay identity. This same inversion principle appears elsewhere in more sexually restrictive environments, where sexual deviations are violently shunned: Namely homophobia. Some homophobes who have homosexual feelings are usually caught at this inversion stage: The hate of the unnatural. Only with the recognition or awareness of a social group with an accepting setting can the image of being "unnatural" recede. A final expression about the inversion stereotype concerns an exclusionary principle: one can be either homosexual or heterosexual, but not both. There is a strong tendency to rule out bi-sexual fantasies or activity. This runs counter to the high rate of bi-sexuality identified by Kinsey and others.

the recognition of stigma

The third factor is the self's conformation with the social stigma of homosexuality. No matter in what context, there is a profound barrier: recognition of the stigma and homophobia surrounding homosexuality. Classifying yourself as homosexual puts the person in the role of minority. With this, there are generally two types of stigmatization: The domination of a heterosexual environment with institutional homophobia on one hand and internal stigma and self-hate on the other.

This stigmatization stems from the old stereotype that all homosexual youth are deviant and delinquent. Psychologists until just recently equated homosexual activity in adolescence to antisocial strivings. Only through complete identification with deviant subcultures, such as that found in punk, can one find relief from this stigma. Recently, some of these negative views have been reversed by showing the frequency of homosexual contact in the general population. Unfortunately, the emphasis has been on the "sex act," and has not altered the conceptions of the

homosexual as a person. Add to this the fact that most reference has been to white middle class adult males, and, like other punks, it leaves those who do not fit this category in a stigmatized social void.

I felt that if I was gay then I would end up being beaten up all my life. I was hit on, spit on and had eggs thrown at me.

The punk subculture, even with its own form of conformity can provide positive reinforcements toward sexual identity by confronting mainstream norms. But only when this subgroup itself shows tolerance and hence its difference from society. Secrecy and hiding seem less frequent and casual sex contact does not translate into sexual orientation, be it hetero- or homosexual. The primary form of sexualized contact for gay adults have been gay bars which automatically exclude gay youth. And the perception among adults and parents of young gays as prostitutes and hustlers reinforces the stigma. In fact this stigma combined with the oppression makes homosexual youth, especially lesbians, the most invisible element of the stereotyped queer - a homosexual deviant, forgotten by gays as soon as they gain access to the adult (and mainstream) world of gay bars. Stigmatization leads to a defined oppression and with that a consolidated community or ghetto (Castro street, Greenwich Village, Queer Nation, etc.). This forming process which appeared in the mainstream after Stonewall produced political groups and queer newspapers and magazines. A similar occurrence has developed in the alternative or underground scene with the advent of the homo-zine movement. Primarily they serve as a vehicle for non-mobile and alienated youth who feel isolated around the country, to get in contact with other people who share similar thoughts. This support group, while distant and therefore impersonal, serves a vital role in countering the mainstream and toward developing an alternative sexual identity.

the assumption of homogeneity

Embedded in the above preconceptions is a deeper and more subtle problem: The view that gay youth are homogeneous; the same kind of persons. Some gays are well adjusted, others shy, some have problems, while others appear to have accepted their sexuality - but each an individual. By definition, the term homosexual is one-dimensional: desire for the same sex. This "objectification" of homosexuality simplifies gays and lesbians into a single category; easy to stereotype and discriminate against. A striking thing about the mainstream perception of homosexuality is that "they are obsessed with sex," a reduction again to a single characteristic, further depersonalizing gays and lesbians. But at the same time, it is this very focus on same-sex eroticism that is the rallying point for gay rights activism and resistance to oppression from such groups as ACT UP and Queer Nation.

There is strong evidence of several kinds to indicate that in spite of same-sex desire, there is not one, but rather many homosexualities. When it comes to homosexual youths in the punk subculture, they are no more clones of each other than heterosexual punks. Their social systems and attitudes differ, and the contexts and problems to which they must adjust differ even more. Gay youth do not necessarily

P: Rick Castro

even agree on fundamental questions of commitment for an openly homosexual lifestyle.

Sexual identities and meanings are profoundly shaped by culture and social structure. They are also constructed out of our life histories; parents, teachers, older sisters, brothers, friends and early relationships. Personal and social identities - gay or straight - are no different in this regard. We are forever in danger of forgetting this, because we assume from cultural ideals or political rhetoric that what "seems to be" is. When a simple label like gay or lesbian (or punk) is available the tendency is to lump and classify people in impersonal and isolated terms. We must avoid the dangers of assuming too much similarities, especially within a counterculture built on accepting outcasts and freaks.

queer identity

Sexuality "experts" such as Kinsey and Pomeroy generally view heterosexuality and homosexuality as matters of degree rather than kind. Some people are totally heterosexual while others may have occasional same-sex experiences. People are described as occupying various ranges in their sexual preferences from exclusively heterosexual (Kinsey 0s) through bisexual (Kinsey 3s), to exclusively homosexual (Kinsey 6s). Whether sexual orientations are established before birth, grow out of gender-role preferences established between 3 and 9, or are organized out of experiences gained with gender roles and their related sexual scripts, the meanings of sexual feelings are neither self-evident nor translated into the consciousness. People construct their sexual feelings to make sense of their erotic yearnings using the sexual meanings articulated by their surroundings. They learn to identify and label their sexual feelings through experiences gained with gender roles and their related sexual roles. Women and men decide what types of feelings they have, and whether they are personally relevant to be defined as heterosexual, homosexual, or bisexual.

I would like to be bisexual, but I find myself being homosexual. I've only had sex with one woman and it did not work out very well. I guess I'm homosexual until I find the right woman.

The homosexual identity is one of several identities incorporated into a person's self-concept. A homosexual identity is a "self-identity" when people see themselves as homosexual in relation to romantic and sexual settings. It is a "perceived identity" in situations where people think or know that others view them as homosexual. And it is a "presented identity" when people present or announce themselves as homosexual in their social setting. An internal conflict arises when these three identities do not coincide, and resolving this conflict usually occurs during youth.

The formation of a homosexual identity usually takes place against a backdrop of stigma in social groups and their interactions that make homosexuality relevant. Like becoming open about your sexual preference within the scene, but not having it completely accepted. Before people can identify themselves in terms of a social group they must (a) learn that a social group representing their feelings exists; (b) learn that other people occupy that group; (c) sense that their own social needs are more similar than different; (d) decide they qualify to "fit in"; (e) elect to label themselves (queer, punk); and (f) absorb these identities into their own self-concepts. So, in terms of feeling different, left out and alienated, punk fits a lot of the same needs as those of queers. The actual process of identification is considered to evolve over four stages: Sensitization; Confusion; Identity Assumption; and Commitment.

sensitization

The sensitization period occurs before puberty. At this time, most lesbians and gays do not see homosexuality as personally relevant, they assume they are heterosexual: Few little boys have boyfriends. Lesbians and gays typically acquire social experiences during their childhood that serve later as a basis for seeing homosexuality as relevant. Sensitization is characterized by feelings and perceptions of being different from same sex peers. Such comments like "I wasn't interested in boys"; "I was more interested in art and music"; "I felt different, unfeminine, ungraceful, kind of a mess"; "I couldn't stand sports"; "I wasn't interested in scamming on girls, I didn't feel like the other boys"; "I'd notice other boys' bodies," are some common responses of this difference. In fact, homosexual males were almost twice as likely, 72% vs. 39%, as heterosexuals to report feeling "very much different or different" from other boys during grade school; for lesbians it was 72% vs. 45%.

I was more worried about being found a homosexual than a prostitute. I feel guilty having sex with men.

I don't know why but I just feel guilty.

Most childhood social experiences which lead to feelings of being different were not because of same-sex attractions. Some lesbians felt masculine and were more interested in sports. Homosexual males were more "feminine" and were much more interested in solitary activities such as music (68% vs 34%) than heterosexuals, which explains the high rate of queers in punk music. Although there is a sense of being different at this age, only 20% see themselves as sexually different before age 12 with only 4% seeing this as "homosexual." Although they may have engaged in heterosexual or homosexual sex play, children do not appear to define their sexual experimentation in hetero- or homosexual terms. Physical acts become meaningful only when they are imbedded in sexual scripts (when a parent catches and punishes a child for sex play), which are acquired during adolescence. The reinterpretation of past sexual events appears to be necessary in forming a homosexual identity.

identity confusion

I thought I was gay but I wasn't sure and I still had girlfriends and stuff. I was, I guess, feminine, because I was around my mother for so long.

Lesbians and gays typically begin to personalize homosexuality during adolescence, such as an emotional bond with someone of the same sex. They begin to reflect that their feelings and behaviors could be regarded as homosexual. The initial thoughts that they might be gay are distraught with self-doubt and inner turmoil. They can no longer take their presumed heterosexuality as given and must reconcile these inner conflicts. By middle to late adolescence a perception of self as probably homosexual begins to emerge (average age of 15 for males and 18 for females).

Altered perceptions of self are partly responsible for identity confusion experienced during this phase. Perceptions of being different transform into perceptions of being sexually different once we become sexually active. Around 80% of gays and lesbians feel sexually different by age 19. It appears that genital and emotional experiences, more than social experiences, seem to precipitate perceptions of self as sexually different during the stage of identity confusion.

Lesbians and gays typically respond to identity confusion by adopting one or more of the following strategies: Denial - To deny the homosexual component of their feelings; Repair - To eradicate homosexual feelings and behaviors; Avoidance - Recognizing homosexual behavior, but seeing it as unacceptable and to be avoidable; Redefinition - Defining homosexual desires as a phase; Acceptance - Acknowledging their behavior and seeking out information.

identity assumption

Defining and presenting yourself as homosexual to other gays and lesbians are the first stages in a larger process of identity disclosure called "coming out." The earmarks of this stage are self-definition as homosexual, identity, tolerance and acceptance, regular association with other homosexuals, sexual experimentation, and exploration of the homosexual subculture. Lesbians usually define themselves in terms of emotional contexts (close, intimate relationships), whereas gays define themselves in socio-sexual contexts (casual, experimental sexual encounters). This stage usually occurs during the first social contact with other homosexuals. Few lesbians or gays have defined themselves as homosexual without having direct contact with one or more homosexuals.

commitment

The main characteristics of the commitment stage are self-acceptance and comfort with the homosexual identity and role. The fusion of sex and emotion into one whole is one internal measure of a person's commitment. Combining the sexual desires for the same sex along with the intimacy and emotion of the same sex as well. The perception of the homosexual identity as a *valid* identity is developed here and the lifestyle, both within punk and outside of it begin to reflect it: Standing up as queer, fighting discrimination and non-acceptance. Unfortunately, it appears that here, a lot of queers seem to get alienated with the punk culture for outwardly showing tolerance but internally reacting with non-acceptance and turn towards other social groups.

Queer identity, like punk identity, is hard to define but easy to stereotype. It shouldn't be fixed in an absolute sense, but be able to modify and change, to be accepted by yourself and your social group. Because when the self identity is not the same as the perceived identity, conflict results. And it is resolving these conflicts in a social group you feel comfortable with that relates punks with queers: Relating how you feel and act on your own terms and no one else's.

Dingleberries and Donkey Dongs:

An Intimate Chat With Vaginal Creme Davis And Bruce La Bruce

VCD: Oh, Bruce, you know I've always wanted to fuck you with a big giant black dildo.

BLAB: Well it's funny that you should mention that because here we are in the glamorous Los Angeles bungalow of Ricky Castro, famous fag photog...

VCD: He's a famous fag photographer who invented disco in 1972...

Ricky Castro: Keep your chin up.

VCD: He's always telling me to keep my chin up and turn my head toward the light.

Blab: He's always saying that about my butt.

Ricky Castro: Well I don't want you to have a double chin.

VCD: Bruce, your bung-hole is so tight it's hard to get this dildo in there!

Blab: I know! You'll just have to keep working it as we continue the interview.

VCD: Well how much more lube can I put on a dildo?

Castro: Cheat it to the camera. Cheat the dildo to the camera.

Blab: Anyway, here we are conducting the interview at Rick's glam bungalow...

VCD: His photography studio.

Blab: His photography studio. Bungalow. Slash.

Castro: Slash sex club.

Blab: Slash dungeon. And it's the photo shoot that will be accompanying this very interview for MRR, the gayest publication I can think of...

VCD: Shouldn't we tell people who aren't familiar with us who we are?

Blab: I suppose.

VCD: And why we're has-beens?

Blab: Well you would know more about that than I.

VCD: (*ribald laughter*) Let's see. I'm a retarded whore. I'm faded glory. I'm ugly. I'm an idiot.

Blab: Uh-huh.

VCD: I'm childless.

Blab: Uh-huh. In decline. Barren.

VCD: I'm a matron. I'm a punk rock matron.

Blab: Mm-hmm. An old maid.

VCD: I'm an old maid. And a hagatha.

Blab: Uh-huh.

VCD: And you are a, a...

Blab: A rising young film-maker and porno entrepreneur.

VCD: In your dreams.

Blab: And together we started the homocore movement.

VCD: Yes, but on different sides of the continent - you on the east coast and me on the west coast.

Blab: We're bi-coastal! And we have to take the blame, we have to be responsible for starting the whole homocore movement. Such that it exists.

VCD: Yes, someone has to take the blame. And we've always had secret crushes on each other and now we're going to be able to satisfy the craving.

Blab: In this photo shoot!

VCD: And have wild sex with each other!

Blab: I've always wanted to be plundered by a giant six foot six sister blacktrass.

Castro: Keep your face to the light.

VCD: Shut up, Ricky.

Blab: We just bought this huge black strap-on dildo from the Pleasure Chest around the corner on Santa Monica Blvd.

VCD: This is the largest black dildo I've ever seen.

Blab: Where the clerk recognized me, I have to say.

VCD: The clerk was a big fan of Bruce's, the little queenie one. He minced over to another clerk and whispered loudly so everyone could hear, "That's Bruce LaBruce, that's Bruce LaBruce of 'No Skin Off My Ass' fame. Oh my god, I can't believe he's in here buying a black dildo!" The other clerk was a skinhead.



Vaginal:
I don't know of a single lily-white punk rock boy in town who wouldn't want his booty-hole busted by a giant 6'6" black drag queen, who's also gorgeous.

Blab: And the clerks are usually so mean there.

VCD: Oh, yes, they are queens on the rag.

Blab: And they were waiting on us hand and foot.

VCD: Hand and foot! Because we were sex celebrities.

Blab: Yes. Punk sex celebrities.

VCD: Punk sex celebrities

Blab: We invented punk.

VCD: Yes, we invented punk rock and disco at the same time.

Blab: We played one against the other.

VCD: To amuse ourselves.

Blab: And watched the ensuing brouhaha. That was our best idea. That month.

VCD: (*lustfully*) Oh Bruce, I'm really getting deep inside you now, honey. You can feel that, huh? Oh, honey, I'm slamming into you baby. Slamming in your pit. You know, once you get the dick inside your bunghole you're not as tight as you look.

Blab: Yeah, my esophagus is a bit loose. It's not as tight as it could be.

VCD: We didn't even get to have any foreplay. I like lots of foreplay.

Blab: (*petulantly*) I hate foreplay.

VCD: Why?

Blab: I say get it in there as quickly as possible and do your business. Take me.

VCD: You know, you're not the only celebrity I've fucked with a giant black dildo.

Blab: (*hurt*) I'm not the first? What other punk stars have you plundered.

Castro: Hold your stomach in.

VCD: Plundered with giant black dildos? Let's see...

Blab: I know there's a whole list, but I think we should start getting down to business, since this is the "queer punk" issue of MRR.

VCD: Well you name it, honey, I've done it.

Blab: I've heard you had a fourgie with the Stern brothers.

VCD: Oh, all the Youth Brigade boys. They love drag queens. But who doesn't? Name someone who doesn't love a giant black drag queen.

Blab: Another giant black drag queen?

VCD: (*gregarious laughter*) I don't know of a single lily-white punk rock boy in town who wouldn't want his booty-hole busted by a giant six foot six black drag queen who's also gorgeous.

Blab: I can't think of one.

VCD: Who's gorgeous and ugly at the same time. You know? For example, Henry Rollins. I did him, girl.

Blab: Oh, where was that? Refresh my memory. I know it was mentioned in one issue of your fanzine, *Fertile LaToya Jackson Magazine*.

VCD: Oh, me and Henry, we did it at a skate board park, on a ramp. This guy from *Thrasher* magazine wanted to photograph it, but they have conservative advertisers who wouldn't really appreciate it, so I said forget it.

Blab: Was he an anal virgin?

VCD: (*incredulously*) No, are you kidding? That hole was like the Holland tunnel.

Blab: (*concerned*) Oh.

VCD: But Henry's kind of gimpy.

Blab: (*rampant laughter*) Uh-huh. Now, everyone knows that Ian MacKaye of Minor Threat and Fugazi is gay as the wallpaper...

VCD: Oh yes, he loves big black dildos too.

Blab: Have you actually slept with him or have you just hear tell?

VCD: Well honey, the last time he was here in L.A. for the twentieth anniversary benefit for Roe vs. Wade, I did him and the drummer of Fugazi, Brendan Canty, in the dressing room of the Hollywood Palladium.

Blab: Oh, really?

VCD: They have nice shrimpable feet, baby. Their feet are delicious.

Blab: Is there a difference in shrimpng straight

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edge feet and regular hardcore feet?

VCD: (*Impatiently*) There is no difference. You can't tell the difference in the taste. But they both had such nicely shaped little feet, and I was sucking on them as I plunged my black dildo inside of them. Those boys just love that kind of thing. They love that kind of thing in Washington, D.C. And you know I was in D.C. filming this movie - it's the film version of Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* - for Nicholas Roeg, and it also stars Theresa Russell and Andrew McCarthy and Kathy Bates, and while I was there I was hanging around all those Dischord people and that band Nation of Ulysses? They all wanted to get fucked by my giant black dildo. My giant black dildo gets around. But I always put a rubber on it. But I didn't put one on before fucking you because you wanted to feel the texture.

Blab: Yeah, well I washed it with baking soda first, like Ricky told me to.

VCD: Oh, well I guess that's okay.

Blab: Yeah, I'm very careful about things like that, especially when I was with Magic, a fact that you most kindly revealed in the premier issue of your new fanzine, *Shrimp*.

VCD: Oh, I feel kind of bad about that because I introduced you to Magic Johnson.

Blab: Yes, I remember I couldn't tell you apart for a minute.

VCD: (*Slightly miffed, but laughing*) Well, some people do say I look like a Harlem Globetrotter because I'm so tall, but I'm not coordinated enough to play basketball. But you know, when you started having that affair with Magic Johnson, I didn't think you were right as a couple. I really didn't.

Blab: Really? Well I have to say, he is aptly named.

VCD: Because being with him is like magic. Was he better at fucking you than I was?

Blab: Well he does have that slam-dunk technique that I like.

VCD: Can he open clams?

Blab: Uh-huh.

VCD: I heard that, sweetie. I like the sound of that. What did you think of SPEW 2? Because you were with me in Chicago last year for the first SPEW, the Homographic Convergence. That was great, because all those people were so hot for us original fag zinesters.

Blab: Well, one thing I have to say, I when we got there, at LACE, here in Los Angeles where SPEW 2 was held, at 11:30 in the morning, and it was supposed to start at noon, there were already all these eager zinesters running around who had been putting up their displays since eight o'clock in the morning, acting like it was a Science Fair or something. They were like Snoopy decorating his dog house for the most beautiful Christmas light display contest.

VCD: I know! But none of them sold anything because people only wanted to buy things from those of us who have been doing zines for years, who are more established in the field, the veteran zinesters. So we made a killing while all these newcomers couldn't move their merchandise, their zine t-shirts and their zine coffee mugs and what-have-you. But we couldn't keep our products in stock, could we LaBruce? And later that evening my band Choluta played, with Alice Bag.

Blab: Ex-Bags and ex-Castration Squad. We should just throw that in for the punks.

VCD: For all of you who remember the heyday of SoCal punk.

Castro: And she's my sister.

VCD: Yes, she's Rick Castro's older sister, by

two years.

Castro: And I love her.

VCD: So all these people who wonder what ever happened to old punk rock stars like Alice Bag, now they're Cholutas!

Blab: The female Menudo.

VCD: The female Menudo, that's what happened to them. Alice Bag is beautiful.

Blab: Uh huh! And so is Fertile LaToyah Jackson, another member of Choluta. And your new drummer, Rita. She's beautiful too.

VCD: Whose boyfriend, Harry, is in Concrete Blond. L.A. is so incestuous.

Castro: (*creepily*) Like me and my sister.

Blab: (*humoring him*) Yes, Ricky. (To Vag) Any further thoughts on SPEW 2?

VCD: Well my new zine, *Shrimp*, the magazine for licking and sucking bigger and better feet, premiered there. Your feet are pretty nice, Bruce. They're not as big as I would like them to be - I wish they were a size 13 or 14 - but they're nice and thick. You've got a wide instep. And your dick is nice and wide, too. You have a very thick dick. A thick cock. It's not a cruel club cock. But it's a pretty nice cock. It's pretty hefty. It has sort of a vanilla taste to it. Like vanilla extract. As I slurp your cock a little bit.

Blab: Don't get any saliva on the mike. Any final thoughts on SPEW 2? Like how we've decided to stop doing zines. We're tired of zines.

VCD: Oh, yes, I'm not doing any more zines, and this is the last zine convention I will be attending.

Blab: Everyone is doing them now. It takes all the fun out of it.

VCD: It takes all the fun out of it. And the conventions are just too much trouble.

Blab: They're supposed to be starting one up in Toronto next year, whoever they are, and they called me up to ask for my blessing, like I'm the Pope or something...

VCD: Yes, SPEW 3 is supposed to be in Toronto, but I'm not going to attend.

Blab: They're just all so ambitious. Ambitious and self-promoting.

VCD: But there were some people at SPEW 2 who I really thought were hot, like Danielle Willis. She's amazing. And Lily Braindrop.

Blab: Of Taste of Latex. She's beautiful.

VCD: They were just the hottest.

Blab: You see, they're more into the porno side of things.

VCD: Porno is where it's at, baby.

Blab: It's the wave of the future.

VCD: Yes, porno. Do you know Karen Dior, the trisexual porn star?

Blab: Yeah, you showed me some of her videos.

VCD: She's amazing. She's so beautiful.

Blab: She was at the opening night party.

VCD: She's a drag queen, but she looks like a real girl.

Blab: She looks like a G.G. Genetic Girl.

VCD: Yeah, she looks like a G.G., but she's not.

Blab: Gee, I wonder if that means G.G. Allin is a genetic girl. Genetic Girl Allin.

VCD: Well G.G. Allin, he wanted me to fuck him with my black strap-on dildo.

Blab: I know. Your phone was ringing off the hook after Glen Meadmore gave him your phone number. I believe it was John Wayne Gacy who told Glen, who owns seven of Gacy's paintings, by the way, that G.G. Allin wanted your number.

VCD: I told Glen Meadmore never to give me phone number out to these punk rock boys, I don't care what band they're in, but Glen

seems to forget that and he gave him my number when he was in town doing a show, and G.G. wanted to get fucked by me and my black dildo.

Blab: And whatever else you had handy.

VCD: Well, you've been staying with me, Bruce, you know what it's like for me, these suburban punk boys calling me day and night.

Blab: If it's not Rita, Madonna's secretary, calling you up to see if you'll let yourself be

exploited in

her next

video, it's

these local

punks beg-

ging you for

sex. Like

who was it

the other

day, Bad

Religion?

VCD: Bad

Religion!

They all

have a

crush on

me, they all

want to

have sex

with me.

But I'm not

into them.

Their feet

aren't big

enough.

Blab: I un-

derstand

you recent-

ly had

some kind

of liaison

with Glen

Danzig, the

steroid

queen of

punk?

VCD: It's

not ste-

roids, he

has pecto-

ral im-

plants.

Blab: Oh,

pectoral

implants.

Twin Pecs.

VCD: Well,

he's sweet

and every-

thing, but

we really

don't see

eye to eye.

Blab: Well

that's be-

cause

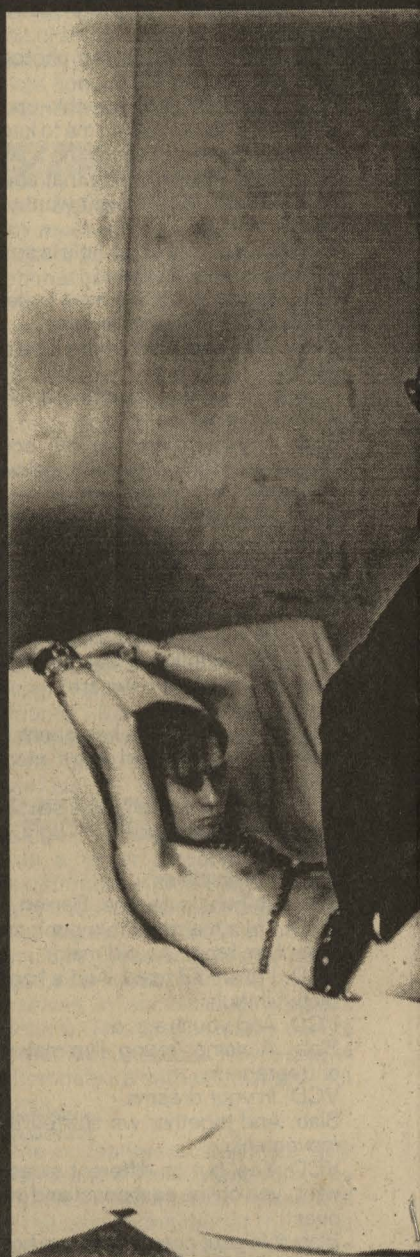
you're at

least a foot

taller than

him.

VCD: Yes, he's kind of tiny. After I fucked him, he wanted to have a serious relationship and get intimate and whatnot, and I'm not really into that. I have my career. When it comes right down to it, he's pretty conventional. He wants to get married, have a little track house, raise a family, and honey, I'm not into that. I'm travelling around, going city to city, performing



Is there a difference in s
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in clubs. I'm not ready to settle down.

Blab: Uh huh. Like Liza Minnelli in New York, New York.

VCD: Speaking of G.G. Allin, honey, as I'm pulling out my strap-on, girl, you didn't douche! These dingleberries are making me swoon!

Castro: (blushing for the first time in his life) I'm a little embarrassed.

VCD: These dingleberries, girlfriend...

Blab: I'm working on a remake of that Percy Adlon movie, *Salmonberries*? Only mine is going to be called *Dingleberries*.

VCD: Well, honey, you should have douched.

Blab: And I'm going to play the K.D. Lang role.

VCD: And then she'll die.

Blab: Ha!

VCD: But getting back to these dingleberries...

Blab: Just look at it as another L.A. mudslide.

VCD: You came to L.A. at the worst time possible because it has been pouring rain, the L.A. river, which is usually dry, is overflowing. When Ricky shot me and Glen Meadmore for the cover of the Pedro, Muriel, and Esther EP on Amoeba Records

Blab: *Shrimping straight-edge feet hardcore feet?*

VCD: *Don't tell the difference in the taste.*

otos:

Rick
Castro

(PME - that's my thrash band) on location at the L.A. river, it was just a trickle. You were here for that shoot, Bruce.

Blab: Yeah, I filmed it. I filmed the film shoot.

Castro: I want that roll of film.

Blab: The headline will read, "Suburban Husband and Pregnant Wife Asphyxiated while Fornicating by Mudslide From Bruce LaBruce's Bung-hole".

VCD: Does this always happen when you get fucked?

Blab: No, I think it's your technique. You bring out the best in me, baby.

VCD: Well, baby, this is making things a little uncomfortable.

Blab: We've even managed to embarrass Ricky Castro, who is famous for shooting the kinky and the bizarre and the multitude of hustlers of Santa Monica Blvd. in all their glory. Castro: It was just unexpected.

VCD: Speaking of hustlers, now that I've pulled out of LaBruce in all his glory and we've finished shooting, we should go over to Hunters and Collectors on Santa Monica, the hottest hustler bar in Hollywood, and honey, the rent boys there, they charge.

Blab: Not like Toronto, where you can rent them for eight bucks a pop at the Oak Leaf steam baths. At least that's what Joe the Ho, my hustler ex-boyfriend tells me. I guess it's on account of the Depression. Anyway, before we head on over to Hunters, I want to ask you one little question. What do you think about the state of punk today, not just in L.A., but in general.

VCD: It's pretty dismal.

Blab: You think?

VCD: Oh yes.

Blab: I hear the latest is that different styles and sizes of Mohawks indicate various kinds of sexual preferences and practices? What's that all about? I'm obviously not up on the current trends.

VCD: Oh, yeah, a lot of these younger street punks are into that. You know, some have liberty spikes, or double rows of liberty spikes....

Blab: Or fins...

VCD: Or an Iroquois cut with the tail at the back, and each style has a different meaning...

Blab: Just as in queendom, where a different color of handkerchief on a specific side of the body used to indicate a different kind of sexual fantasy or practice, Mohawks have now taken over that signifying function.

VCD: Yeah, so if your Mohawk is a certain color or of a certain width, it shows what you like to do in bed, whether your Greek active or French Passive...

Blab: Or vice versa...

VCD: ... or if you have an Iroquois you're into hot-battered fourgies...

Blab: Or if your Mohawk is dyed yellow you're into piss parties...

VCD: A natural brown Mohawk means dingleberry action.

Blab: I guess punks are the new clones. Every punk these days is a queen, but they're all still in the closet.

VCD: I know. It's getting embarrassing. They all have their tag-along girlfriends.

Blab: Their beards.

VCD: And they all go to college. What's with these punks going to college. Punks shouldn't go to college.

Blab: You have all these tired suburban fake liberal punks going to college. I don't get it.

VCD: I hate phony liberals. I'd rather suck the dick of a hot red-neck, snaggle-toothed Klansman than have sex with some sensitive fake liberal Alan Alda type. Do you hear me? Because when push comes to shove, they can't back up their shit. And speaking of backed-up shit, honey, you're having a bowel movement. Blab: Are you still fucking me? I didn't notice. I'm so used to getting punked. I really know the true meaning of punk. In fact, I'm the last punk

rocker left.

VCD: You and Sheena.

Blab: I mean, look at the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Flea used to be a Santa Monica Blvd. hustler, I'm sure he used to hang out at Hunters...

VCD: Mm hmm. And Numbers.

Blab: ...and now he's in one of the most boring mainstream bands in the world. It's pretty dismal.

VCD: He should have gone into porn.

Blab: Yeah, because everyone knows that he has a good twelve inches.

VCD: Yes, it's common knowledge. And Perry Farrell of Jane's Addiction has got a nice twelve inch too. It's a thicker. It's a big dick thick-er. It's amazing. Perry Farrell's dick is really amazing. And the thing about Perry is he doesn't care who he's having sex with, he's such a sexual person. He sleeps with boys and girls. He feels comfortable with his sexuality and he has no inhibitions. Unlike the suburban punk rock trash that is running around L.A. They're all inhibited. But Perry can run naked and free and loose and suck cock and eat some sweet tasting pussy. That reminds me, I've been meaning to ask you, LaBruce, when is the last time you had your face in a pussy?

Blab: Not since birth.

VCD: You mean you never had any pussy???

Blab: No, I never have.

VCD: You mean all those years when you were starting J.D.s and the New Lavender Panthers up in Toronto with all those hot dykes you never got any pussy?

Blab: Well, I was drinking quite heavily in those days. I may have forgotten. But somehow I don't think so. I'm a real 100% true fairy. I'm one of the last one of those, too.

VCD: Well, honey, a lot of girls love drag queens.

Blab: There are also girls lined up in Milwaukee to marry Jeffrey Dahmer.

VCD: Would you have gone out with him if he had asked you?

Blab: I think I may have slept with him when I was on tour with my movie *No Skin Off My Ass*. When I showed it at the Milwaukee Gay and Lesbian Film Festival, a guy who looked exactly like him came up to me after the screening and introduced himself as Jeff and he invited me back to his apartment, Number 213, and we had sex. And then a couple of weeks later he was in all the papers.

VCD: But I thought he only went out with black men.

Blab: Oh, no. He fucked white men too. He only killed black men because they're disposable.

VCD: Like me. I probably would have gone home with him too.

Blab: He was really inventive in bed, I recall. I didn't notice anything unusual in his apartment. It didn't smell any different from your apartment, Ms. Davis.

VCD: Ooooooh!

Blab: It was a bit unhygienic, but I thought maybe he was just a punk-rocker like yourself. I had no idea he had a few heads in a drawer somewhere, or a heart in his bureau. He did give me a drink that probably was drugged, but it just tasted like a strong martini to me.

VCD: You have such a tolerance for liquor.

Blab: Yeah, it had no effect on me. I just thought, "This is a good stiff drink". But Jeff was nice - gentle and introspective. In fact, he has inspired me to make a movie, after *Super 8 1/2*, called *Homocidal*, about a sissy serial killer.

VCD: Are there any other serial killers who

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you've had sex with or would like to have sex, like maybe John Wayne Gacy?

Blab: No. Although I enjoy people of size aesthetically, I'm not a chubby-chaser.

VCD: Oh, you're not a jelly queen.

Blab: That reminds me, I meant to ask you, during Spew in Chicago last year didn't you have some kind of experience with Mykel Board?

VCD: Oh, little Mykel Board. He was humping my leg.

Blab: Was it while you were performing, or were you just standing there looking glamorous?

VCD: I was just standing there and I looked down and saw a small man getting sexually excited and then he started dry humping my leg. He's such a cute little man.

Blab: Mykel, of course, is one of the original bisexual punk rockers, when it used to be in style ten years ago.

VCD: Really? I thought he looked very heterosexual. But he was adorable.

Blab: I'm surprised he went after you, considering he usually doesn't look twice at anything over sixteen.

VCD: Well I look very young, even though I'm not. In the right lighting.

Blab: On the subject of MRR columnists, did I mention to you that I had a brief affair with Ben Weasel of Screeching Weasel and the Vindictives?

VCD: Really? He's hot! He's very sexy.

Blab: I know! I keep on telling him he has to become a punkporn cross-over star. I ordered the video he made, *Disgusteen*, and I don't think he took his shirt off once in the whole movie. He has a really nice hairy chest.

VCD: He needs to take off that shirt and to take off those big army boots because he has some nice feet that I would love to shrimp. I'd love him to be a *Shrimp* cover-boy.

Blab: I think he'd do it.

VCD: I'd like to luxuriously lick and suck his toes and ritualistically shrimp him.

Blab: Oooooo! That sounds hot.

VCD: Now, did you fuck him or did he fuck you.

Blab: He fucked me. He's very masterful. Do you want to hear the whole story or not? We didn't actually fuck in Chicago. We came close. You could tell there was a lot of chemistry between us while I was there, but I don't think he'd ever slept with another guy before. So we arranged to meet a couple of months later in San Francisco - I would be there touring with No Skin, and he would be recording his new album, *My Brain Hurts*, on Lookout Records, and his new EP *Pervo/Devo*, on the cover of which I appear getting a blow-job from Ben, and containing the hit single, "I Wanna Be A Homosexual".

VCD: Didn't you actually inspire that song, LaBruce?

Blab: As a matter of fact, I did. You see, he used to have a record label with a band called Sloppy Seconds on it, and they had a song called "I Don't Wanna Be A Homosexual". So he sent me an ad for this song that he wanted me to run in my fanzine *J.D.s*, and I sent it back with a terse reply saying what a stupid title for a song it was, and challenging Ben Weasel himself to write a song called "I Wanna Be A Homosexual" and suggested some lyrics. And good punk rocker that he is, he rose to the occasion, dropped Sloppy Seconds in a hot second, and wrote the song. So they went on tour and performed the song everywhere and got into lots of trouble, especially in Florida, where

people threw bottles at them on stage and grabbed the mike and opined, "It's a fucking abomination, man!", because, you know, certain punk rockers, in this day and age, are still so square. They just don't get it. They just don't understand that homosexual pornography is the wave of the future.

VCD: They think they're radical, but if they actually came face to face with something truly radical, those suburban punks would go running straight back to their mall.

Blab: Anyway, Ben and I ended up meeting again in San Francisco a couple of thousand miles away from his GIRLFRIEND, and I went to the studio with Screeching Weasel and recorded a spoken word introduction for the song "I Wanna Be A Homosexual", and we did a photo shoot together where we both got



Blab:
I hear the latest is that different styles and sizes of Mohawks indicate various kinds of sexual preferences and practices. What's that all about? I'm obviously not up on the current trends.

naked and gave each other simulated blow jobs. The rest of the band were watching from the sound booth, and they were really shocked because we were taking off more and more of our clothes and you could tell that it was going beyond acting, like we were really getting into it. And Larry Livermore, who is bisexual, was watching too, and really getting off. Matt Smith, who is one of the most gorgeous queer punks I've ever seen - he has a pierced tongue and lip and everything - he produced the EP, and he was taking the pictures for the cover, and even

he couldn't believe how far we were going. So finally we went into an adjacent soundproof sound booth, and that's where he fucked me.

VCD: Wow. How romantic!

Blab: It really was. He was very kind and gentle, although he did fuck me very vigorously.

VCD: You got a workout. No pain, no gain.

Blab: He's pretty big, too.

Castro: Were there any dingleberries?

Blab: Of course! You know, he's got one of those cocks that has a curvature to the left? So it really scrapes...

VCD: (*brightening*) Oh, he scraped the walls of your uterus!

Blab: And I had a multiple orgasm to boot.

VCD: Oh! Now what other MRR people do you have dirt on?

Blab: Well, I took some hot photos of Martin Sprouse while I was in San Francisco. I really think he'll be the next one to come out. He is just so handsome, and he has a nice build. Speaking of coming out, I forgot to mention, on the Screeching Weasel record "I Wanna Be A Homosexual", the words "Come out, Ben" are etched in the vinyl, so I guess it won't be long now for him.

VCD: And what about that Tim Yohannan? Isn't he a member of NAMBLA?

Blab: Yes, he's one of the national organizers of NAMBLA, the North American Man Boy Love Association, and his house is the California Headquarters.

VCD: Filled with sexy, hot fifteen year old punk boys - skate board rats and cute little thrash boys and grunge-meisters...

Blab: And crusty punks. I've heard that Tim is really into crusty punks.

VCD: I've heard he's into crusty butts too - cute little fifteen year old punks who haven't bathed in a week.

Blab: A week??? A year!!!

VCD: And their butts are really crusty and he likes to lick out the crust. It turns him on. That's what those old sixties Marxist radicals do when they get older, honey. They know where it's at.

Blab: Uh huh. They like little third world boys or little punkers. If they're not down in Nicaragua plundering little third world booty...

VCD: ...they're in Morocco, doing the William S. Burroughs thing, they're all into that.

Blab: But if they can't afford to travel or they're too busy, then the next best thing is some street urchin crusty punk action.

VCD: You know it, honey. Let's go to Hunters now. I need a change of scenery.

Blab: Okay. Well thanks for shooting the porno, Ricky. It was hot. The footage will comprise part of Ms. Davis' cameo in *Super 8 1/2*, along with out-takes from the documentary about her I'm working on, *Truth or Nair*.

Castro: You're welcome. Before you leave, can you help me get this stain out?

Blab: Just use vinegar.

Well kids, we can't take responsibility for statements made in this article. We leave it up to you to decide what is reality. Oh lord!

• *No Skin Off My Ass* video (VHS) \$29.95 plus \$4 postage, *J.D.* fanzine \$4 cheques payable to B. Bruce c/o Bruce LaBruce/ POB 1110 Adelaide St. Stn./ Toronto, Ont, M5C 2K5/ Canada.

• *Shrimp* and *Fertile La Toyah Jackson* Magazines \$5.00 ppd c/o Ms. Vaginal Creme Davis/ 7850 Sunset Blvd. penthouse suite 110/ Los Angeles, California 90046.

PANSY DIVISION



Pansy Division is like no other pop-punk band you've heard. They're catchy, humorous, have go-go dancers (male and female) and sing about sex; blatant lyrics leave you no option but to acknowledge the celebration of homosexual sex. What follows is a talk with Jon Ginoli, guitarist for Pansy Division. Interview by Michelle Haunold.

MRR: Let's start with the obvious. How did Pansy Division come into existence?

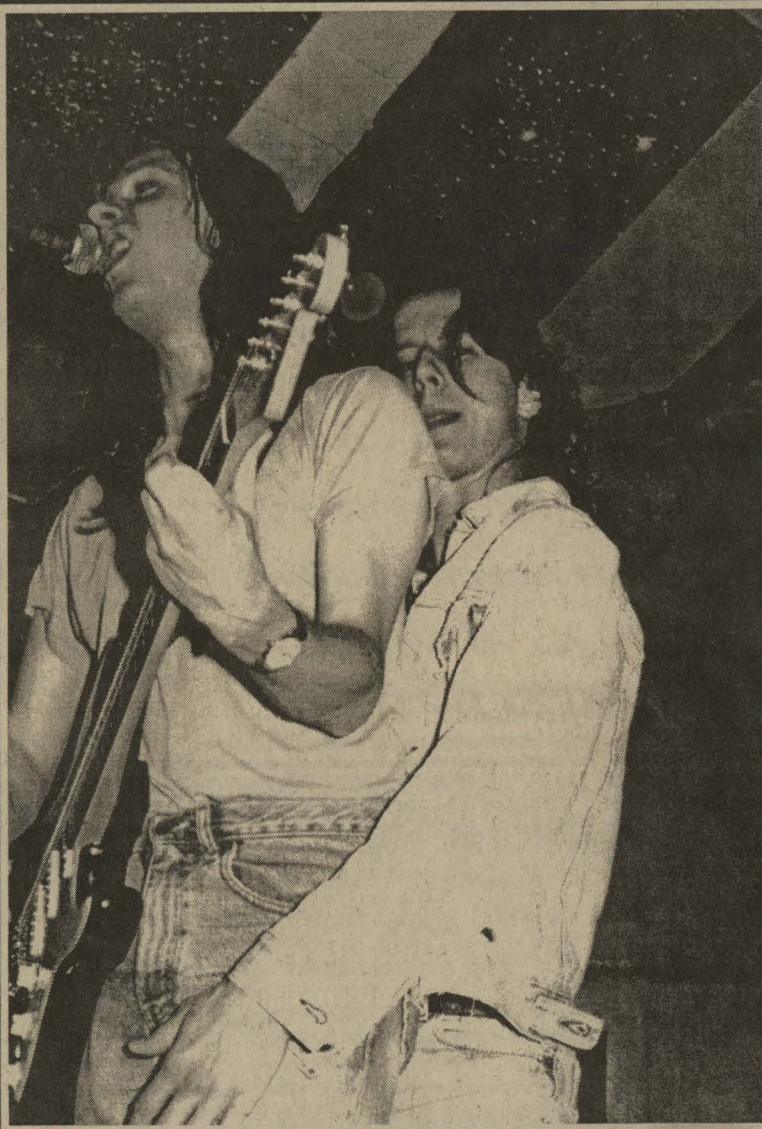
J: Pansy Division started at the very end of 90 when, wait I can't do this without going back to the beginning. Basically right now Pansy Division are a three piece band. I play guitar and sing, Jay Pagent plays drum. He's also in Thinking Fellers Union, he's on loan to us, and the bass player is Chris Freeman. All of us are non-native San Franciscans who are gay. We all moved here because we are gay. I lived in Illinois for 10 years, and after college I had a band called the Outnumbered who put 3 albums and one single out, spanning from 83-88. It was a college radio type band. We were a two guitar, bass, drum lineup, really sincere, not a whole lot of humor. There were two records that the band really liked, that did what we wanted to do, but really eclipsed us and those were *Flip Your Wig* and *New Day Rising* by Husker Du and the first two Volcano Suns records. I guess they just had the guts to be louder and noisier and still have pop sense. After The Outnumbered broke up, I didn't really want to do music anymore. I'd been in a band with three other guys and they were all straight. They all knew I was gay and they never had any problem with it, but since I wrote and sang most of the songs I really didn't feel I could write songs that didn't represent them. There was one song where it was obvious I was talking about being attracted to a guy and I got letters on it, but I remember thinking that I wouldn't want to be in a band

again unless I could have an all gay band which was really ridiculous because there's hardly any gay people who like the kind of music I do much less them being musicians who want to play in a band. I moved to San Francisco, and I saw the band Two Nice Girls in 1990. They rock a lot better live than they do on records. They are a lesbian rock band and some of their lyrics are very explicit and I thought after seeing them that guys should be doing stuff like this and nobody is and why not. So I thought maybe I could. I sat down and wrote some songs, but the thing about being gay and being into music is my experiences with being a musician for 10 years are, the population in this country may indeed be 1 in 10

people are gay, but in rock music circles it's more like 1 in 50, or 75. It really seems that way. Being an openly gay musician in Illinois never got me any grief, people were always very accepting, but I never knew any other gay musicians and didn't have any boyfriends. I think the thing with gay musicians now that I'm living here is that if you are playing in a rock band it's sort of like leading a double life. I had my rock life and rock friends, which are most of my friends, and then I had my gay life with my gay friends. These rarely overlap and that's always driven me up the wall. I've liked rock music since I was a little kid, and when punk came along I was totally into it. The Ramones, the Sex Pistols, the Buzzcocks.... I loved all that stuff. That stuff really changed my life.

MRR: How did you end up hooking up with Chris and Jay?

J: I was still so negative about finding gay musicians that after I wrote these songs I thought I'll play them for people but I bet gay people won't like them because gay people don't like rock and roll. There are a lot of exceptions, but it's really hard for us to find each other. I decided that the only way to do this was to play by myself, but I didn't really want to be a solo act. I thought I'd do a Billy Bragg thing and be noisy and loud and not be a sensitive folk singer. I did that for a few months starting in the spring of '91. I went back to Illinois, and a friend of mine who had played with The Outnumbered had a recording studio and I still had friends there that played instruments. I decided to go back and play these songs and record with my friends and make a tape, which is the tape I have out. It was all very familiar, they knew me, knew what kind of stuff I liked to play. Since I didn't have a band in San Francisco, I thought I'd just get a mix of the bass and drums and play to the tapes live. For a few months I did that, me playing my electric guitar and had bass and drums on tape backing me up. The initial response was really good, which surprised me because I was always felt I was some outsider for being gay and liking punk and rock and roll. I decided to put an



ad in the local papers to see if I could come up with some musicians. I met Chris right away, and I met Jay through Barbara Manning. Our first show was just in December 91 as a whole band.

MRR: Your lyrics are very confrontational and explicit and yet they're set to catchy pop-punk music. Is the music meant to draw people in and the lyrics there to catch people off-guard?

J: Part of the reason I'm doing what I'm doing is because when I had my old band, we were humorless. A friend of mine who has heard both bands described The Outnumbered as an asexual college rock band. I really wanted people to have more fun when they came to see us. When I was younger I really had a chip on my shoulder. I wanted to express what I felt and get all this angst out. I'm still angry about a lot of things, but I'm over getting up on a pulpit and ranting. If I was going to have a band again it was going to have to be more fun, and the lyrics would have to be openly gay. Even though there's been gay people in rock and roll, or bisexual people or people who have flirted with the idea there really hasn't been much music that specifically addresses gay themes and I wanted to write songs that reflected the way gay guys talk when they get together, so there's a lot of vernacular in the songs. I don't worry about the language. I've been influenced by a lot of people in recent times and Karen Finley is one of them. Seeing her gave me the courage to go out and say whatever I wanted to in a song and not worry about censoring it or worrying about what people think of it. That was the problem I had with my other band. I thought If I do these songs, and they're explicitly gay and I'm in a band with otherwise straight guys, I'd really

have to think about how people would react and what they would think. Now it's just like I don't care about what

people think. I sing about things friends of mine have told me, stories I've heard over the years; kind of a portrait of gay life. I'm not a stereotypically gay guy in the way I look or act. I wanted to have a gay record, but I also wanted an alternative gay perspective because I've always felt alienated in gay bars, even here in San Francisco, because I can't relate to the music and it just seems like a lot of gay men are on another planet.

MRR: With your music being so different from what most gay men listen to have you found you get a lot of straight people or punks coming to

your shows?

J: Some. I never really answered your question about the music. The music that I make is just stuff that I like. It wasn't a calculated thing to hook people in and then crush them with the lyrics. To me they're sort of a piece. The music is supposed to be fun and entertaining with an edge to it.

MRR: You mentioned that when you started the band you wanted it to be fun, something people would enjoy. Part of the way you've accomplished that is by having go-go dancers on stage with you. How did that get started.

J: It's funny how that evolved. When I first played in public it was for a Queer Nation benefit. These two guys came up to me after the show and said, "We want to be your nelly go-go dancers." At that point since I was up there by myself I thought dancers would be a lot more visual than watching this lone guy up there with a guitar. I ended up getting a band together anyway, but the dancers are my friends for the most part. Pansy Division isn't making any money and the dancers aren't getting paid. We are all doing it for fun. I'm kind of surprised at how committed they are. The thing about a lot of gay rock and rollers is that they've done stuff that's campy and I'm not campy. The music isn't campy and neither is the lyrics, they're very blunt and in your face. It's an interesting thing about the gay press. I've gotten more press from the straight papers than the gay papers. If you're a drag queen, it's much easier to get coverage in the gay press, but if you're just a normal-looking long haired guy like me and you're not glamorous then people tend not to write about you. If we dressed up wildly and were campy and flamboyant, we'd have a lot more following.

blunt with language and trying to be humorous. I'd like to think I'm a lot more clever than Two Live Crew, but I understand what they're saying.

MRR: What have the gay papers said?

J: There's 3 gay papers in town and one of them has done an article on me. That was written by someone from L.A., so no one in San Francisco from a gay paper has written about me yet.

MRR: Is that because you're doing something that is so different from what most of the gay community likes here?

J: At the Castro Street Fair in 1990 a whole bunch of people played, and Sister Double Happiness were the final act of the day. When the gay papers described the event later, no one even mentioned Sister Double Happiness. They mentioned all the drag acts, and Voice Farm, you know a techno band, but not a word on S.D.H. It's like a generational thing. Most of the people who are in charge of the gay papers are older, and less inclined to like rock and roll. They just ignored the rock factor like no one would be interested. It just drives me up the wall.

MRR: I'd like to focus once again on the punk elements of the music, this being a punk mag you know....

J: I was thinking about that actually. Someone that was involved in the punk scene in L.A. in the late '70's early '80's told me recently that Darby Crash killed himself because he was gay and that he couldn't handle it. Pansy Division is not something I started because I had a political platform that I wanted to espouse, but if someone who can't relate to gay people or can't relate to the gay world would hear something like Pansy Division, I think it would be really helpful. I had nothing like this

when I was growing up except Tom Robinson. He came along in the wake of punk, but he wasn't punk. He was older, and he'd done a song which was called "Glad To Be Gay" which was a boring folk song. Apart from him there wasn't much out there that was explicitly gay. You sort of had to read between the lines, and I'm tired

He's thought about it for a long long time
About being attracted to his own kind
He's ready to take those fantasies
And make them into something real
And finally do all the things he's been dreaming of
He's joining the cocksucker club

of reading between the lines.

MRR: Any reaction from the punk community here?

J: You know, I don't think we're punk enough for them. I haven't had any one approach me. There used to be the homocore scene, but I think that's scattered now. I think the gay punks would like it. It's not hardcore, it's more '77 style punk which is my background. Really Ramones/Buzzcocks influenced.

MRR: You mentioned that you don't have a political stance at all, but don't you think that being as explicit as you are that that in itself is political?

but I think it would be more of a novelty act. Some people say wow you're singing about gay sex, what a novelty act, but I don't know, heterosexuality is not just a novelty act. Instead of some guy getting up there and talking about his baby and its some girl or some woman, I'm singing about guys which is natural for me.

MRR: What have the straight papers said about Pansy Division?

J: There was a really nice review in *The Guardian* where they said I was like Two Live Crew. I'm not sexist, I'm not anti-woman, the songs generally deal with men, but as far as being

J: I had tried to write political songs when I was with The Outnumbered, but being didactic is really no fun for me. I don't like listening to didactic stuff, and I don't like to preach, but after I played my songs for a few people, I realized that for gay people to be expressing themselves and being as defiant in their plea-

sure as my songs are is a real political stance to take, especially in these days of Jesse Helms and Dannemeyer and people like that. Just sort of claim our pleasure and say we are going to do this. I think just the songs existing is a political statement. I hope when people come to see Pansy Division they would laugh, not at me, but I do hope that they will see that although it's humorous that it's serious too.

MRR: Have you had any of the Queer Nation people or the Act Up people contact you?

J: I was in Act Up for two years. I quit after the Gulf war started. I was really into going out and demonstrating and when the Gulf war started that's what I did every night for a week, and then I realized that the world wasn't listening. That had been Act Up's strategy, protests, rallies.... The first show I did was a benefit for Queer Nation. Both of those groups, at least in San Francisco, are so burned out on activism. Originally I thought the people who would like my music would be the activists, and they are.

MRR: Have you had any negative reactions to your shows?

J: Not yet. We haven't gotten popular enough yet. Once we reach a broader audience, we'll probably start getting negative reactions. The thing I've heard is that when straight people hear this music they either have to laugh or get really mad because it's so in your face. I guess someone threw something at the stage at the Chameleon show, but I didn't see it and neither did Jim. Chris said he saw something, but the Chameleon is so crowded that someone could have just bumped someone's cup. One thing I'm somewhat worried about is playing straight clubs because most of the shows I've played so far have been things like Clubstitute [a weekly gay club]. My main audience is gay, but straight people will like it too because of the music. What we write is a different view point, and it's liberating not just for gay people but for straight people, too, as a different perspective.

MRR: Are you actively seeking straight shows as opposed to gay shows?

J: We're doing a show soon with Tribe 8 which is a dyke thrash band, and Malibou Barbie which is hard rock-metal. I would like to play with other straight bands though. We're going to play with Beat Happening when they come through. K is carrying our cassette in their

mailorder. An interesting story is that when I got back from Illinois last year I decided to send my tapes to some record companies. Most of them either ignored my phone calls or said no. I was a little disappointed because a few of the labels are run by gay people, and they passed on it. One of them said they were



interested and then refused to return my calls.

MRR: Would you mind saying who?

J: I'd rather not. I didn't send it to SST. I mean they've had what, about 300 albums out and about 3 of them are by women: there's Sylvia Juncosa, Kira was in Black Flag, and they did one Opal record. I can't think of any other women on SST. I figured any one that was that male fixated would not want to hear it. Have you ever read that book *Rock and the Pop Narcotic*? It's by Joe Carducci who worked for SST for something like nine years. He talks about what he likes and what he doesn't like in music and he's always going off about "those wimpy British fags", and how homosexuality is this horrible thing in music. It's the most homophobic book, and it got great reviews in *Forced Exposure*. People just don't give a shit. They just accept anti-gay remarks and don't question it.

MRR: What about putting it out yourself?

J: Someone I know said I should send the tape to a gay guy in New York who has a record label. I sent it to him and he loved it. I would really like it to be on an independent label so I wouldn't just have gay people buying it. It may still get out there, but I'm going to go with his label. We're going to re-record a few of the songs, and it should be out in late summer. I don't really have the money to do it myself. It will only be CD or cassette, even though I love vinyl.

MRR: Why is that?

J: Queers buy less vinyl than straight people at this point and when they do buy records it's only 12" dance records.

MRR: So even though you don't want it targeted at a gay audience you're still going to specifically press up CDs with that in mind?

J: Since this guy has put out a couple of gay records before he has that sort of mailing list. It will get well distributed into gay book stores

and such. I think he's a good person to get me started. I have expressed the desire that they will be distributed through indie-rock distributors.

MRR: I hate to keep harping on this but don't you think that with your band being as

"alternative" as it is that the number of people who still buy vinyl in that audience is being ignored?

J: The problem is that it costs a lot of money to do three formats. That's one of the reasons people have gone back to putting out singles. It's really hard to finance an album now. We are doing a single that will come out on a singles-only label called Pond Scum. Vinyl is a luxury now.

MRR: Any final comments?

J: I'm trying to envision a Maximum Rock and Roll audience. I would say that doing Pansy Division is just part of me being who I am. In fact it took me until I was thirty years old to express that even though I came out as gay when I was twenty. I think it's a comment on our society. I'm a pretty open person in general and yet I still felt that I was censoring myself for years which is part of the right wing agenda to keep people from coming out with this type of art or music. You are taught to hold it in. People say why are your songs so sex-oriented? That's what makes it what it is. You can't compare it to heterosexual sex. If a man were to sing about a woman the things I'm singing about, it would seem sexist or disrespectful. It's different. I have my complaints about the gay community slipped into the songs, but for the most part it's celebratory of gay sexuality. Yes, you can do this and have fun and be safe and responsible at the same time. Don't let the bastards grind you down.

Pansy Division can be contacted at PO Box 460885, San Francisco, CA, 94146-0885. Tapes are \$7 ppd., \$10 over seas.

Coming Out of Hiding:

For young queers, the question is not whether or not to come out, but rather how much... or just plain *how*?

At least one in ten people is lesbian, gay or bisexual, yet in our home community (be it one of hundreds, thousands, or millions of people), we often feel that we are alone in feeling a sexual preference that differs from that which is considered the norm.

It is this sense of isolation, combined with the homophobia so readily apparent in our culture, that all too often intimidates us young queers out of exploring our sexuality and developing satisfying platonic and sexual relationships with the same ease as our more "socially approved" hetero-sexual peers.

Despite these obstacles, many (dare I say MOST?) of us, do at some point choose to acknowledge our sexuality, whether it be done via occasional clandestine sexual encounter, full-on militant public declaration, or some degree in between. The level to which anyone chooses to reveal her or his sexuality varies with the individual and her or his circumstance, and, with notable exception, the degree of openness is her or his own choice. You get to decide to what degree you want to acknowledge, act upon, accept and reveal your sexual preference. However far out you choose to come, there are resources and tips to help you cope with, and hopefully enjoy, your queer life.

Here's a sampling of a queer survival list: What to do, where to go, who to hook up with...

#1) ACCEPT WHO YOU ARE. You are not a monster, you are a queer. They are not the same thing. You are not even considered mentally ill because you are queer (they took homosexuality off the "sicko" list in 1973, probably before you were even born!). You are A-OK. There are millions of others with the same feelings as you. If you don't believe me, reach out and you will find them. Which brings us to...

#2) ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH OTHER QUEERS. This can be as simple as approaching someone locally whom you know is queer and persuing them as a friend, or it may be a bit more challenging, requiring networking and/or travel.

Placing a classified ad in a 'zine is a good way to hook up with like minds. This, however, may require you to get your own post office box if you (a) are leery of giving out your address, (which, by the way, you should be) or (b) you have nosy parents who read your mail. Post office boxes are

\$35 a year, and they are darned handy. You can not only receive your pen-pal letters there, you can also receive queer zines and other neat stuff.

If an openly-queer band comes to your area (thanks to this issue, you now know of a few), go check them out. There are sure to be other queers in the audience, which can be quite a welcome change to those sweaty hetero boys hogging up the pit. It's a great place to meet friends, and the cruising is fabulous. Go, kid, go!

If you are the proud owner of a computer with modem, you can sign on to a queer computer bulletin board. Scan gay mags for the info, they exist in a healthy quantity, and they are great networking channels.

If you live near a city, there's probably at least one queer hang-out there. The problem is, most of the queer hang-outs are bars that, obviously, don't allow minors. Some places, in the name of queer diplomatic immunity, will allow minors in under the condition that they don't drink alcohol because they know damn well they have no where else to go. If you are carded or stopped at the door, a little friendly chat may get you in. Try it and see.

A few words about big-city queer life: the larger the community, the less friendly it can seem. Just like the punk scene, the queer scene is a small, ostracized, and therefore, occasionally defensive and stand-offish, minority. Be patient and irresistibly affable and chances are someone will crack a smile and start talking to you eventually. Please disregard the previous tip if you are exceptionally cute. Then you will have people crawling all over you. Which segues nicely into....

#3) MAINTAIN AT LEAST ONE NON-SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP. Of course you're horny, that's the beauty of youth, however, give yourself the safe space of a purely platonic friendship. As you know, you're bound to fall out with a lover far quicker than with a friend, so keep a few buddies on the safer side of your bed—the outside—so you have a dependable confidant with which to share all of that glorious queer drama.

#4) LEARN HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF. Sound paranoid? Nope. Queer-bashing is a very real threat. Regardless of whether you wear a t-shirt that says "I'm a dyke", or walk hand in hand with your same-sex partner or hang out near the gay bars



Me, at the prom. Vomit.

A "How-To"

by Lily Braindrop

or just look "like a fag", there's somebody out there who would like to thump your noggin with a baseball bat. Be prepared! Take a self-defense course, carry mace, carry a whistle to attract attention to the scene if you're attacked. Do not take this lightly. Reported incidents of queer-bashing have sky-rocketed in recent years. Don't become another bleeding pulp of a statistic. You are worth defending. Learn how to do it.

#5) SAVE YOUR MONEY. Get a job, pocket your allowance, sell your Docs, whatever. It's a good idea to save some cash so you can travel to the queer-haven of your choice, buy some queer 'zines, or, if need be, relocate yourself.

#6) KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU, if you get kicked out of your house or you need to run away, (See #5). Try to find a sympathetic friend or relative to stay with while you figure out what to do next.

If you head for another town or city for escape, you will obviously need food, lodging and all the basic necessities of life. If you have saved your money, you will be covered for while, but eventually that money may indeed run out. Think about what to do if this happens.

If you are unable to find regular employment due to being underage or lack of opportunity, you may find sex work or drug dealing to be one of your few employment opportunities. (This is not an encouragement to do this kind of work, rather, it's acknowledgment of plain truth.) If you do this type of work, **TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF.** Always, always insist on safer sex with tricks and try to keep your nose clean with your co-workers and superiors.

Again, try to save your money. Sex and drug work often equal fast money, and fast money usually spends fast. Be prudent. Do not open a checking account if you are trying to avoid being tracked down by your parents. Be wary of anyone offering to open an account for you in their name. The best thing to do is to buy travellers checks. They are harder to trace than regular checks, and, unlike cash, they can be replaced if stolen. You do need legal ID to cash them, so try to get a state issued ID at some point (go to the Division of Motor Vehicles), preferably before you leave home.

#7) GET TO KNOW QUEER CULTURE. The listing at the end of this article contains a number of magazines and catalogues that are queer-oriented. *Anything That Moves* and *The Advocate* both contain listings of community resource groups that can offer you support and education about your sexual preference. Such information can be invaluable in helping you figure out how to be as comfortable with yourself as possible. Yes, there is life outside of heteroville. As a final note, we come to point...

#8) BE KIND TO YOURSELF DURING YOUR COMING-OUT PROCESS. The frustration that comes from being queer in a homophobic world can be immense. Do not take it out on yourself. You are not responsible for the bigotry and ignorance surrounding queerness, and your sexual preference is just as valid as anyone else's. Don't turn your frustration inward and try to blot it out with excessive drug or alcohol use. (Go thrash or destroy government property instead.) Understand that it takes time to find a cozy queer niche for yourself. Be patient and work to feel good about yourself and make good connections with people, whether they be face-to-face, or via mail or modem. Doing so will give you someplace to land, be yourself and hang out... however far out you choose to hang.



KNOWLEDGE = POWER

RESOURCES

Magazines

(Don't forget to check out the fab queer 'zine listing in this issue!)

The Advocate (\$4 from 6922 Hollywood Blvd. 10th floor, Los Angeles, CA 90028) The big mainstream gay news-mag. Fairly conservative in viewpoint, mostly gay male content. Kinda like *Time* for queers.

On Our Backs (\$6 from Blush Entertainment, 526 Castro St, San Francisco, CA 94146) The largest lesbian sex magazine. Good fiction, photos and articles by and for lesbians.

Anything That Moves (\$6 from BABN, 2404 California St #24, San Francisco, CA 94115.) The news magazine of the bi-sexual community. Can be a bit dry, but has some useful resource listings.

Outlook (\$7 from Outlook Foundation, 540 Castro St, San Francisco, CA 94114.) A large gay and lesbian quarterly. Strong multi-racial/multi-cultural leanings...most every culture 'cept queer punks, that is!

Catalogs

A Different Light Mail Order (free from 548 Hudson St, NYC, NY 10014.) Huge catalog of queer readables (books, mags, etc.) Annotated for your informational ease.

Community Resources

(To find support in your community, try calling the first three listings for more information. They may have international listings of different organizations, or be able to advise you as to how to get them)

San Francisco Sex Information (415-631-7300) A free information and referral switchboard. Mon-Fri 3-9pm PST.

New York City Gay and Lesbian Community Center (212-620-7310) A very active community center, hosting meetings, support groups and more.

Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Community Center (213-464-7400) A gay and lesbian community haven for support, networking and more.

Community United Against Violence (CUAV) (415-864-3112) Crisis counseling, legal referral for victims of anti-lesbian, -bi, and -gay violence and domestic violence.

International Directory of Bisexual Groups (\$5 from ECBN, the Center, 338 Newbury St., 2nd floor, Boston, MA 02115.) Comprehensive listing of bi groups all over the world, including the U.S.

HEY KIDS, LISTEN UP! IT'S... DONNA DRESCH

THE GIRL BEHIND



CHAINS

FANZINE, AMONG OTHER THINGS.

Donna Dresch of Chainsaw fanzine. Interview by Jux.

MRR: Tell us a little about your background.

D: I like to say that I'm from Olympia, Washington because that's where I met some cool people and where I started playing music.

MRR: Then, later, you moved down to San Francisco?

D: Yeah.

MRR: What were your reasons for moving?

D: My girlfriend at the time, who lived in Eugene, and I didn't want to move into each other's towns, so we decided to move to the queer city. Now we both live in DC.

MRR: So, changing the subject, tell us a little more about your musical background.

D: Well, after Dangermouse, my band in Olympia, I joined the Screaming Trees for a while and then joined I Dinosaur for a tour and a single on Sub Pop.

MRR: So, how did it go playing with those bands on tour?

D: The Screaming Trees tour was pretty extensive, but it went pretty good. The Dinosaur tour was a lot smoother, more luxurious. I even had my own hotel room. Sometimes, on the Screaming Trees tour, I got reactions for being a woman, a lot of people were surprised that I knew how to play bass or didn't even realize that I was a woman. It was also a little strange in that, most of the people I met or was around, were men. It got kind of lonely sometimes with no other women around to bond with. In the future, though, I would like to play in a band with other women, maybe an all women band, it would be more comfortable.

MRR: Could you explain a little more, I've always been curious about different bands' reasons for being all women.

D: It's just a kind of a feeling of camaraderie or unity.

MRR: What do you think of the new trend of major labels signing and marketing more "girl bands", or just more alternative bands in general, like L7.

D: Yeah, it's definitely been picking up lately. It's interesting to see, aside from the major labels, the trends in music lately that have been taking off, like grrl bands and feminist bands such as Bikini Kill and Spitboy; and some of the queer bands like Tribe 8 and Pansy Division, and a lot of the 'zines along those lines as well.

MRR: What or who have been your role models or inspirations?

D: Basically, it's really inspiring and cool to see all the DIY stuff going on. Like seeing a friend of mine starting a record label and putting a lot of energy into that, and watching it come around and develop into something from scratch. Actually, I talk about my role models in *Chainsaw* #3.

MRR: Do you notice differences, gender-wise, in your role models?

D: Mainly, anyone who's doing something. Standouts, though, are Kathleen and Bikini Kill, and Gloria and JD and all the Toronto girls. One of my main, early role models was Karen from the band Conflict from Arizona.

MRR: What do you think about your role models or some of the queer role models as opposed to heterosexual role models. It seems that they are all kind of viewed similarly. Do you think the sexuality really makes a difference?

D: What do you think?

MRR: To me, it seems pretty rare that people "come out" without an exam-



ple or role model, since there are so few role models in that area. Especially during one's search for identity, he or she is also more impressionable. Do you have people who look up to you as a role model?

D: I think in Olympia, I don't know if it's a role model thing. I guess a lot of people didn't have any queer role models.

MRR: Do you feel obligated to be a role model, provide support for others? Realizing how tough it was or is growing up queer?

D: You know, I guess I do think that because I want to be out and to be known, I want people to know, especially girls. People who are just trying to figure it out. Sometimes I get some pretty insane letters for *Chainsaw* of younger people looking for help.

MRR: Since there seems to be so few queer role models out there, how do you feel giving all this emotional support to everyone?

D: I suppose to be a good role model, you need to feel comfortable about life. And I was never persecuted, and I'm really comfortable with it. They might be able to look at me and say "Hey I don't have to be fucked up." "I don't have to jump off a bridge..." The role models people get from movies are just terrible. Now people think I'm gonna come at them with an icepick or something.

MRR: How do you think this ties in with the stereotype of women in music or punk? The perception in either a sexual way or in a manly, tough way.

D: I have a theory, Ok, it's just a thing I like to live by, that the revolution has already happened and so I just don't even think about it. But I got that a lot in Olympia from the college boys. After they'd see me play, they would say "Oh hey, I didn't know you could actually play." I haven't gotten that recently but then the Dinosaur thing was a couple years ago.

MRR: OK, how about this, it might be redundant now but is punk satisfying to you?

D: Yes, I love punk music, I pretty much have since I started listening to it, like around 83. And once I started playing I was die hard. Let's see, the punk scene? Well, I've lived in San Francisco for the last 3 years, and that can jade a person. Yeah, it can be too easy there in some ways. And now I'm in DC which is also a pretty good place; I'm here everyone is really, really cool and all, they want to be aware about things, but they really don't care. Yeah, pretty much punk for life. A granny in a Mohawk.

MRR: Do you or can you separate punk from your sexuality? Or do you see them as separate?

D: I try not to separate the two, but hanging in queer only places it's like hanging out with a bunch of Republicans or something. I mean, there are some interesting queers that aren't in punk, but maybe they're harder to find. But then music can't be the only thing. I mean, maybe that's why people join bands, to be accepted among with their peers. This is really a tough question to answer because, how I live my life I don't really think of it like "Why aren't there enough women in punk or in the scene?"

I can't deal with the bad things. Yeah, I guess I'm an idealist. You know the world is a beautiful place and if this were the 60s, you'd be asking me why there aren't more women in the hippie scene...and I would have done a stint with the Dead.

MRR: How about this, you've gone through being a kid, so what advice would you give to queer kids who are now in punk?

D: If you live with your parents, or actually everyone, you should get a PO box. A post office box, not one of those store things 'cause they're cheaper. And then you write as many people as you can. Like people you ran into in this magazine, there's plenty of people to start off with right in MRR. Yeah, maybe classifieds, or like write to me. Put in classifieds. Get other zines, there are other letters and other stuff out there, so you can have contact with people. I remember how it was like, not too long ago, to be afraid to pick up a queer magazine. Because in a way it's almost like you have to confront the issue of sexuality and sometimes it's hard. It's kinda like coming out to yourself everytime you do something like that. When you get right down to it, though, even through it's like scary and stuff, it's still secretly very fun. Yeah, I guess like a sexual outlaw or something. I wouldn't want to be anything but queer.

MRR: How would you tie this into people that are still in high school? Any advice — confront it, ignore it, quit?

D: There's this group, 'the riot girls', they have meetings and everything and they're still in high school. And they deal with this kind of stuff all the time. Some of them are coming out now. But I would never have come out in high school, I still wouldn't. Kids can be vicious. One thing though, it seems that maybe lesbians can get away with it a lot more. Women are always touching and hugging other women all the time so it's not as noticed as say guys would be. Friends with their arms around each other are fine. Yeah, girls get away with touching a lot. I guess I came out when I was 17, not 18. All though high school I said I'm going to wait until I'm done with high school.

MRR: Do you see a difference in how women are perceived or respected by queers over how they are perceived in general?

D: I don't know, I think a lot of boys don't respect girls. They don't respect what we're



CHAINS AW₄
POB 11210
WDC 20008

saying or we're being to emotional. But I guess it seems to me that the younger the gays are the more respect they seem to give women and lesbians. Older men seem to have some problem with women, but I not sure why or what it is.

MRR: So what about your current interests or inspirations?

D: Let's see, my current interest is meeting cool people in DC, and I have been meeting some cool people here. Different than Olympia. Not free and easy as the West coast. But there's some cool girls here, cool queer girls, that hang out at Food for Thought. So, if you're ever in DC, then this might be a cool place.

MRR: Why don't you talk a little about your zine *Chainsaw*, when did you start it, why are you doing it, that kind of stuff?

D: I don't know why I started it? For me it was like a newsletter for my friends, I guess. Like a personal scrap book. I like having things in it by people I like, too. It just makes me happy. I definitely do a lot of networking with it.

MRR: What do you think about queer zines in general?

D: Uh, I better not say anything, I'll get my self into trouble. I guess they're good for mail networking, M-A-I-L and for female networking, too.

MRR: Anything else?

D: Yeah, you can put my address down if you want — *Chainsaw*, PO Box 11210, Washington, DC 20008. — Issue 4 will be out soon and will come with a cassette, with Bikini Kill, Some Velvet Sidewalk, Spitboy maybe, and Frightwig and Gagorder. Out Soon. Wait, that's it, interview over? I'm just now starting to roll. Ask me the first question again.... Dinosaur Jr. are nice people but weird; Screaming trees are weird people but nice...

MRR: Bye Donna...

Tribe 8 is a relatively new San Francisco band that has been making waves everywhere they play. They've developed quite a reputation as a band with an agenda to be reckoned with. MRR's Matt Smith caught up with them in the Epicenter library for this tantalizing interview.

The band is: Lynn Breedlove - "mouth", Lynn Flipper - guitar, Leslie Mah - guitar, Mahia - bass, Kat - drums.

MRR: How long have you been together?

LF: We've been together for about a year and a half.

LM: And that includes learning how to play our instruments.

MRR: Do you have a statement of purpose? A common goal?

M: We apparently have a statement of purpose. It's this page written by Breedlove.

LM: We've revised it at this point so that it's a little more up-to-date.

MRR: Well, please be brief.

LM: We're validating cultural identity in the underground music scene for dykes.

Unison: Dykes.

LF: That wasn't our purpose when we started, but now...

LB: We wanted to get girlfriends.

LF: Our purpose in the beginning was to play at parties, but I think being dykes and playing music is political. It's not like we meant it to be; we just are. But yeah, the way we play our music - the style, and the lyrics that Lynn writes is very political.

M: The fact that we're obviously dykes...

LM: No we're not!

M: Oh, I'm sorry. You're, uh, pretty femme. I mean, just existing as a gay person these days is political.

LM: Well, just to be out and not being closeted is a very political thing. The way you live your life can be a very political statement, if you're not in the mainstream. If you're queer, well, there you are.

LB: If you refuse to conform in any way, and you state that fact in public repeatedly, and shout it, yell it, in spite of the fact that people may be spitting on you...

M: And throwing cans at you...

LB: Booming at you and you insist on doing it anyway... and are confrontational about it, that is like the most militant politics that

an artist can express.



M : being true to It's being really That's what said about us.

MRR: Why talk about with NoFX at Friday

LF: I think for straights didn't like us lent. But these gentlemen in were very vocal

It's oneself. honest. someone

don't you your show Gilman last night?

we've played before that and were si-fine young the crowd about it. Like

two guys yell "fuckin' dykes" and slam and then yell "you fuckin' dykes".

All: laughter

LF: They were definitely the same guys.

LB: But it's a testosterone problem: "We have to slam into each other, we have to beat the fuck out of each other, and we're forced to flip these people off, especially if they will not fuck us.

They have pussies, and won't allow us to put our dicks in those pussies." It's like a turret syndrome: "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!"

(waving extended middle finger wildly)

M: I think we handled it pretty well.

LB: This guy grabbed Mahia's pussy in the middle of "Lesbophobia". This was after "Frat Pig", before which we made a big speech about how we deal with gang rape, which is with gang castrate. When we first talked about gang rape, all of the men in the crowd jumped up and down and cheered "Yippee, we're all for gang rape, what a great weekend past-time". And we said the way we dealt with that was gang castrate. That started getting their blood boiling a little bit. And then by "Lesbophobia", they were just so afraid, one of them just reached out and grabbed Mahia by the cunt. At this, she proceeded to throw the bass down, the whole song had to stop while she punched the guy in the face. Six girls jumped the guy, jumped up and down on him, kicked him in the balls, and threw him out.

LF: And we stopped playing, which was good. We just started yelling into the mike. We had the power position at that point, and we got to say what we needed to say.

LB: It was a really good opportunity to speak di-

rectly to the people we're always singing about. I realized that all of these songs I'm writing are totally abstract. I'm like - I realize that homophobia exists, I may encounter that on one level here and there. I hear people talk about their experiences, and I read about shit in the paper, and I write about it. But when you're faced with the actual mob psychology, you shit. And I got to address this instead of preaching to the converted like we normally do. All of

REVOLUTION GIRL-STYLE

"Fuck you, dykes" as get up there. slammed to from what I They were en- LB: I don't the same peo- slamming. I problem was... LF: I watched

Photos: Stacie Quijas

you fuckin' soon as we They also every song could see. joying it. know that ple were think the the same

our friends were sitting there going "Yeah, what a bunch of assholes - frat pigs".

LF: And Mahia got on the mike and was like "fuck you, you fucking straight white men. You don't know anything about oppression" which was really good.

M: That's what was irking me throughout the show. It's so easy for them to do that shit. They don't know what it's like for us to get up there; just to exist from day to day.

LM: It takes alot of courage.

Kat: If Gilman wasn't such a cool place, we should of fucking killed them.

M: And we want credit for being lesbians. Right now!

All: *laughter*

LF: And Leslie just looked out there at the crowd. Her face was all covered with fake blood, and she had this strange look on her face and said "I don't know why y'all don't like us - we're such nice girls!"

LM: Yeah, and how much courage does it take for this giant crowd, this giant gang of tough white male straight - supposedly... and we're putting ourselves out there saying stuff that's supposed to be secret. We're not compromising ourselves. We're out there. And I felt like "Fuck, we must be really powerful". It must be an ego thing. It must be this bigger-than-life thing, cause, boy, we got an incredible reaction from some other-wise totally apathetic boneheads.

LF: It's good; it made it obvious where they were coming from.

LB: When I asked someone to please come up and tell us what their problem was...

LF: They had nothing to say.

LB: Finally someone came charging up there, and he kept insisting that he had something to say, about five times.

LF: And he kept asking his friends "Hey guys, what should I say?" So I grabbed the mike from him and announced that we were going to play our last song.

MRR: Well, I think living in SF you become really insulated to that, and it's a good thing to step out and be really scared once in a while. Just to get an idea of how the rest of the world feels.

LF: Yeah, well it just shouldn't be that way, but it's good to know that it is that way, just so you don't lose touch.

MRR: So you're going to have to go to Europe and open for MDC and perhaps deal with this more...

M: I'm really nervous about that now. Because MDC has a history. And I know a lot of people in England don't have a clue that Dave (MDC) is into dressing in drag and shit, and about his sexuality.

M: What if we get a whole crowd of boneheads?

LM: Dave's been singing about being in drag from their very first record.

Kat: They're anti-fascist.

M: And we'll be the first band playing - great.

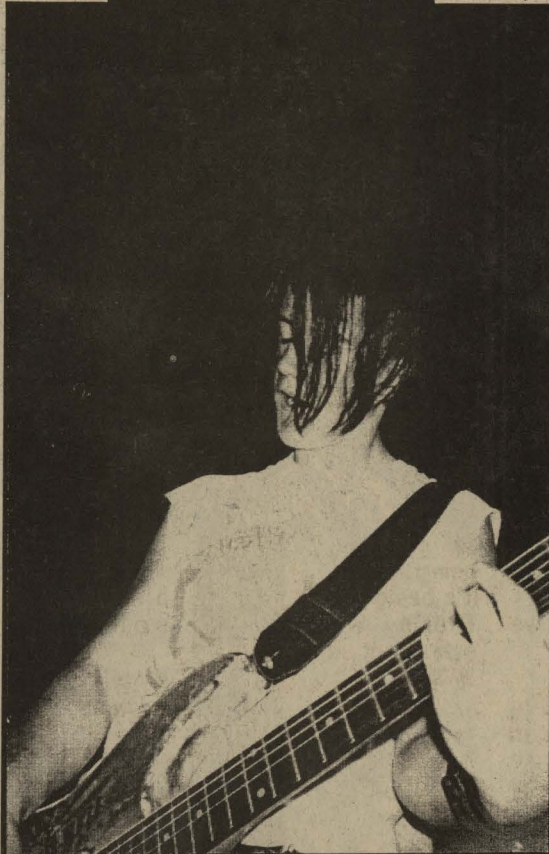
LB: Well hopefully Dave will go up there and give us some support with the crowd.

LM: Well, I don't want to be taken care of.

T R I B E

8

LYNN FLIPPER
ON GUITAR



**"IT'S REALLY
POWERFUL TO BE
ABLE TO FEED
OUR COMMUNITY
WITH IMAGES
AND GOOD DYKE
PUNK MUSIC
...IT'S JUST AS
POWERFUL TO BE
OUT THERE
FUCKING SHIT
UP"**

LB: Well, if he would go up and say "This is our opening act, they're our friends" I sure would appreciate it. I'd like to have some teeth by the end of the tour.

LF: But the thing about Gilman - they (the crowd) were such assholes, but in a way I felt there was no way I was going to internalize that shit, because it was so obvious, it was so bad. There were a few girls in the audience who loved us and were really glad that we were there, and that really made it worthwhile. It's really powerful to be able to feed our community with images and role models and good dyke punk music, and it's also just as powerful to be out there and fucking shit up.

M: Another thing about Gilman - it wasn't just homophobia, it was misogyny.

LB: We totally showed the straight women in the crowd, we showed their boyfriends up for what they were. They were all looking around at the straight men in the crowd and saying like "This is what we are fucking?"

Kat: I think a lot of straight women were totally into it.

LM: I heard a couple guys out there say things like "Suck my dick" as if they needed a woman to suck their dicks to validate their miserable existence.

MRR: Do you see yourselves playing more shows like that here?

LB: I'm all for it. I'm totally into it. At the time I was totally freaked out. I didn't show it. Afterwards, I thought this is what I need. I need to tell these motherfuckers to their face exactly what I think. This fuels my rage and fuels my creativity, so I can continue to write the shit that I need to say.

LF: I like playing for a queer audience. I like having both. I love going out there and seeing all of those scruffy dykes slamming around. It makes me so happy. If I play a bunch of those shows in the next year, I'll be really happy. I think it's important to do both. I mean, those aren't going to be my favorite shows to play for, a bunch of boneheads, but that'll pump me up. It'll make me play harder and make me stare them down more, and make me more extroverted. I know that systematic oppression is

supposed to bring you into yourself, and hate yourself, and have low self-esteem. You know you gotta go the opposite when these boneheads are trying to put you down, ruin you, destroy you, you know you just gotta look up more at them.

LM: Punk is supposed to be about standing up for yourself, being true to yourself, and not compromising your beliefs. Doing the things you want to do, and creating your own reality.

Kat: I don't ever want to play a show like that again. I don't want to play for people like that. I'm not into educating them. Just to put my two cents in.

M: Let them educate their fucking selves.

Kat: I think it's educational for people to see women, up on stage, rocking out, playing good

TRIBE 8

LESLIE MAH ON
THE OTHER
GUITAR



fucking music. They're dykes, and they're talking about it. They're good; they're good musicians.

MRR: Are you all familiar with the band, The Dwarves?

All: Uh-huh.

MRR: And you know about their stage antics, how they like to grab women, and how they're always showing off their dicks. Many people say that they're the ultimate definition of "cock rock". Many people I've talked to would classify you as just the opposite gender, or perhaps "crotch rock". What differentiates what you do and what the Dwarves do?

LM: Oh god.

M: Well, cock rock is patriarchal.

LF: We're coming from a place that's assumed that you've been drained of this power for all of your life. One thing is having this power your whole life and taking a free run with it. The other is just taking it and making it happen. For women to be really aggressive, to be really loud and obnoxious and really move on stage and take up a lot of room is coming from making it up as you go.

M: We're breaking the chains of oppression!

All: *laughter*

LF: I think they may look similar on a surface level, but I don't think that they're the same at all.

MRR: It's all about power.

M: They can get away with doing all that shit and we can't. We can't go out on the street without our tops on. If a woman takes her shirt off, she can get fucking arrested for that.

LM: Any women in the US can get arrested for taking her shirt off because the men want to have control over when and how they see tits.

LB: Fuck them! It's appropriate for them, and it's appropriate for me to take my shirt off on stage.

LM: It's hot up there!

LB: Men get to take their shirts off on stage. Why don't I get to take mine off when they can get all comfy?

MRR: Moving along, you have a song called "Manipulate" with lyrics about manipulating your girlfriend and such. If those lyrics were written by a man, I can see a lot of people getting upset about it. Is there a double standard?

LB: In that particular song, we are talking about a microcosm, our mini-subsociety of s/m identified dykes. I'm not necessarily s/m identified, but I do have some sadomasochistic thoughts sometimes. Sometimes I just feel like fucking with my girlfriend. She just pisses me off. I just wanna fuck with her head, you know. To make her jealous, I want to deliberately flirt with someone else I'm not interested in. Because I'm twisted, so big deal.

LM: Everybody does that.

LF: A lot of our songs are geared towards dyke culture, and within dyke culture, there are a lot of restraints. A certain group of dykes claim how

dykes are supposed to be. No s/m is included in that. A lot of this isn't for straight boys to hear. This is for our own dyke culture, to joke around. We're not "PC", we're not "holier than thou". S/m is part of that other fringe culture. It's with humor and tongue-in-cheek. It's not like "we're women, soft and gentle". It's role-playing. It's playing around with power that already exists.

M: It's about sex.

LB: When you reclaim the fucking role shit that patriarchal society has imposed on us for hundreds of thousands of years, and finally, the s/m says "Look, we can't fucking deny that we were raised in this, or we were incested as children, or we were treated like fucking dogshit. We can't deny that we were raised with it; it's part of us now. The way we deal with that is playing it out in roles." They can play it out, and it's therapeutic, cathartic, purging. And you feel better about it

because it's not a man telling you, and you do have power, and you do have consent. In most heterosexual traditions, it is set up to be where the man is in power and the women is not, and there is no argument about it, and the women has no say over whether she will submit or not. She will submit, and that is the end of the story. The lyrics are about this. It starts out psychological. I just want to manipulate her, and objectify her. OK, I want to look at her tits - she looks good in miniskirts. In the end, I just want to slap her around. My sadistic tendencies are starting to manifest themselves in physical role-playing. But in "Femme Bitch Top", I sing about my submissive shit.

LF: This is for dyke culture. We know where we're coming from on that.

MRR: There's nothing wrong with partners objectifying each other, using each other. When we start to get into this male/female thing, that's where we get this power imbalance. That's what makes it so ugly.

LF: And that's been a given from day one, and it's been taught through every TV show, billboard, movie, and book.

MRR: I think it says a lot about the uptight state of sexuality in the punk scene. People are afraid to admit that they have these urges in themselves.

LB: My lyrics are about soul-bearing, and sincerity. I don't care if you want to put me into a box. I'm just going to tell you my feelings at any given moment. Yes, I admit, I did feel like manipulating my girlfriend. So fucking sue me.

LF: We're also joking around about the whole "PC" mentality. Like we're not supposed to be sexual or aggressive. The only roles you're coming from are those submissive women roles you were raised on, so of course you're busting out of them into different roles.

LB: The stereotype in the dyke community is that you don't lie on top of each other, only side-by-side. Fuck that - I'm reclaiming what I already am. I was raised in a power-playing society. I get off on power-play. That's where the tension in sex

"PUNK IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT BEING TRUE TO YOURSELF AND NOT COMPROMISING YOUR BELIEFS ...CREATING YOUR OWN REALITY"

comes from.

MRR: Do you drink herbal tea?

LB: Dò I drink gerbil tea?

MRR: Herbal tea.

LM: I think we all do, except Kat.

M: We eat a lot of chocolate and drink a lot of herbal tea. And a lot of granola...

LF: We wear Birkenstocks off stage.

All: *laughter*

MRR: Leslie - how is this band different or similar to your experience in Anti-Scrunti Faction?

LM: The thing that comes to mind is tokenism. Back then, there were hardly any women musicians in punk, to speak of. It was such a token thing. We were just like - the girl band. There were people in the audience who had never even seen a girl play guitar or bass or anything before.

Now, here it is again, this tokenism thing again, being the token dyke band. In MRR, they have never really mentioned anything about bands and sexuality. In a way, it's sort of catching up. On one hand, it's really good, because it's reaching a lot of people who would normally not know that this sort of thing is going on, how queer culture is overlapping punk culture. Then again, it does feel kind of condescending, like here's this little package. I don't want to be tokenized. Cause we are just a band, and that's why we got stuck on shows like that one with NoFX.

MRR: So Lynn (Breedlove), you own a bike courier business. Would you like to talk about it?

LB: It's called "Lickety Split" - it's all women. I was a messenger for years, and it wasn't long before I realized that I had been a wage slave most of my life and I was really sick of it. I was sick of pouring all of my energy into someone else's shit. I was riding about furiously one day, and I had been reading some feminist literature - *Woman Hating*, by Andrea Dworkin, about super-militant feminism. And I was just like "fuck this!". I don't have anything left for myself. When I get home, I am just fucking drained. I didn't like delivering packages for Bechtel, and PacTel, and big multinational corporations. I love riding my bike outside and not having a boss breathing down your neck. I just wanted to change it into something that was meaningful to me. And not having these dudes giving me crappy tags while they give all their pals, their boys, the good tags. I saved up a bunch of money riding my bike, and I borrowed a little bit more money, and I opened this company. It's pretty low overhead. You just have to get some beepers, a phone, and some space to work at. I started out with one messenger, and now I got all of these women messengers. We get a lot of women for clients. We get to deal with women all day long. The men that hire us are totally friendly,

TRIBE

8

TOP: THE NOTORIOUS
ALL-GIRL MOSH PIT.
BELOW: MAHIA ON
BASS



TRIBE 8 DISCOGRAPHY

- DYKE IN THE PIT
7" ON HARP/
OUTPUNK
- PIG BITCH 7" ON
HARP
- SPLIT 7" W/BLATZ
ON BOBO RECORDS

and feminist. We make it clear on our brochure that we don't want to deal with multinational corporations, and that we're women - all women. It's really changed my life a lot. That and Tribe 8. I've taken little chunks of my life where I don't have to deal with sexism, misogyny, and homophobia all fucking day long. I have my own little packets, sanctuaries, havens, and I think everybody can create that for themselves. They just have to go out there and make it happen. There's a lot of women who are going "Hey, fuck that shit!" It's a good time for women to band together, and create space for themselves.

LM: Economically, as well as politically.

LB: I don't want to have to accept money from men on their terms anymore.

MRR: You mentioned that dispatchers give their friends, guys, better tags. Are there other problems? Is it harder for women to get hired?

LB: I don't think so. If you're cute, you'll get hired right away. Then you'll get all of the good tags, especially if you fuck the dispatcher. My old dispatcher's girlfriend got more money than anyone else who worked there. I think women have to work twice as hard as a messenger, just like in any other area of work, to prove that they can do the job just as well as a man. I peddled my ass off and it was never good enough.

LF: Kat and I both do carpentry, and it's the same in that area. You have to work harder. The mentality that people have in carpentry is that they don't want to have a lot of women on their crew.

Kat: I just nail all of their tool belts to the floor.

MRR: So, is your business doing well?

LB: Yeah, it is. It's been around for a year or so, and it's definitely had its ups and downs. But the trend is definitely a mushroom effect. I have lots of support from women in the business community.

MRR: So, all of your messengers are women. Are all of them dykes?

LB: No. A lot are. But I definitely would not discriminate according to who sleeps with whom.

MRR: Would you hire a man?

LB: I think that this is an affirmative action kind of deal, even though what I'm doing is illegal. When men call, I tell them that all of the positions are filled, which as far as they're concerned, they are. I'm going to hire a woman. Women have a harder time getting hired as messengers. What I'm trying to do is balance the scale and right the wrongs of the last couple hundred thousand years.

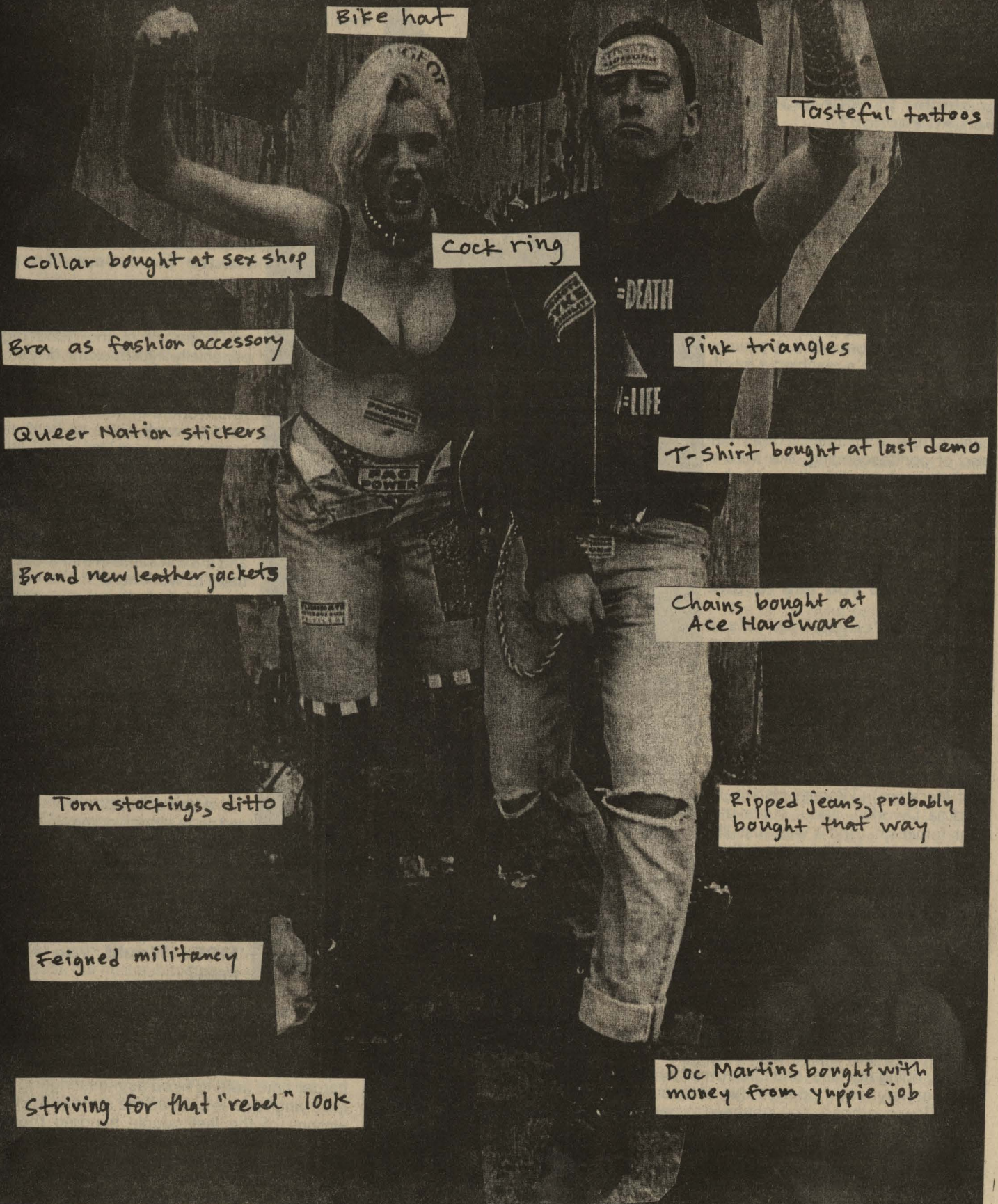
LM: Revolution girl style now!

LB: Yeah - revolution girl style now! Kathleen of Bikini Kill - she knows how to do it.

COMPARE & CONTRAST: A GAME FOR KIDS AGE 8 + UP

QUEER ACTIVIST CLONE

VS



Bike hat

Tasteful tattoos

Collar bought at sex shop

Cock ring

Bra as fashion accessory

Pink triangles

Queer Nation stickers

T-shirt bought at last demo

Brand new leather jackets

Chains bought at Ace Hardware

Torn stockings, ditto

Ripped jeans, probably bought that way

Feigned militancy

Striving for that "rebel" look

Doc Martins bought with money from yuppie job

PUNK ROCK

CLONE

Voluminous hair

Woof

New leather jacket with
scuff marks

Tattoos made with homemade
tattoo gun

Band names &
political slogans

T-shirt from last punk show

Anarchy signs

Doesn't know that this is
a cock ring

Torn stockings, of course

Ripped jeans, probably
done deliberately

Feigned hostility

Chains stolen from family dog

Striving for that "rebel" look

Boots bought with handout
from yuppie parents

Hi Mom!

This may come across as gross self-promotion, but really, we did it for the kids (as if we were pillars of adulthood ourselves). Personally, I'm embarrassed. I mean, look at us. We look ridiculous! But I detect a deeper meaning to all of this.
Photos by Cammie Toloui. Models: Lily Brindrop and anonymous entity.



BETWEEN THE QUEER LIONS

This queer zine list was compiled by Larry-bob of *Holy Titclamps* zine. It's a list of zines that have published an issue since November 1991 or so. For an even more exhaustive queer zine list, send two 29¢ stamps to: Larry-Bob / Box 591275 / San Francisco, CA 94159-1275. P.S. When writing to these zines, please do not put zine title on envelope if you wouldn't say it to your mother.

The Adventures of Baby Dyke #1 / \$2.

Comic adventures of Baby Dyke. Going to bars, demonstrating, having sex, going to an orgy, falling in love.
4311 Crestheights Rd / Baltimore, MD 21215

Adversary #2 / \$3.

A collection of posterable pages. Propaganda about appearance-oriented society, Rules for Radicals, Bergalis. 3955 17th St #4, SF CA 94114

Agony #2 / \$3.

A rant, letters, using obsolete bathroom appliances for sex toys, bar story, David Wojnarowicz reprint, Rorschach tests, fag bars, Mentors interview, Vaginal Davis article, a female guru, investigation into the true identity of Punk Beat's editor, Brady girls fantasy.
1805 E Lafayette Pl / Milwaukee, WI 53202

Better Homos and Gardens #1 / \$2.

Eugene & Francis are tired West Hollywood queens; German homo phrases; Highways de-funded by NEA; Being Black and Gay and Male in the Age of AIDS.
8283 1/4B Santa Monica Blvd / W Hollywood, CA 90046

Bikini Kill #2 / \$2.

A band and a zine. Tribe 8 interview, riot grrrl, cool dorks, fat liberation, criticisms from men, so much more. They have a new tape with songs like "Suck my left one."
c/o The Embassy / 3217 19th St NW / Washington, DC 20010

Boy With Gun #3.

Tom Jennings (ex-Homocore) has done this new zine that is more focused on his personal interests. Bravo! Action movie reviews, freedom to bear arms as liberty, religion as virus, Electronic Freedom Foundation, the postal service, various clippings.
Box 77731 / SF, CA 94107

Brains #1 / \$3.

The journal of egghead sexuality. Letters, how to tell if your trick is smart, a pictorial, onehanded fiction, Syllabus, personals. Issue 2 soon.
1316 Dolores St / SF, CA 94110

Brat Attack #2 / \$3.

"Do it yourself" dyke S/M zine. Letters, Transformative effects of S/M, Berlin leather dykes, Comix like I was a Tennage Boy & 2 by Fish, S/M in PC MA, reviews, resources, and personals.
Box 40754 / SF, CA 94141

Bundle of Sticks #4 / \$2.

The TEG issue (he's the editor of the zine, worship him). Letters, responses to Deke's letter to Tim Y., another Nathan Lee Chasing His Horse story, essay on where the gay barflies of the past have gone, black magic curses on Helms, post-apocalypse TEG story, why MRR must end, reintegrating sex into life.
54 S 9th St #132 / Mpls, MN 55402

Butt Ugly #4 / \$2.

This issue has an interview with Johnny Noxema of Bimbox, and a queer page is a regular feature.
701 S Grand Av / Waukesha, WI 53186

Carrie #2 / \$2.

Velma & Peppermint Patty's love, hand model int., self-hatred lesson, The Nancy McKeon Letters, why Whitey's a mess, advice column.
Kent Fuher / 1981 Whitley Av / Hollywood, CA 90068

Cunt/Prick #2 / \$4.

PMS, dental dams, queer ennui, Dyke photographers, Thelma and Louise on Board, Baby Dykes. Prick side has Debby Harry, astory, life story of Cuban-American transsexual Sophia Lamar. Queer City Productions c/o A Different Light / 489 Castro St / SF, CA 94114

Diseased Pariah News #5 / \$3/\$10 sub.

More than a humor magazine of, by, and for people with HIV. A zine first is the flexi disk(!). Suicide book review; How I Got AIDS; fiction; examining room etiquette; ask Aunt Kaposi; Food Supplement taste test (yuk!); Dildoes; Captain Condom comix; porn potato, more.
Box 30564 / Oakland, CA 94604

Double Bill #1 / \$3.

William Conrad takes on the evil William Burroughs. Breif biographies, "The fake and the fat man" comic, Nowheresville game, Billy Jr. shoots a friend.
Box 55, Sta 'E' / Toronto, Ont M6H 4E1 / Canada

Dragnett #1-3 / \$2.

The feminist militant drag queen super hero comic book with a mission. Drag goddess endows humans with superpowers like walking fast in high heels, impervious breast cones, and accessorization.

Hedda Lettuce / 36 East 3rd St #7 / NY, NY 10003

Drew Blood Press / \$2/book.

Most recent release is "In Absence of Blood," poems by Drew Blood. Send SASE for catalog of all DBPL publications and tapes.

3410 First St / Riverside, CA 92501

Dyke Review #3 / \$4.

Dyke multiple choice, West Coast dyke spots, I was tall once, women on Castro photos, falcon slave to Mistress Kate, under cover story, religion story, I have nosed her, gym teacher crush, Witch work, advice column, essay about being an African American Lesbian, more.
584 Castro #456 / SF, CA 94114

Ecce Queer #2 / \$3.

Pistol-packing queers, SCUM manifesto excerpt.
1925 8th Ave, Floor 2 / Seattle, WA 98101

ETC #4 / free.

Zine of well-selected clippings and cartoons. Transsexual fireman, marines porno article, wrestler head shots, lots of other stuff.

Billy Cates / 864-126, Box 601 / Pendleton, IN 46064-0601

Fagazine #3.

A Fucking Queer Comiczine. Skateboys having sex and coming all over.
Riff Raff / 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109-27 / W Hollywood, CA 90046

Foetus Acid #6/.

Jesusland, Pretty Gerbil, Siouxsie's menu, Society makes us sick, Wax Trax family tree, homeless aristocracy, poetry by Vaginal Davis, anti-nostalgia organization, Shirley Jones, graveyard play, slave contract, etc.
7264 Melrose Av / Hollywood, CA 90046

For Your Skull #24 / 20¢+a stamp.

Mini zine. Opinions, pro and con, Pigface review, Lack of women in underground scenes, record reviews and comix and drawings. Also available: Piercing O.D. comix.
Box 481051 / LA, CA 90048

Frighten the Horses #7 / \$5.

Multi-sexual magazine with news, opinions, and erotic stories.
Heat Seeking Publishing / 41 Sutter St. #1108 / SF, CA 94104

Fucktooth #2 / 50¢ +stamps

Short Cleveland zine with stuff on Queer Nation, feminism, Magic Johnson and gay punx.
L.M.D. / 1298 SOM Center #130 / Mayfield Hts, OH 44124

Gaybee #2 / \$1+ 2 stamps

Cute zine with Ernie & Bert safe sex guide, recipes and essays.
PO Box 343 / Portland, ME 04112-0343

Gay Comics #13 / \$3.

Our Love was too Cosmic (rad faerie comic), Angela Bocage's Boys of the Bioregions nude centerfolds, Roberta Gregory's Future Shocks pt. 2, Andrea Natalie's Stonewall Riots, Joan Hilty's Doordyke, Jennifer Camper, even more.
Bob Ross / 1528 15th St / SF, CA 94103

Gay Skinhead Movement / \$1.

Includes "does a bootyboy have to be a skin," skin coming-out story.
B.v.R. / 555 Haight St #B / SF, CA 94117

Girl Germs #3 / \$1+2 stamps.

Letters, masturbation, Love Child band int., Sadie Benning, much more.
Box 1473 / Olympia, WA 98507

Girl Jock #6 / \$3.

Cartoon zine & more. Dear Femme Jock, ice hockey, soccer grudge match comic, girl sloth, body builder, soccer festival, Sappho's lovers, A day in the life of Dyke America.
Rox-A-tronic / 2060 3rd St / Berkeley, CA 94710

Horny Biker Sluts #4 / \$4.

Comic book edited by John Howard. Issue 2 has chicks with dicks content.
Last Gasp / Box 410067 / SF, CA 94141-0067

High School Fag #3 / \$2/3 issues. Mini-size 'zine. Fagbashing tales, short short stories, poems, collages, and rants. Way cool.
Jeremy / Box 812 / Reading, MA 01867

Healing Tales / \$3+2 stamps.

A series of true stories about religion and sexuality in the form of religious tracts. Still looking for 2-3 page stories by women or about lesser-known religions.
Box 77271 / SF, CA 94107

Hissy Fit #1 / \$4.

Eileen Myles for Prez, drags, pasted on faces, Glenda Orgasm, etc. Also available: Drag Queen Rock Star Jeans; it's Bruce Weber photos with drag faces.
Aries Love / 64 St. Marks Pl #20 / NY, NY 10003

Holy Titclamps #10 / \$2.

Yet another punkdick gay zine, suffering from earnestness and AIDS-era Welschmerz... A bit tired. (Guest review by Jacob Rabinowitz, ex-Factsheet Five gadfly).
Box 591275 / SF, CA 94159-1275

Homoture #4 / \$4.

"Desire determines aesthetics" issue. Essay on individual action, dating a deconstruction worker, how-to manual for child molesters, phone sex photo story, toe jam, and namedropping about New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Lots of original photographs, Rob Kirby drawings, and more.
Box 191781 / SF, CA 94119-1781

Homozone 5 #1 / \$3.

Futuristic comic book with drag queens in a concentration camp fighting back.
c/o H.O.P.P. / 584 Castro St, Box 432 / SF, CA 94114

Hot Dog #3 / \$2.

Digest-sized queer boy xerox collage zine.
1918 2nd Ave S / Mpls, MN 55403

Hothead Paisan #5 / \$3/\$10 for 4.

Lesbian vigilante comics. Hothead meets God, castrates women-mutilating doctors, and visits grandma.
GAP / Box 214 / New Haven, CT 06502

Hot Lip #3 / \$2.69 for women / \$9.62 for men.

Great lesbian zine with erotic stories and poetry. "The Boys in our Heads", Helen Girlie of Cosmo, etc.
Box 2614, 211 East Ohio / Chicago, IL 60611

Infected Faggot Perspectives #1-7 / \$2/free for the infected.

For Faggots living with AIDS and HIV. #4 includes advice on committing suicide under the Christmas tree or atop your place of work, #7 has info on HIV criminalization, advice, AIDS beauty tips, HIV to AIDS, Safer Sex is Unsafe, more.
Box 26246 / LA, CA 90026

Intent To Kill #1 / \$4.

Brian's fave stuff—psycho stuff, fiction, crime, films.
Brian Baltin / 2035 N. Rodney Dr. #4 / LA, CA 90027

IQ #1 / \$2.

The Sex-zine for Girls who like Girls who wear Glasses. Where the girls (with glasses) are, coffee bar pickup, glasses comic, glasses to cover up bruises (serious stuff), beauty marks, a dialogue about a sex mistake.
Box 626 / Gardena, CA 90248

Logomotive #2 / \$4+age statement. a little queerzine that does:

Computer-drawn bestiality comic, the daddy thing, stories.
Box 3101 / Berkeley, CA 94703

Meandyke #1 / \$2.

Dyke daddy; tomato sauce wrestling; definitions, drawings, and photos.
500 1/2 Belmont / LA CA 90026

Mudflap #1 & 2 / \$3 & \$1.50.

Bike riding, living in vehicles, closed freeways, Yups don't pull their puds in public, living on the street, more. #2 is food & sex issue: corn sex, SF outdoor love spots, Converse vs Vans, herbs, drunk bike riding, more.
666 Illinois / SF CA 94107

New Uranian #3/4 / \$1.

National Coming Out Day, police surveillance of cruising areas, poetry.
Box 42933 / Tucson, AZ 85733

Not Your Bitch #7 / \$1.

Womyn-only magazine. How to be the perfect girl, What the real sexual revolution will be, Motherhood, sexual fantasy time.
1276 Wilson Av #230 / St. Paul, MN 55106

FANZINE REVIEWS

Not Your Bastard! \$1.

Tribute to Not Your Bitch zine. A zine for myn. "Thereason we spell myn the way we do is to separate us from men." "Me & my M-16" (a poem), "Hugging is Revolutionary," "Men are Pigs," "Father inferior."

Patrick / Box 33263, Mpls, MN 55433

Oubliette/ \$3.50.

Comix anthology edited by Karen Platt. Includes stuff by Karen, Carrie of For Your Skull, Smooch, Carle Bacha, (to name stuff of pertaining to queers) and others. Full color cover. Dolo Blue Graphics / Box 80023 / Mpls, MN 5548-8023

The Overground #1/ \$1.50.

Dyke zine with a gothic feel. Undead story, music review of Venus Walk, Confessions of a Girl, Maggie and Hopey inspired story, plus drawings and photos.

Sarah Chamberlain / 1210 15th St / Greeley, CO 80631

PC Casualties #2/ \$2.

Queer Buzzcocks interview, staring at the ceiling, Exotica records, techo rave culture, anti-baby rant.

Box 7505 / Ann Arbor, MI 48107

PMS #1/ \$2.

Info on queer skinhead movement.

Box 6121 / Boston, MA 02114

Pansy #2/ \$1.25.

Interviews with Econochrist, Terrorcake, & essays. Ian Lynam / Box 1833, 735 Anderson Hill Rd / SUNY / Purchase, NY 10577-1400

Primal Scream #1/ \$2.

Coffee and Urban Angst—actually, a lesson in theory of capitalism, NKOTB, 90210, Mohammed, Jesus, & Moses comic, a poem.

Boxholder / 1202 E Pike #768 / Seattle, WA 98122

Punk Beat #6/ \$2. The Matt Dillon issue. Also Cory of *Butt Ugly* zine digitized naked punk boys plus sexy stories.

151 1st Ave. Box A / NY, NY 10003

Pussy Grazer #2/ \$3.

Hothead Paisan article, closeted older sister, starfucker wannabe, santa zap, Trash (NY genderfuck dyke) interview, Bruce La Bruce tapes.

Box 20553 / Tompkins Square Sta / NY, NY 10009

QT #2/ \$3. Queer Terrorist/Tapette. More of "The Faggot who thought she was a Lesbian," Susie Bright interview, past Princes of the Homosexuals (and the question, why are they all Torontoans), more clippings.

C.P. 423, Succursale C / Montreal, PQ H2L 4K3 / Canada

Queer Fuckers Magazine #3/ \$3.

Why "I hate straights" isn't called "I hate homophobia," nasty phone messages from readers, homo-homophobia, hetero hijinks, AB101 riots, reclaiming Sodom, interview with a Utah women's studies professor babe, Safer Sex for dykes, a Queer Utah historic moment, more.

QFM / Box 346 / SLC, UT 84110

Queer Intercourse/ \$1.

Why businesses that target homosexuals are not "ours," co-option of queer style, comic strip on obsessive behavior, arts defunding in PA, reprints from physique mags, Notes from a displaced fag (a comic), shrinking Queer Nation attendance and relations to ACT UP, Sign Language interpreters, Rape is a man's issue.

Box 90043 / Pittsburgh, PA 15224

Reality Check/ \$7.

"A voice for a world living with HIV and AIDS." Writing and art about HIV and AIDS, and a list of names.

Box 22783 / Santa Fe, NM 87501

Riot Gear #3/ \$3.

Formerly 3 Dollar Bill. Matt Shred and Deke on the Tim Yo incident, letters, Clay's Epicenter Chronicles, Tribe 8 learns not to compromise with cop-lovers, Omewenne interview, International Pop Underground.

Box 190176 / SF, CA 94119-0176

Rotortiller Hausjunge #3/

Lots of prose writing, but my attention span is too short to read it right now.

Box 844 / La Mesa, CA 91944-0844

RUH Roh!/ \$9.25.

A comix art book with art by many including directors, musicians, writers, and artists.

Vena-Mondt Books / 300 S. Avery St. Box 181 / LA, CA 90012

Salt and Sage/ \$2 or \$8/8 ish sub.

Faerie zine; Radical Forum, Gaia Healing, Hints from Hecata, poems, spells, more.

Box 252 / SLC, UT 84110

Scream Box #3/ \$27.

New format: a mini dyke zine on a chain—everyone's wearing one. The therapy issue, with topical drawings and writings.

7985 Santa Monica Blvd. Suite 109-51 / LA, CA 90046

Shocking Pink #12/ £7/4 issues. Woman-produced magazine from England. Rock ish. Lesbian musician Rita Lynch, cervical mucus as ovulation check, women club djs, more.

136 Mayal Rd / Brixton, London SE24 OPH / England

Shrimp #1/ \$4. Vaginal Davis' foot sucking and licking zine. Celebrity feels like Fugazi, Nirvana, Danzig. The Goddess Bunny, Pedro, Muriel and Esther. A must!

Vaginal Davis / 7850 Sunset Blvd #110 / LA, CA 90046

Sin Bros. #6/ \$5.

History of drag, Merv, Chicas y Chozos, how to be a gay porn star, Carnie Wilson date, condom study, Bruce La Bruce. Large format.

1629 N. Morton Av / LA, CA 90026

Strange Looking Exile #3/ \$2. Comix by Diane DiMassa, Roberta Gregory, Vicki Jedlicka, Jeffery Kennedy, Nick Leonard, Quetzal, Michelle Rau, and Riawa Smith. Great issue!

Robert Kirby / Box 300061 / Mpls, MN 55403

Su Madre #2/ \$3.

Kitty-lu Kemia; Bill Jones, who made the yawner film Massillon, but has some good ideas; Chapterhouse; music gossip; Gerardo makes a girl attempt suicide in her Easybake Oven.

725 South Spring St Box 4x / LA, CA 90014

Swedish Nurse #3/ \$47.

Diamanda Galas, punk rock "outings" - like Henry Rollins and H.R. of Bad Brains (and his "Ristsareflappin' cult"), and other music-related stuff.

c/o Warzone / Box 148 / Belfast 1 / N Ireland

Tang! #2/ \$2/\$8 sub.

Warhol laundress diary; cyber fiction; Valerie Solanis' Handgun Fashion; celeb trading cards; soup with Andy.

Elysian Press / 1353 Elysian Park Dr / LA, CA 90026

Tantrum #2/ \$4.

God or Goddess—is the world too awful to be created by a woman?; Ms. Blowdryer; swearing is stupid; Michael Jackson as Modern Primitive; Danielle Willis; Phil Ford of Vegas in Space; Johnny Rotten exposed as tired anti-environmentalist; Gay Lib essay. Very well thought out zine and a favorite.

Box 190175 / SF, CA 94119-0176

Taste of Latex #6/ \$5.

This issue is about "S/M - scene & unseen"

Box 460122 / SF, CA 94146

Teen Punks in Heat #5/ \$3.50. A single and zine. The Screeching Weasel E.P. has "I wanna be a Homosexual" plus 2 other songs, with Bruce LaBruce getting a B.J. on the sleeve. The zine includes Mykel Board has sex unwillingly in Japan, sex stories, Genitorturers band int., Hollywood bimbos and reader sex fantasies.

Shred of Dignity, Box 170501 / SF, CA 94117

Thing #5/ *\$3 or \$7/3 issues.

Great Queer Black zine. Essex Hemphill, Lypsinka, Bill Coleman, House music, lists, stories, more.

2151 W. Division / Chicago, IL 60622

Vanilla Milkshake/ \$2.

Dykes with Dicks, food packaging compared with sex packaging, gloves for love, SCAT manifesto, personals.

Bound by Desire / Box 26583 / Austin, TX 78755

Venus Castina #1/ \$3.

Crossdressing zine. Includes "Why I am not a Drag Queen," "My heroes have always been Drag Queens" by Homozone 5 artist Robyn Scott, article on bashings, fiction.

H.O.P.P. / 584 Castro St, Box 432 / SF CA 94114

Whorezine #9/ \$3/\$25 12 issue sub.

Love and money issue, with articles on whores and relationships, plus Yo Pussy, report on Africa, & resources. For whores of all sexes.

2300 Market St. Suite 19 / SF, CA 94114

Zugang #8/ 3 stamps.

Sal Martinez, flag amendments, Weird Paul int., more.

Stevevec / 2300 S "E" St. / Richmond, IN 47374

ISSUE # 4

BTMBOX

BUNDLE OF STICKS

WARNING: BLOOD VIOLENCE NUDITY

THE TEG ISSUE

ME ME ME

Finally what

D.O.P.N

iseased ariah

NUMBER ONE \$1.00

The blood of 86,000 Americans who have died of AIDS, Mr. President? You're soaking in it!

The PVA Primer. A Short History of Sex. AIDS Testing in Prisons. The Ultratinkles.

BIKINI KILL

#2

GirlPower

SKINHEADS

Gay Skinheads : Do They Exist ?
by B. v. R.

note : The following article is based solely on what I've heard and what I've experienced.

At first, the term (in itself) seems to be an anomaly... but only at first. As an out-of-the-proverbial-closet skinhead, I can vouch for the existence of gay skins. Also, having met other gay skins, I know that I'm not the only existing one. We exist and therefore the term cannot be an anomaly.

In the early and middle 1980's, there was a group in Great Britain called the Gay Skinhead Movement. Evidently, it was a force to be reckoned with. But as the skinhead persona began to be adapted by the Nazis and other less-than-skin-like groups, many Traditional Skins (straight and gay) opted to bow out of the scene. Many joined the ska scene and many more just became suedeheads (skins who let their hair grow) or worse yet, just left the scene altogether.

The zine *J.D.'s* reported on the slow and miserable death of the G.S.M. in England and gave it a memorable obituary. However, from what I've been hearing, the English G.S.M. is once again on the upswing. With more skins coming out, they need a group to identify with. The U.S. faction is still alive... and kicking (heh, heh). There are gangs who are all queer in Chicago, New York, and Texas. I'm sure there are more, but those are the only ones I know of. I know from personal experience that many gangs of skins have queer members and, in general, it's no big deal.

When my brother skins found out about me, they took it very well and rose to the occasion. They let it be known that they would "accept" those whom I dated, although they (my dates) would not be a Bootbird (the girlfriends of the members of my gang had their own gang). Not that I wanted anyone I dated to be a Bootbird. Because word gets around quickly, it became general knowledge about me. Unbeknownst to my brothers, I met several in- and out-of-the-closet skins from other gangs (and a couple from my own). The S.H.A.R.P. ies had several queer members. Most of the queer skins I met had similar experiences.

As a matter of fact, from what I gather, Traditional skins and S.H.A.R.P. skins are in general accepting of a gay brother. I have not met, nor have I heard of, a skin being kicked out because he came out. I've also heard alot of stories of heavily closeted homo-sex going on within white-power and Nazi gangs. I wonder... the speculation is limitless !

Here in S.F., there are a few of us around, probably more than is widely known. But, unfortunately, there is no cohesive force to band everyone together. Maybe someday there will be...

Very Different Scene...One Skin's Coming Out
by Anthony Burgess

For many years I had been the typical straight-edge kid. No alcohol, no drugs, no sex outside a monogamous relationship. As I grew up, these things changed. I began to slowly erase the black X's from the backs of my hands.

I was at an Endpoint show (a local Louisville, KY band) skankin' around with the rest of the skins. At one point, as I dove off the stage, I saw this guy (a suedehead) that had been around with the gangs that my gang partied with.

This suedehead (a skin that has let his hair grow out, a little) was the brooding silent type. I was intrigued, but I didn't know why.

As sometimes happens, when the pit is in full-force, people fall. If it is a *true* pit, people will pick you up so you don't get trampled. I fell. This guy (the suedehead) picked me up. The pit was moving so fast that I was off and skanking before I could thank him.

Near the end of the show, I went outside to jones a cigarette. I hadn't any matches or any other type of light so I was looking kind of desperate. This hand, lighter and fire pops up beside my head. I turned around and there he was.

Docs, braces, shirtless and so intense.

His knitted brow lightened slightly as I stared at him. As far as I know, I had never had an attraction to another guy... but here I was, a hardcore kill-all-faggots skinhead, staring numbly into the eyes of another skin that I was undoubtedly attracted to.

He asked me to come to a party that his gang was having. It was in the big decaying Victorian squat house that his gang called home.

During the course of the evening we just kept staring at each other. It was so silly but we just couldn't help it. After we had both consumed about 3 gallons of beer, we began to talk... *seriously*. In very caged and careful terms, we told each other that the attraction was there.

We both had trouble with what we were feeling but after a while we both agreed that (duh!) there was nothing wrong with what we felt. It was a pretty big turnaround from what I had been the day before. People, and skins, can change.

We took it very slow, to get used to the uncharted territory we were treading. We didn't sleep together for about three months. But when we did, it was fantastic. We were together for 2 years and our respective gangs took it very well. There evidently was a small, but existent, history of skins with bootboys in our gangs' past.

But after two years Kasey was killed in a fight with nazis. I will always love him and he will always be with me.



This is no April Fool's ... the Shred of Dignity record conglomerate has changed its name to

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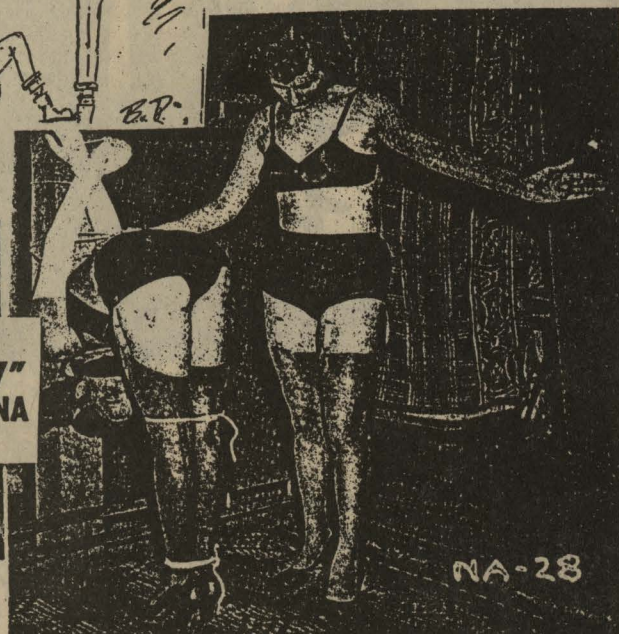
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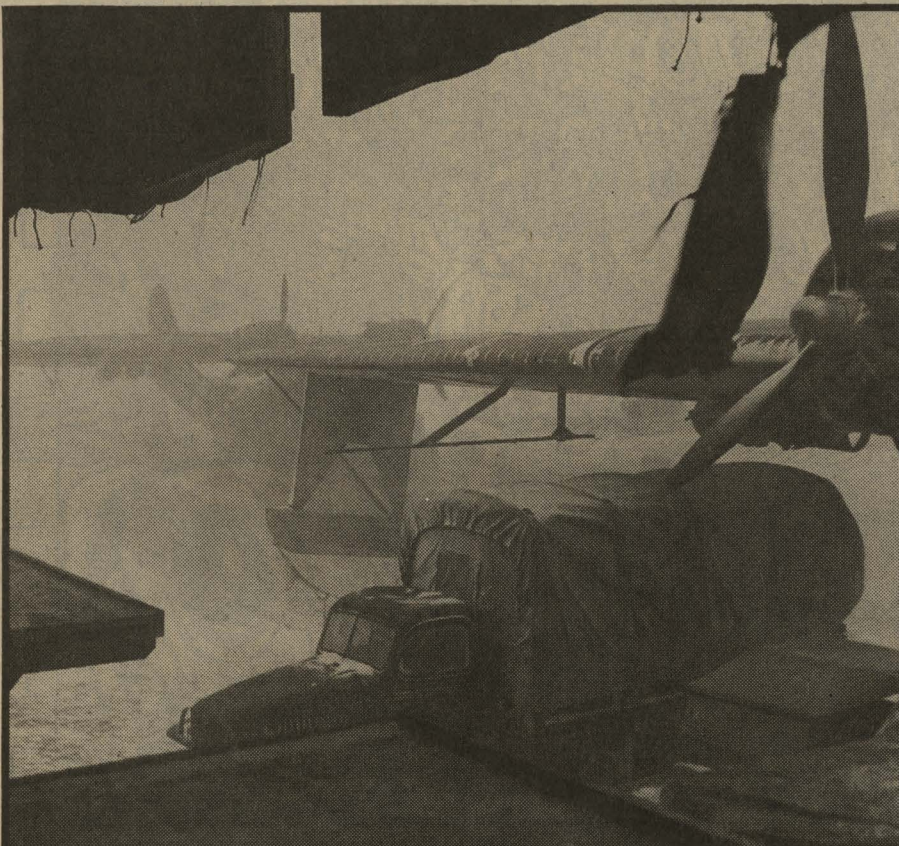
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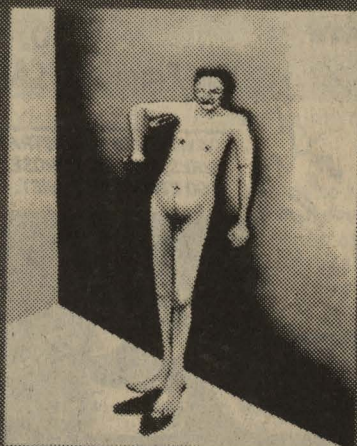
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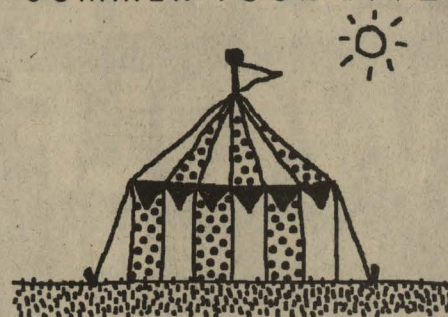
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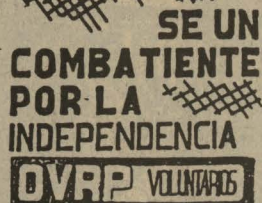
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Military
Intelligence Is
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In Terms

Noriega verdict

The trial in Miami of Gen. Manuel Noriega came to a conclusion on April 9th with a mixed verdict. Despite more than two years of pre-trial preparation by the U.S. government and a series of illegal acts aimed at sabotaging the defense, the prosecution was still unable to convict the Panamanian leader of two of the most serious charges.

Nonetheless the Panamanian leader was convicted on six counts, faces additional charges in another case to be heard in Tampa, and is facing up to 120 years in prison at his sentencing scheduled for July.

The trial of the former Commander in Chief of the Panama Defense Force was one of the longest and costliest in U.S. history.

The government called a succession of "witnesses" to whom they had made cash payments totaling over \$1.5 million. One such witness for the prosecution was Max Mermelstein, who has admitted to importing 56 tons of cocaine into the U.S. and plotting the murder of DEA undercover informant Barry Seal. Facing life in prison without the possibility of parole, Mermelstein had spent just two years in prison before his release. To date he has received over \$670,000 in cash rewards and living expenses for himself and his family. Mermelstein, Carlos Lehder and other witnesses for the prosecution had been convicted of crimes far more serious than those of which Noriega stood accused.

The judge and the prosecutors pretended this was a simple criminal trial

over drug trafficking with no political implications. . . . The trial was a crude effort to justify a murderous invasion, carried out to crush the independence of a strategic nation," said Teresa Gutierrez of the Independent Commission of Inquiry on the U.S. Invasion of Panama.

The United States was not at war with Panama when its huge invading army, equipped with the deadliest and most advanced weapons, slaughtered thousands of Panamanians, the majority civilians, and abducted General Noriega.

The U.S. military made no attempt to extinguish the blaze that consumed the entire neighborhood of El Chorrillo and left a still unknown number of dead and some 20,000 homeless war refugees.

According to attorney Julio Berrios, former legal advisor to the Foreign Ministry of Panama, Noriega was captured and prosecuted as a "warning" to Latin American leaders that they too can fall victim to reprisals if they attempt to defy policies dictated by Washington.

Noriega himself has said that his fall from grace with U.S. military and intelligence authorities began with his unwillingness to assist the U.S. in a planned invasion of Nicaragua when it was led by the Sandinista National Liberation Front.

Last August, the U.S. Congress's Government Accounting Office reported that the level of narcotics trafficking through Panama had actually increased since the U.S. kidnapped Noriega.

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Most people in America do not think for themselves. Joe and Jane citizen have their philosophies ready-made for them; Republican or Democrat? Liberal or Conservative? We have no need to question anything or formulate opinions, they are formulated for us. We are taught to accept the popular

POLITICAL

view, and disagreement is ridiculous and obviously misguided.

Upon examination, the Right/Left pseudo-philosophies are the exact same thing. They are opposite ends of one narrow spectrum of thought, and this is the point that most people are lost on; it is self-defeating to look at the world with left- or rightwing tunnel vision. Maybe instead of accepting such limiting mind frames we should try to see the world through a more objective and realistic point of view.

Joe Citizen's problem is that he does not see the forest for the trees. He stands in the left or right camp, seeing nothing but his own narrow-minded world-view. If one was to compile about 10 questions, covering the whole spectrum of "big issues", it would be very easy to predict how a "liberal" or a "conservative" would answer.

The world has been simplified by American culture (i.e. politics and media) into a cause-and-effect relationship. The popular idea that States does not invest \$100 million fighting communism in Nicaragua, THEN the U.S. will be overrun by Soviet forces. Such simplistic reasoning requires little thought, and the "issue" could be argued over by liberals and conservatives forever. Seen realistically and objectively, however, it is easy to realize that there is little reason to waste time arguing over such a ridiculous notion. Ronald Reagan's foreign policy could be accurately summarized in this manner: "We have a moral imperative to destroy communism, even if everything else must be destroyed in the process." This idea seemed perfectly logical to millions of Americans. Of course when examined objectively it is the statement of a madman, a madman who did indeed have the power to "destroy everything."

Another example of our simplistic cause and effect mentality follows: "U.S. industry succeeds because of consumer preferences." In other words, U.S. capitalism exists (effect) because Americans have "freedom of choice" (cause). Makes sense, right? In reality, this is hardly the case. According to author Wilson Key in his book, *Age of Manipulation*, "consumers are manipulated by the industries in a culturally integrated media system that supplies consumers with the fantasy that they are in control." That is, we are manipulated by ad-media to buy whatever they want us to buy; freedom of choice is a farce. By using emotionally charged words, symbolism, and various propaganda techniques, we are fooled into thinking we can choose to buy a certain product or not. \$100 billion was spent last year on advertising, on ways to get the consumer (that means you) to buy, buy, buy. Again, Dr. Key points out that "the freedom to choose what one wears, drives or eats, replaces meaningful social, economic, or political alternatives. Commercial hype muffles much of what is corrupt, authoritarian, unjust, and cruelly exploitive. Such hype also muffles and distorts clear perceptions of the world."

So far we have found that we are fooled into *thinking* we have freedom of choice when it comes to buying on the free market, the basis of capitalism. It comes as no surprise to

discover that the same ad agencies and PR firms hired by food, automobile, alcohol, etc. industries are also employed by politicians to "sell" candidates. George Bush's presidential campaign was a masterpiece of propaganda technique. Meaningless phrases like "a thousand points of light" were invoked. In *Doublespeak*, William Lutz described a Bush commercial. A photo portrayed George Bush and his supposedly clear position on "the issues", and was contrasted with a photo of Bob Dole who, the commercial said, "straddled" the issues. According to Ron Harris, the director of the commercial, the pic-

tures of Dole were reversed into a

mirror image, so that his hair was parted on the wrong side and his face would appear awkward.

They also used bad pictures of him in the first place. However, the pictures of Bush always caught him in a good mood, and every time a photo of him was shown, a thin halo of light outlined his head. The campaign culminated in the infamous Willie Horton ads. Vote for Bush or Black sex-crazed rapists will overrun your neighborhood. Although the rest of the Bush campaign's integrity is debatable, it is hard to deny the message sent out by the Willie Horton ads.

So which will it be, Bush or Dukakis? Republican or Democrat? Pepsi or Coke? Our culture is actually a culture based on fantasy, fantasy cause and effect (smoke Carlton and women will flock to you), fantasies about our freedom to buy the products of our choice (or to buy them at all), and fantasies about the people actually running our country. We even fantasize that we think for ourselves. As Dr. Key points out, the fact that we THINK we think for ourselves makes us that much easier to manipulate, whether it be by Coca-Cola or George Bush.

We are the most propagandized nation in history; it is difficult to resist a lifetime's worth of psychological conditioning. It is difficult, but not impossible. The purpose of this article is to describe how, through the use of loaded words and symbols, public opinion is formed and manipulated.

In order to have a good understanding on how this is done, we must first understand a few things. First of all, George Bush, of course, does not write his own speeches. They are written by speech writers who most likely have training in psychology. When writing a speech they will stick to certain themes, such as "family" or "American values." As a matter of fact, it is almost guaranteed that these two subjects will be mentioned.

Words such as "family", "children", "God", "brutal", and "tyrant" are not just words. When we come into contact with words of this nature we automatically conjure up subconscious (if not conscious) images. For example, "family" suggests thoughts of a mother and father, security, happiness. Even if such images are not a part of our own experience with a "family," we all know, through our culture, what a "family" is supposed to entail. All of the words I mentioned invariably elicit a similar emotional response. Such words are considered "loaded".

Through the use of loaded words, the person encountering one of Bush's speeches is carefully manipulated into feeling however the speechwriter wants you to feel. Of course,

IMIA

tech-

Columnist Clarence

Louis Post Dispatch, Dec. 3, scribed how the GOPAC, a con-Republican group headed by Gingrich, R-Ga., has published a guide for Republican of-fers called *Language: A Key nism of Control*. Page reported cluded a list of 'optimistic, pos-erning words' for candidates to scribing their alleged 'vision' ment, peace, freedom, fair, our, family, humane...) and words' for candidates to define nent ('betray, sick, pathetic, lie, liberal, hypocrisy, permis-sive attitude, self-serving...')

The fact that the prac-tice of using language as a "Key Mechanism of Control" is widely used by the government is im-portant to keep in mind. As we can see by the following examples, the per-son (or people) that wrote it is very skilled in the use of loaded words.

Examples of Mind Control Through Language

Excerpts from George Bush's 1991 Christmas Message, *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, Dec 25, 1991:

1
"The Iranian-held American hostages sustained themselves through **faith and friendship, character and courage**. They demonstrated the **strength of American ideals, character, and determination, a strength that inspired the entire world in 1991**"

2
"It was about one year ago in the **interest of world peace** that I decided Saddam Hussein's aggression would not stand, even if force had to be used. We tried diplomacy and economic embargoes, and then we **moved against the brutal dictator and liberated Kuwait**. When our troops returned home, we felt whole, proud of their courage, confident in ourselves."

3
"...who would have thought that we would have seen democra-cy and freedom sweep the globe so dramatically? Who would have thought that **American ideals would triumph with such startling suddenness?**"

4
"And now we must capture the same spirit of belief in ourselves as we...**build a foundation for lasting prosperity and peace...it's the way Americans are -- decent, helpful, full of ambition and hope, united in their devotion to com-munity and family**. Thank God for our families."

5
"When I lit our national Christmas tree in Washington, thousands of lights illuminated the towering spruce. Thousands of warm beacons transformed the night."

6
"Americans have the talent and power to do anything...let history remember that we **promise to bring God's light to our brothers and sisters in need...on Christ-mas 1991 this nation united to ask God for peace on earth, good will to all**. And let [history] record that a new age of goodness and hope began here and now."

7
"God bless you, and may your Christmas be bright with love."

Bush's speechwriters are not alone in using such propaganda techniques. Page (*St. Louis Post Dispatch*, 1991) de-servative Rep. Newt a cam-fice-seek-Mecha-that it "in-itive gov-use in de-('environ-flag, we/us/'contrasting one's oppo-

Analysis

It is important to realize the importance that tone, inference, and loaded words have in the effectiveness of the oratory.

The general tone of the speech begins on a laudatory note, with Bush praising Americans and "American ideals".

In paragraph 2, through the use of about 20 loaded words/phrases, he describes "we" felt ecstatic when the "brutal dictator" was turned away by "courageous" Americans. "We" were once again made "whole and confident", finally free of the terrible "Vietnam Syndrome" (a phrase used by Bush to de-scribe Americans' lack of confidence in our leaders).

Bush continues on to describe, in paragraph 3, the inevitability of "American ideals" (there's that phrase again) triumphing.

In paragraph 4 he once again tells us how great we are, ending with the inevitable reference to family. "Thank God for our families."

Next the tone shifts to a warm, "homey" feeling. The highlighted phrases bring to mind a feeling of coming in from the cold, a warm light guiding us through the night. The carefully designed sentence structure makes sure that these feelings are associated with Bush himself, as in "When I lit our national Christmas tree..."

The writers of Bush's speech have ended with more happy yet meaningless loaded words and a wish that our Christ-mas be "bright with love."

This oratory has constructed a hap-py, "Leave it to Beaver" America, where our ideals have swept the globe, where we ed in our devotion to God and family. "Our have recently returned from a righteous having recently liberated a small, under-country from the evil clutches of a "mod-Hitler". Bush admitted in another section speech that we are going through some times but don't worry, after all, we are ing "a new age of goodness and hope."

After reading the speech, ask your-the speech is true or false. Is the world the dent has described to us reality or fantasy? his speech is a fantasy, what reasons he have for portraying reality in such a ly distorted fashion?

The reality of the situation is that we ing in an insanely complicated mess ciety. The average citizen, prefer-ly in the fantasy world Bush scribed, has no way of relat-world in which we live. thing he/she has to on is what we read in one realizes that most of its ma-tional im-ment in infor-

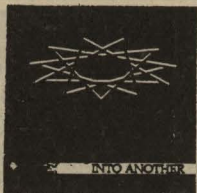
are unit-troops" crusade, d o g ern-day of a h a r d enter- self if presi-And if would gross- are liv-of a so-ring to has de-ing to the The only base an opinion the papers. When national media gets terial on matters of na-portance from the govern-the form of press releases and mation "leaks," it becomes ap-parent that it is very easy for the government to shape public opinion.

Next time you see the text of one of Bush's speeches in a newspaper or maga-zine, go through it and circle all the loaded words, then categorize them into themes, such as "family," "children," etc. Then analyze the speech to find out what they are really trying to say. This is the only way to avoid being continually brainwashed. As Dr. Wilson Key points out, "once the subliminal information becomes apparent to the conscious mind, the persuasive or manipulative potential in the data is destroyed."

If anyone wants to exchange information and opinions write to: PRG, PO Box 1462, St. Louis MO 63022. Article by Randy Royer.

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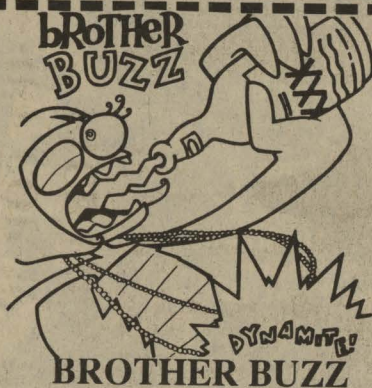


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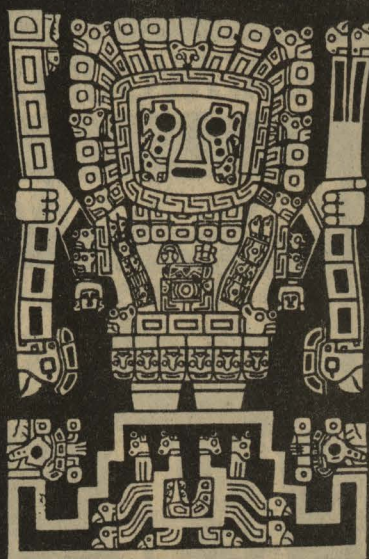
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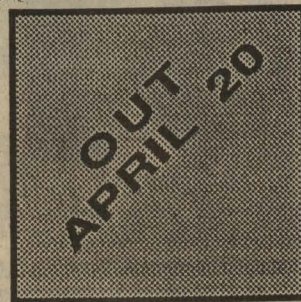
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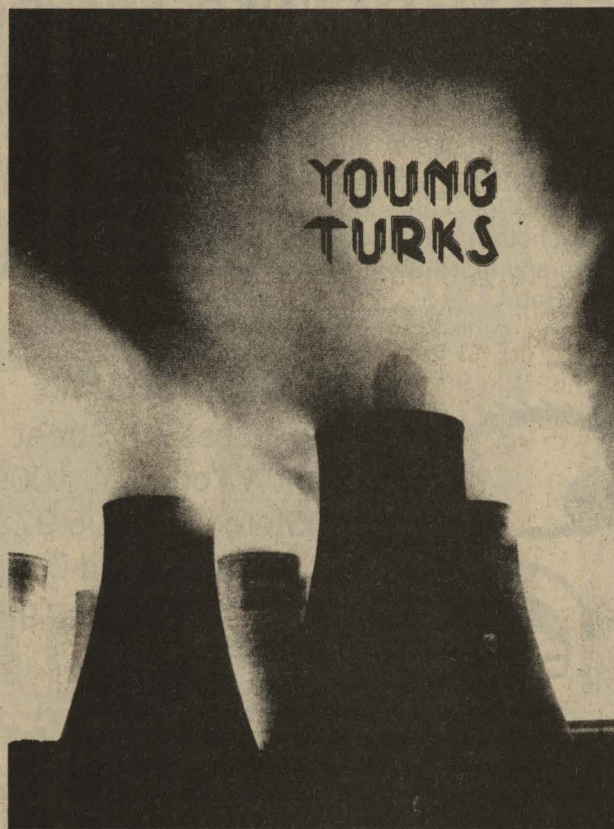
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VAGUE #20: TELEVISIONARIES

Post-punk, post-normal political in the extreme. The Abolition of Work; England - the Miniature Theme-Park of Revolution; a comic strip send-up of "Apocalypse Now" with Psychic Youth; extensive article on the R.A.F.; plagiarism; & more. 100pg \$7.20

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SUBTERRANEAN RECORDS

PO Box 2530

BERKELEY, CA 94702 USA

RECORD REVIEWS

Send MRR your record for review. If possible, send 2 copies of records (1 for review, 1 for airplay). No reviews of test pressings. Staff: (SB) Suzanne Barty, (MC) Mel Cheplowitz, (CD) Chris Dodge, (HD) Harvey Dent, (BD) Brian Devereux, (LD) Lall Donovan, (KG) Karin Gembus, (WG) Walter Glaser, (MH) Michelle Haunold, (DH) David Hayes, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (SK) Sebastian Kimmell, (MK) Mick Krash, (ML) Mike La Vella, (McM) Mike McNeil, (TM) Timmothen Mark, (MM) Mike Millett, (SM) Smelly Mustafa, (NN) Neil Nordstrom, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (DS) Dave Selfert, (SS) Steve Spinall, (KW) Kevin Wickersham, (TY) Tim Yohannan



ABOLITION - "Jesus was a Fuckin' Dick" EP

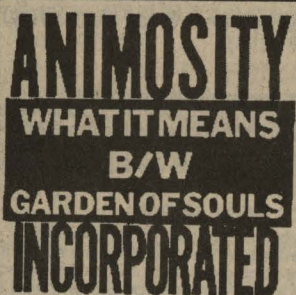
Fuckin' heavy HC/thrash with hell of gravelly, rumbling vocals! The cover forms a booklet whose ideas convey thoughts on oppression, objectification, human rights, procreation and more (in English and German!). Really cool. (KG)
(Equality Records c/o Corey Von Villiez, 1 Risstr 19, 6700 Ludwigshafen, GERMANY)

ALLOY - "Eliminate" LP

I'd forgotten who ALLOY was until I put the needle down on this record, after which I thought I was in tune to JONES VERY. But ALLOY is Mr. Vic Bondi's latest, and also features Mr. Colin Sears (think older DAG NASTY). Some songs stick here; others fall quickly into that slightly too mellow and moody college radio realm. (KG)
(Bitcore/Germany or Bloom Records, Box 361, Boston, MA 02101)

ALTERNATIVES/CARNIVAL OF SOULS - split EP

ALTERNATIVES lays down a dull, atmospheric droner, but the flip by CARNIVAL OF SOULS is a snappy, tight burst of pop-punk with guitar work worthy of Olga TOY DOLL. Worth it for the B-side. (SS)
(L'Age D'or, Neue Kroningerstr 20, 2000 Hamburg 11, GERMANY)



ANIMOSITY INCORPORATED - "What It Means/Garden Of Souls"

This is a very original band from MN. Heavy grungy rock with tuneful vocal harmonies. Yes, it's all those things but, much better. Hope to hear more from these guys soon. (MM)
(7/10 Split Records, 10745 Penn Ave S., Minneapolis, MN 55431)

APARTATE QUE PISO MIERDA - LP

Cool, catchy Spanish punk rock, which registers very high on the head-bouncing meter. While basically straightforward punk, most songs also feature a considerable ska influence. The bizarre/frightening back cover adds to the package. Excellent. (KK)
(Potencial HC, Apdo. Co. 52059, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

APRYK - "Repentance" EP

Slow- to mid-tempo poetic tunes that are very sung. There's a kind of dark gloom to this post punk. They should play with JAWBOX sometime... (KG)
(Boring Records, Box 545, 40101 JKL, FINLAND)

AS IT STANDS - "World That Was" EP

With tunes like "Blood Ties" you get the basic idea of what this record's all about. Moshable, boot-stompin', hard hittin' music that I have to admit is pretty damn good. Be careful though, these guys don't take no shit. (NN)
(Endgame Records, 607 W. 38th St., Baltimore, MD 21211)

ASTA KASK - "Med Is I Magen" CD

One of their LP's with a EP tacked on. Anthemic catchy punk with tons of melody and sing-alongs. Although that's not normally my thing, I've been listening to this for weeks. Totally great, worth searching out. (TM)
(Rosa Honning Records, c/o Dahlbom, Tyskbagargatan 8, S 114 43 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

ATOMIC 61 - "Rip/Digestive Tube Blues"

Last issue I reviewed their 10" which was rather nice and this continues in the same vein. The A side is a satisfying thick uptempo rocker, but the flipside is the clincher: even thicker slow rock which grooves a bunch and is devoid of Seattle "bullshittisms". Pleasant. (WG)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

BAKA MONO - tape

Great noise-punk from the people who bring you Baker's Dozen mag. Wholly unpredictable and raw, with spastic touches a la STEEL POLE BATHTUB and BIG BLACK. Very kickin' and recommendable. (KW)
(\$3, 849C Almar Avenue #154, Santa Cruz, CA 95060)

BLAKK & DECKER - "Car Wars/Made In Hell" flexi

A 2-song job that's got a bit too much hard rock to it for my taste. It is hard-hitting, one slow rocker and one fast tune. For MOTORHEAD fans. (TY)
(Stefan Nilsson, Asöгат 116, 116 24 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

BLUE CHAIR/BLUE-GREEN GODS - split 45

BLUE CHAIR does a nice mid-tempo fuzzed out pop song, pretty vocals. BLUE-GREEN GODS are more dissonant and noisy, kinda boring. (GF)
(Jettison, PO Box 2873, Durham, NC 27715)

THE BRATS - "Burning" EP

Yow! A tasty slab-o-STOOGES derivatives from these Finnish punks. The singers growl convinces one of his ill intent. One excellent love song: "I'm Gonna Take You Away" (from this hell). Yes. (BR)
(MahoPop, PO Box 69, 40101 Jyväskylä, FINLAND)

BUSH LEAGUE - "Sicko" EP

Hardcore with a distant feel. Is it the vocals or the mood? Four songs, some fast, some heavy and slower. (KG)
(Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Rd, Louisville, KY 40205)

CACTOPUS - "Zero Tolerance/Adam and the Bomb"

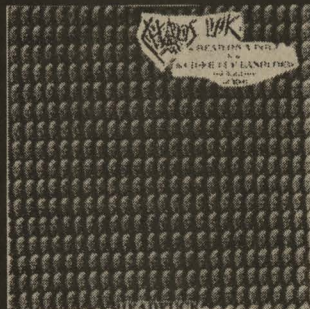
Former Santa Barbara-ites transplanted to SF. I guess this is a theme record to police brutality, although combined with the music, the result is more dada-goofy than straight discourse. Almost KILL-DOZER-ish in parts with sometimes a CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN sensibility thrown in, either that or I'm just having a real hard time pinning it down. (HD)
(Blackjack, Box 2141, Guerneville, CA 95446)



RECORD REVIEWS

CAVE CLOWN MICROWAVE - "Volume 4" tape

Side-splittingly funny! Five people who just send each other weird shit and somebody mixes it together into hilarious stuff. RESIDENTS and FRED FRITH obvious influences on tracks like "Officer Puppy Axe" and "Igloo of Pus". (KW)
(\$4 ppd: Eerie Materials, PO Box 14592, Richmond, VA 23221)



CHAOS UK - "Headfuck" EP

They've got an answer to today's "punk" bands going the money-making major label way with "Head on a Pole"; while on the flip side, we've got a wonderfully melodic drinking tune, and ode to cider of sorts - "Cider up the Landlord". The fourth must-have release from Desperate Attempt. (SB)
(1320 South Third St., Louisville, KY 40208)

CONSPIRACY - "Back to the Beginning" EP

Psychotic thrash with chorus overdrive. Four screaming thrash tunes. Heavy thick neck guitar, great stop/starts. Lyrics dealing with personal issues. (SM)
(Stiff Pole Records, 3665 E. Bay Dr. #204-271, Largo, FL 34641)

CONTRAS - "Rock With..." EP

Came out late last year, a 3-song release that harkens back to the NERVOUS EATERS type of garage punk. Very rock'n'roll, but the non-disgusting type that discards guitar leads for power chords and catchy tunes. Decent. (TY)
(Susstones, PO Box 8425, Minneapolis, MN 55406)



CORROSÃO CAOTICA - EP

Multipaced hardcore with a reasonable number of tempo/direction changes, just enough to keep it upbeat and interesting. Delves at times into a semi-acoustic mode only to jump back into a thrashy vein. Lyrics are all sung in Spanish. Impressive. (TM)
(Slime Records, Apartado 1789, 1017 Lisboa Codex, PORTUGAL)

CRASSFISH - "Play It Loud For Your Neighbourhood" LP

Mid-tempo melodic punk from Germany. The female vocals are sung in English with a clipped German accent. The melancholy lyrics contrasted with happy music reminded me of the FASTBACKS and UPRIGHT CITIZENS. (MM)
(Nasty Vinyl, Riepestr. 17, 3000 Hannover 81, GERMANY)

CREAMING JESUS - "Guilt By Association" LP

Pretty rockin' stuff here. At first impression ED GEIN'S CAR came to mind but this band is heavier and spookier sounding. Powerful and well-played punk with a nice crunchy feel. A lot of attention is paid to effect and it really helps these guys shine through with an original sound. (NN)
(Jungle Records, PO Box 22, Wallington, Surrey, SM6 8UN, ENGLAND)

CRISIS OF FAITH/CHOKEHOLD - split EP

Two Canadian bands that are politically oriented and musically raw (tho C.O.F. tend towards thrashy while CHOKEHOLD are more mid-tempo HC with occasional raves). Lest you think they be too PC, CRISIS OF FAITH lighten it up a bit with a sarcastic jab on their "No Tolerance For Hardline" side. (TY)

(Grinding Edge Records, 195 Apache Trail, Wollowdale, Ont M2H-2J3, CANADA)

CRISIS OF FAITH



NO TOLERANCE FOR HARDLINE

CRY - "Sandra's Having A Baby" EP

This is the grossest record cover. I ain't havin' no kids, no way, no how. No sirreebob. A righteous follow up to their "Prrrt" EP. Unreleased demos recorded in 1990. Good snotty punk from Sweden. (LD)
(no address, SWEDEN)



Sandra's having a baby

THE CUNTS - "Look Out!" LP

The CUNTS navigate the seas between classic RAMONES and "Psychedelic Jungle"-era CRAMPS. Goofy/sick lyrics, driving rockabilly guitar and pogomaniac choruses make this a refreshing excursion into nostalgia. (EW)
(Disturbing Records, 3238 S. Racine, Chicago, IL 60608)

DA WILLIES - "Saturday Nite Palsy" LP

DA WILLIES specialize in riffy punk with hard-edged LOU REEDish vocals. Repetitious songwriting is a minus, but something tells me this may very well turn out to be a pretty good live band. Okay. (SS)
(Breakout Records, Alfons str. 9, 8 Munich 14, GERMANY)

DEAD MOON - "Fire In The Western World/Room 213"

This reminds me more of the RATS (Toody and Fred's underappreciated late 70s punk group) than most of this band's previous output as it has more of a rootsy, western feel rather than a 60s punk sound. The flip is a slow psych tune telling the tale of the "strange goings on" in some Room 213 and maybe tries a little too hard to create a creepy mood. (BD)
(Tombstone, PO Box 1463, Clackamas, OR 97045)

THE DECONSTRUCTION - tape

Interesting rhythmic metal. Reminiscent of later GOVERNMENT ISSUE at times. Intense and introspective lyrics. (KW)
(\$2 ppd: Sean Barney, 1413 Douglas Ave., Kalamazoo, MI 49007)

DIATRIBE - EP

Yes, this is the thing. Mr. Sprouse tells me that this is the demo of an early 80's San Diego band. If you're into CRUCIFIX or earlier DISCHARGE then this slab of vinyl is for you. Features art work by AT's own mail boy Jason Traeger. Pretty fuckin' cool & punk as hell to boot. (LD)
(Revolution Records, UK)



RECORD REVIEWS

DIRT CLOD FIGHT - "Everything That Isn't" LP

Huh. A cross between the PLASMATICS and FAITH NO MORE? Weird combinations of styles glide back and forth across the grooves and make for an interesting but not mandatory release. Really good song titles, though. (ML)
(Flipside, PO Box 60790 Pasadena, CA 91116)



DISCHARGE/CRAZY FUCKED UP DAILY LIFE - split EP

Sweden's DISCHARGE are total old DISCHARGE, so it logically follows that they fuckin' rock. I mean, I've heard so many DISCHARGE-influenced bands, but these guys have got it streamlined! Japan's CFDL have got more of that ENT style going, only the vocals are really high-pitched. Both bands are pissed, lyrically and musically! (SB)
(MCR Company, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

DISENGAGE - "On Television..." tape

A well-played solid offering from these local boys. Mid to fast-paced hardcore not without a fair share of metal. Musically and vocally GBH seems to be a prime influence. Lyrics tackle police brutality, Jonestown, and war resistance. An overall good job. (NN)
(2290 40th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116)

DOG - "My Crushing Vice/El Toro"

Side one has that STOOGES/FLUID thing down pat to an almost incredulous degree. Side two has that TAD . t h i n g down...well you get the idea. (HD)
(Casting Couch, PO Box 476669, Chicago, IL 60622)

DOIN' HORSE - "How I Invented Teenage Violence" EP

The recording here is really garage-y, but there's a cool melody and chunkiness to the scratchy quality. Good feel! (KG)
(Heavy Mental Records c/o F. Hüttig, Hügelsstr. 83, 6000 Frankfurt 50, GERMANY)



DON DON - "Commercialism" EP

Another great Japanese band, this one on an American label. Fast, thrashy, raging. This is certainly one of those records you'd either love or think was totally boring. It's certainly been done before, but this carried itself well enough I didn't get bored. (TM)
(HCR, PO Box 27532, Providence, RI 02907)

DUTCH OVEN - "Whammy/Mary Ellen"

The A-side is a great tune with an intriguing chorus and lovely vocals which should appeal to BLAKE BABIES/VOMIT LAUNCH fans. The flip is also a strong track but in more of a garage vein. (BD)
(Prospective, PO Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406)

ENDINO'S EARTHWORM - LP

The cover brings back fond memories of THE MIGHTY GROUNDHOGS great LP artwork, unfortunately the former, like the later tends to be a bit overindulgent at times. Otherwise you have a pretty solid rock recording here. Jack (SKINYARD) is backed up by Rob Skinner (COFFIN BREAK), D. House and others. If you like "Jamming" pick it up. (ML)
(Cruz, PO Box 7756 Long Beach, CA 90807)

EUTHANASIA - EP

A HUSKER DU influence seems prevalent throughout this two song 7". The first side has an upbeat, motivationally melodic song, while the second side has a much slower dark tune with moody echoness to it. (MK)
(Subcorridor Records, c/o D.O.I., PO Box 936 Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123)

THE EX - "6.6" 12"

Last installment of their 7" series is a 12" with a 7" sleeve (those nutty Dutch). Probably the best of the series, these two songs hit grooves more along the lines of classic EX. Great samples. Great vocals. Great rhythms. Great guitar sound. (LH)
(Ralbör Mailorder, PO Box 14767, 1001 LG Amsterdam, HOLLAND)



FALSE VIRGINS - "Skinjob" LP

The sticker on the cover says "Produced by Lee Renaldo". Two things- First of all, who gives a shit. Second, that's not how his name is spelled. The music here is SONIC YOUTH influenced to put it mildly. Maybe the fact that the album has one good song and a lot of filler is SONIC YOUTH influence too. (MC)
(Brake Out, 11-36 31st Ave., L.I.C., NY 11106)

FINGER - "Ship Full Of Holes" EP

This combo from Raleigh, N.C. offers an original folk-punk number that builds in momentum with some heart-felt guitar propulsion. The flip is a true to the DEAD BOYS cover of "All This And More". (BR)
(Jettison Records, PO Box 2873, Durham, NC 27715)

FLEISCH - LP

A Swiss band with a singer that has a cool voice (similar to Mike Ness of SOCIAL DISTORTION). The songs are good, melodic, and medium to fast paced for the most part, but there's a tendency for them to drag on, falling apart towards the end. (KK)
(Far Out Records, Frank Sheier, Sihlaurain 6, 8134 Adliswil, SWITZERLAND)

FROM OUTER SPACE - "Bored" EP

So much for different countries having different sounds. Lame, indie, college rock is alive and well in Germany. This record possesses all of the worst characteristics of REM and RUSH, which further reinforces its lack of individuality. "Bored" is right! (DS)
(Bellaforte Records, H. Schluter, Eyachstr. 34, 7032 Sindelfingen, GERMANY)

GADFLY - EP

This band blends thought-provoking lyrics with speedmetal and rock. It all seems very sincere, reminding me at moments of BEEFEATER. (MK)
(The Flux Foundation, PO Box 1033, Newport, RI 02840)

RECORD REVIEWS

GILA MONSTER/POOH STICKS - split EP

GILA MONSTER blasts out a loose sort of garage punk, while the POOHs play their usual blend of unusually catchy pop-punk in the POINTED STICKS/UNDERTONES tradition. A getter. (SS)

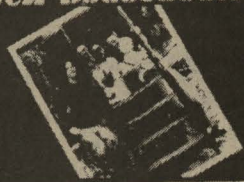
(Sympathy for the Record Industry, PO Box 192, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693)

GAUNT - "Fielders Choice" EP

Head bobbin', spell weavin' STIV BATORS fronts SLUDGE-HAMMER punk-rock. GAUNT got you with the hooks on this one. Sonic gut-bucket melding with strength in drums and bass. A good record! (BR)

(Datapanik Records, PO Box 10243, Columbus, OH 43201)

Generacija BeZ Budućnosti



IMA DA ME SLUŠAŠ!

GENERACIJA BEZ BUDUCNOSTI - "Ima Da Me Slusas!" EP

Four songs that are generally catchy UK '79 type punk, though there are annoying rockish guitar leads that crop up and mar the otherwise enjoyable proceedings. (TY)

(Cinkocki Vladimir, Balzakova 18, 21000 Novi Sad, YUGOSLAVIA)

GET A LIFE - tape

While lacking in the packaging department, the sheer aggressive power of this demo makes it a must. What we got here are six hard-hitting tunes that'll make you wanna go beat the crap out of an authority figure. A lot of power, strength, and extensive use of the word "fuck". Fuck yeah! (NN)

(6 Manchester Dr., Bethpage, NY 11714)

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT - "On A Wing & A Prayer" EP

I guess the SLITS comparison is a little too predictable. Maybe MINUTEMEN meets early FLUX with New York attitude and a half. Noisy as all hell that seems to scream "Fuck You!" from all angles. Cool, obviously. (LH)

(Funky Mushroom, PO Box 100270, Brooklyn, NY 11210)

GREY SPIKES - "Songs For Nobody" EP

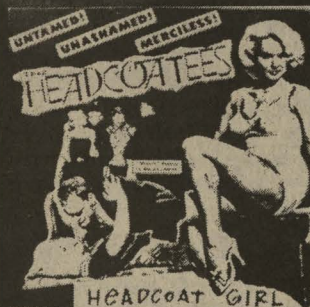
Four guitar cruncher songs that embody the feral juices of the LAZY COWGIRLS and the CELIBATE RIFLES. ".45 o'clock" and "End Of The World" demonstrate the band's serious rock n' roll acumen. Recommended. (BR)

(Vital Gesture Records, PO Box 46100, Los Angeles, CA. 90046)

GRIEF - EP

With total disregard to our eardrums GRIEF offers us their first vinyl release. Heavy, dirgy, and powerful would be an understatement. Throw in some ASBESTOS DEATH-type vocals and you've got pure heaven. Words cannot do justice to this disc. (NN)

(Grievance Records, 21 Thomas Rd., Law, MA 01843)



HEADCOATS/HEADCOATEES - split 45

Well at least there hasn't been boxed sets yet. The HEADCOATS offer up an predictable instrumental and the HEADCOATEES offer their life story over a simple two-chord rocker. I shouldn't complain as both songs are above par. (BD)

(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 6NF, UK)

HEADSPRING - "Ka-Fwap" LP

Heavy discordant noise-rock which reminds me of the MELVINS, SWANS, etc. with a bit more drive, energy, and atmosphere. Not a bad listen; betcha they're huge in Europe or will be. (WG)

(Helter Skelter, Piazzale Delle Provincie 8, 00162 Roma, ITALY)

HEADWOUND - EP

Catchy sing-a-long oi/punk from NJ. Nihilistic and drunk this is the sort of record you like to hate. "Barfly" a song about smelly drunken females is kind of dumb, all in all this is a pretty okay record. (LD)

(Headache 53 Myrtle Ave., Midland Pk., NJ 07432)



HOLY TERRORS - "Cigarettel" EP

"Cigarettel" is very folk-inspired with this highly syncopated multi-layered rhythm section running wild in the background. "Bad Thing" is reminiscent of the DHARMA BUMS with the angst-ridden vocals and the simple melody. The rawness of the production gives both these tunes an amazing heaviness that kept my attention throughout. (MH)

(Esync Ocular Interchange, PO Box 380621, Miami, FL 33139)

HOONAH - EP

DIY progressive rock. Quirky rock funk college radio stuff with raw production. Okay stuff, not too moving. Reminds me of that big "alternative" band LIVE. (GF)

(Nahoo Records, PO Box 729, College park, MD 20741)

THE ICEMEN - "Rest In Peace/The Harsh Truth"

Musclecore from (no surprise) NYC. In spite of their name, these dudes are a bit like SLAPSHOT but beefier. After repeated listenings, this hooked me with it's chuggin' power tunes and Harder-Than-In-Effect sound. It has that ol' chunky NY sound but by no means is it generic. Maybe a less nihilistic version of SHEER TERROR? Whatever it is, it's good. (CD)

(Blackout Records, PO Box 544, Yonkers, NY 10710)

INANGER - "Reality Blind" EP

I swear, this is the month for older English style bands. Oh well, I'm not complaining. This release has an unproduced OI POLLOI sound to it, with a similar style as far as lyrics and militancy. The throaty, echoey vocals give it an original twist, and make this a standout. (SB)

(Tribal War, PO Box 20012, Tompkins Sq. Sta., NY, NY 10009)

INTENT - "Demons Within" EP

There are 2 INTENTs running around, one from the midwest and this one from Albany, NY (even though this is on ReCoreDs, a German label). These guys have a powerful (almost SE) sound, with progressive/emo lyrics that deal with choices, self-reflection, sexual repression, etc. (TY)

(Adam O'Toole, 5 Oxford Rd, Albany, NY 12203)

INTENT - "Drift" 12"

Great sound on this 5-songer. The music is melodic, heavy, chunky, moving, emotive, exciting and very listenable '90s hard-core. Very it!! (KG)

(Drive, PO Box 50512, Austin, TX 78763)

RECORD REVIEWS

JACK KNIFE - "Slayed at 5A" tape

More kick-ass punk from this L.A.-based trio. Though recording quality lags a bit, it sort of lends to their garagey appeal. Hardcore lives! (KW)
(Box 45154, Los Angeles, CA 90045-0154)

JOE WORKER - "Getta Job/Capitol Hill"

Cowpunk from Lawrence, Kansas. I Don't really go for this stuff but Jeff Yee says "They Rock". (MM)
(Roundup Records, PO Box 3695, Kansas City, KS. 66103)

JUDGE - "No Apologies - The Chung King Sessions" LP

A reissue of JUDGE's "Chung King Can Suck it Up" LP out on Revelation in mid-1989. Different song order, but all the same cuts are here, so perhaps this is a winner for those who missed it the first time around. (KG)
(Lost and Found, IM Moore 8, 3000 Hannover 1, GERMANY)

JUNCTION "Falling and Laughing" - EP

Hailing from Pennsylvania, this band has really progressed since their split EP. It's encouraging to hear how the music has developed into tight and complete sound. The song structure and content is intelligent and is filled with a sense of urgency. Good production provides a feeling of spaciousness with full guitar and melodic bass lines. The rhythms are energetic and tight while the vocal interaction and lyrical content reaffirm a sincerity of the whole. (MK)
(Significant Records, PO Box 1113, Camp Hill, PA 17001-1113)

KINGFACE - "Motherfucker . . . Read My Back" - EP

For fans of the late Washington, DC-based "rock" hardcore band KINGFACE comes a new double seven inch. Recorded live in 1988, the sound quality and production are totally lacking. The vocals are much too loud (at least you can hear some great lyrics) and the music volume drops in and out. Aside from these major difficulties this record manages to put across some "inspiring rock". (MK)
(\$6 ppd: Constant Change, 2028 West Main Rd., Middletown, RI 02840)

LAG WAGON - EP

Why does RUSH come to mind? Sure, it's HC, but the vocal interplay (layers, harmonies, etc). Very good sound quality/production. (KG)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146)



LIBERTEEN HOSTESSES - "Girl/Meat"

Two "songs" here showing the morose side of the girl revolution. Side one is an experiment with droning vocals, hardcore riffs and drum machines with the speed on ten. Side two is more along the lines of "Reality Asylum". Graphics are equally unhappy, though effective. (LH)
(Droopy's Death, 1216 Myrtle Ave Apt. 101, Takoma Pk, MD 20912)

LILAWATT - "Not Here" - EP

It's Melodic, it's mid tempo, it's poppy, and it has catchy melodies. It's frustrating to have to fall back on the same old stale, rehashed descriptions but when so many bands sound so similar it seems appropriate. Not to belittle the effort and good intentions of this band, but I'm left wanting something more. (MK)
(Rancine Records, 1376 pearl st.#209, Denver, CO 80203)

LIQUID FAMILY - "Hate City USA" EP

Punk/hardcore that seems to fall a bit short, mostly because they spend too much time trying to be artsy. The third and final track is quite good, avoiding the distractions that plague the other two songs. (KK)
(David Kuzy, RD5 Box 311A, Washington, PA 15301)

THE LOOSE RAILS - "Jerk" 2x7"

4 songs. Great great pop. Straight up. no punk at all. Lotsa guitar, real strong tunes, just raw enough-fantastic. (GF)
(Prospective records, PO Box 6425, Minneapolis MN 55406)

M99 - "Shut it Out" EP

Consisting of 2 ex-OBITUARIES as well as two other folks, M99 opt more for the bar-blues-rock sound. Gruff powerful female vocals are probably the most notable feature of this release. (MH)
(TK Records, 811 SW Front #620, Portland, OR 97204)

M.O.M./AGATHOCLES - split EP

Two sides of auditory panic shared by two continents. Japan's MORBID ORGANS MUTILATION croaks thru a handful of generic, formulaic thrashers. Energetic but not something to make you lose your cookies. AGATHOCLES smokes thru four hair raising (de)compositions. The Belgians are creepy and crusty as ever on this their 9th vinyl release. Their tracks alone are worth hunting this down. I think Linda Lavin would get off on this. (CD)
(Fight Men Records, 8-20-15-711 Hino Kounan, Ku Yokohama 233, JAPAN)

MAGIC BONE - EP

Pained female vocals work well with wah-wah, grungy guitar and grooving tempo to create a dark, jammy ambiance. Interesting. (MK)
(Worry Bird Disk, PO Box 95485, Atlanta, GA 30347)

MANIC DEPRESSION - "It's A Wonder We Aren't All Screaming Like Madmen In Our Sleep" tape

A real professional job here. 26 tunes packaged in a real cover with a nice little lyric sheet. Musically and lyrically these New Yorkers have all the strength, power, and anger of CHRIST ON A CRUTCH in an easy to carry format. This could easily have been an LP. Bravo! (NN)
(Ben Burns, PO Box 104, Buffalo, NY 14226)

MELVANA - "Sacrifice/Way of the World"

This is a bootleg of members of the MELVINS and NIRVANA playing two FLIPPER songs live. The sound quality is fair. JAMES BROWN once said, "What it is is what it is." (WG)
(Teen Sensation Records)



THE MONOMEN - "Wrecker!" LP

The second LP sees Bellingham's favorite sons really coming into their own. Thicker, harder, each song pushing a little further. This should be a real kick in the ass to anyone who's been left cold by these guys in the past. "Wrecker" is to the Monomen what Rock & Roll was to the CYNICS, the LP that defines the band, and places them firmly in garage history. A awesome cover too (front and back). (ML)
(Estrus Records, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

RECORD REVIEWS

MOSQUITO - EP

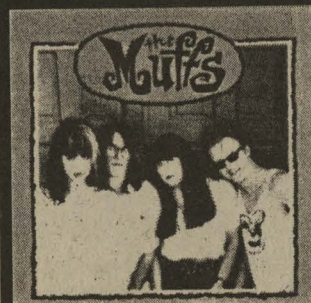
Collaboration between JAD FAIR, STEVE SHELLY of SONIC YOUTH and TIM FOJAHN(?). This is almost deconstructionist tribal/blues as well as other genres pretty effectively pureed and squeezed onto a narrow frequency band. Ultimately, it reminds me of early RALPH records fare as well as German art mumbo-jumbo ie CAN. After a while it takes on a coherency of its own. (HD)

(ERL 418 Madison Ave, Albany, NY 12210)

MUCKRAKERS - "Assassination" EP

A straight ahead rock-n-roll bar band with debts to NEIL YOUNG (maybe), GREEN ON RED, etc. and enough good sense to keep a loud guitar up front in the mix. I was going to dismiss this as disposable but the final track was good enough to listen to twice in a row. (BD)

(Rocket Reducer, PO Box 192, Richfield, WI 53076)



MUFFS - "Guilty" EP

Words alone cannot describe how much I like this band. Combining incredible harmonies with punk spit and power, the MUFFS (two ex-PANDORAS) kick out two more ripping tunes. The rawness and energy of the CREAMERS are probably the closest thing I can compare this band to. This is a must. (MH)

(Au-Go-Go Records, GPO Box 542D, Melbourne 3001, AUSTRALIA)



NEUTRAL NATION - "Don't Get Hurt" EP

This record has a personality disorder. A glance at the back cover, and you're expecting hardcore punk. However, the songs range from m-m-modern rock to punk to blah '70s rock. It all sounds vaguely punk, but? (KK)

(Flux, PO Box 1033, Newport, RI 02840)

NIGHTS AND DAYS - "Full Blast" EP

Imagine '60s trash fueled by a modern punk energy, and you have a good idea of what these four tracks aim for. Recorded live in studio, this 45 is loose, grungy, and pretty cool. (SS)

(1505 NW 6th, Ballard, WA 98107)

NIRVANA - "OK, Let's Rock" LP

A NIRVANA bootleg LP of all "demo material" which does include some unreleased songs. But, in general, this suffers from what most boots suffer from: simply being shitty versions of already-released tunes. Bye. (WG)

(no address)

NORTHERN VULTURES - "Tabarnak Hardcore" CD

One of those records I have a hard time describing. The music is mid tempo punk, good without being exceptional. The lyrics were a lot more impressive, concise, well written, intelligent - covering both personal and political topics adeptly. (TM)

(Fringe, PO Box 670, Station A, Toronto, Ont M5W 1G2, CANADA)

NOFX - "The Longest Line" 12"

The newest release by a band that never ceases to amaze me with their catchy song-writing talent and flawless production. Every one of the five songs on this disc is classic NOFX. Great songs with opinionated, no-nonsense lyrics. And their uncanny ability to put together perfect hooks and riffs makes one question whether they have a special contract with Nickademus, himself. Oh yeah, kill all the white man. (McM)

(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146)

NUISANCE/BITCHCRAFT - split EP

Two new NUISANCE tracks which continue along in their Neil Young drenched punk way. Both are excellent of course, and to me the more upbeat "Sweet Bird of Youth" is the highlight. BITCHCRAFT come back on the flip with a very similar sound as NUISANCE, but with a more dreamier guitar sound. A "mellow" but very unboring little EP. (LD)

(Kirbdog, PO Box 286, Santa Rosa, CA 95402)

OLIVELAWN - "Sophomore Jinx!" LP

Lotsa noise about these boys lately, and it's pretty easy to figure out why. This record is timely. It's influenced by anything that rocks (SKIN YARD, ZZ TOP...) and still maintains a punk rockness that we can all go "yeah" to. Plus O is such a sexy thing... (ML)

(Cargo Records)

OLSEN BANDE - "Brutality" EP

Heavily influenced by the mid-80's HC sound (especially noticeable on several tracks is an early RKL influence), these Germans rip through six songs of above-average listenability. Although the lyrical content is somewhat generic, the combination of the music and vocals makes this a memorable release. (McM)

(Nasty Vinyl, Rieperstr. 17, 3000 Hannover 81, GERMANY)



ONE BY ONE - LP

Thick masses of distorted guitar. Crunching slower passages sliding back into breakneck speed. Lyrics are outlined in a 20 page booklet, and cover topics like tolerance of fascism within punk, selective police protection, pretention, etc. They manage to totally rock without losing their ability to make you think. I'll be looking for a copy of this. (TM)

(Words of Warning, POB 119, Newport Gwent, NP9 7YD Wales, UK)

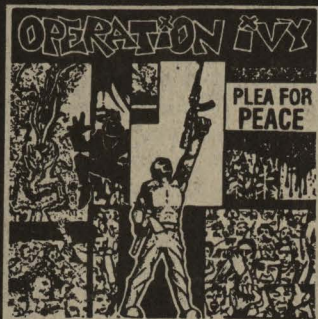
ONWARD - EP

To me, straight edge is straight edge, but a couple of the songs on here do manage to float to the top of the cesspool. "Who to Tell" features scratching, something I've never heard in a hardcore song before, and "Can't Justify" actually has lyrics that were written with some kind of aesthetic sensibility in mind. (DS)

(Onward, c/o Pete, Skovveien 39a, 0258 Oslo 2, NORWAY)

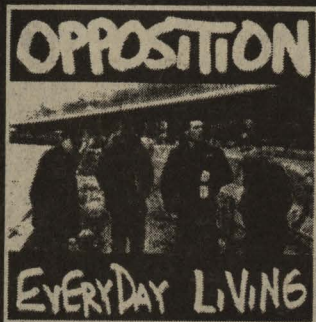


RECORD REVIEWS



OPERATION IVY - "Plea For Peace" EP

An "official bootleg", put out by Eric Yee, Murray, and Joel Wing, with the band's permission and participation. Contains 2 songs from '87 Gilman demo sessions and unreleased 2 tracks from their EP. Excellent sound quality and the title track is a gem. Comes with a great booklet, thick-stock sleeve, and white vinyl. Only 1000, and only available from Epicenter (walk-in) and Blacklist (mail order, \$4.30 ppd), one per customer. (TY) (no address)



OPPOSITION - "Everyday Living" EP

Reminds me of an older style punk - with an anthemic feel to it. Songs about not getting caught in the grind of life's routine. (KG) (43 E. 1st St. #3, New York, NY 10003)

THE OXYMORONS - "St. Jude" EP

Medium-paced hardcore with a bit of midwestern swagger thrown in. I'd vote for THE OXYMORONS before Clinton or Brown; they've got common sense ("Nothing to Feel Bad About") and a sense of humor (a folk cover of Prince's "Little Red Corvette"). (DS)

(The OxyMorons, PO Box 3445, Dayton, OH 45401)

PARASITO - "No Hadas Nada Hoy Que Puedas Dejarlo Pal 92" LP

Fast hardcore thrash that really rips when it hits full throttle. The vocals remind me of the standard Japanese style but switch periodically to a more 7 SECONDS-type singalong mode. A fun goofy attitude abounds but the lyrics cover a lot of serious topics. Lots of neat inserts and artwork too. I just wish I paid more attention in Spanish class. (NN)

(Potential Hardcore, Apdo. Co. 52.059, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

PATARENI/BUKA - split EP

Despite being virtually shut off from the world as a result of a civil war, these Croatian bands are still churning out demented slabs of aaargh-core. They're basically the same band, but for the sake of argument both PATARENI and BUKA surge through two sides of unstoppable wax with bulldozing noise-thrash. Primitive and abrasive. As they say, "keep lazying and noisying!". (CD) (Psychomania, PO Box 19, Alloa FK10 2YE, SCOTLAND)

PAVEMENT - "Slanted and Enchanted" LP

Well, it's about motherfuckin' time! The bay area's next big thing* finally get out a full length album. Each release seems to be heading more and more into the pop direction and further away from the noise. The pop songs are still pretty great with a VEL-VET's feel. Something about that casual, thrown together, a mature feel... Like most albums, it hits and it misses. "Summer Babe" is still the real high point. (LH) *kinda (Matador Records, 611 Broadway Suite 712, New York, NY 10012)

PAXSTON QUIGGLY - tape

These folks are part of the new school of East Bay peace "punk". Being the schlub that I am, I've always missed their live shows but I was pleasantly surprised with this cassette. They're far superior to the majority of their East Bay compadres by mixing straight forward driving punk tunes with a NAUSEA-ish approach. Dual-gender vocals and good sound quality, especially for a Gilman recording. Swell. (CD)

(PO Box 210, 2625 Alcatraz Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705)

POISON IDEA - "Blank Blackout Vacant" LP

The most straightforward hardcore punk they've hurled our way in some time. And while a no-frills blitz, it's not at all a generic, unmemorable release. The key: fast and catchy. Reminds me of early BLACK FLAG in that way. (TY) (Taang, PO Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

BLANK
Poison
BLACKOUT
Idea
VACANT

POJAT - "Irti" CD

RAMONES meet NAKED RAYGUN in Finland. The individual songs managed to maintain some degree of memorability, while still adhering to their overall 'sound'. Not bad. (TM) (Poko Records, PO Box 483, SF 33101, FINLAND)

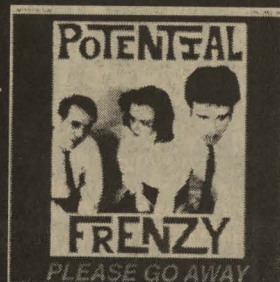
THE POPSICLE MELTS - "Astronaut Ice Cream Treats" tape

Flanged-out, twangy guitars and neat animals sounds highlight this experimental ditty. Very minimal, sparse stuff with lots of cool touches. "Lemonhead" is lovely. (KW)

(\$3 ppd: Eerie Materials, PO Box 14592, Richmond, VA 23221)

POTENTIAL FRENZY - "Please Go Away/Airwaves (Paid Off)"

Neo 60's garage pop band out of Orlando Fla. hit with two real catchy tunes. "Please Go Away" has really cool female vocals. Fans of the PANDORAS would like this a lot. (MM) (Potential Frenzy, 1992 Neptune, PO Box 736, Orlando, FL 32802)



PRISONSHAKE - "Someone Else's Car" EP

The current outing by these guys is not as inspired as "Spoo". It's melodic, and it's rhythmic but it doesn't push beyond the threshold. We'll wait and we'll see. (BR) (S.R.I.)

PROBLEM CHILDREN - "More Noize From the Playpen" tape

Straightforward, tight, high-energy punk rock with "beer and cigarettes" vocals. Jesus, I can't imagine anything more honest and sincere than this. It's nice to know some people still give a fuck. (DS)

(Problem Children Wrekords, PO Box 133, Dunnville, Ontario, N1A 2X1 CANADA)

PSEUDONYMPHS - "Anuthaday/Blood"

Mix the bass a little lower and this could pass for jazz. Yes, there are horns! And if you didn't have a lyric sheet, you'd swear she (it's an all-woman band) was either scatting (vocalizing random syllables) or singing in some non-English language. Lots of musical tangents and quirks here. Refreshingly different without being unbearably artsy. *Bright* red vinyl! (EW)

(Pigseye Records, PO Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406)

RECORD REVIEWS

RAID - "Above the Law" CD

The music isn't bad - driving and crunching (A la NYC in days of yore) - it's not the music that gets my attention. Pretty predictably pompous, dogmatic, intolerant lyrics. Their self-righteousness is no different to me than any Born Again Christian forcing garbage down my throat. To quote a friend "You make me want to eat a Big Mac." (TM)
(Hardline Records, PO Box 490, Laguna Beach CA 92652)

REAL DEAL - LP

Slightly metallic, mid-tempo, pissed and powerful hardcore that glowers with soreheaded rage bringing a much needed breath of hostile air in today's glut of safe, post-teen angst crap. These malcontents, hailing from Britain, Italy, and Switzerland, have renewed my faith in the power of straight forward hardcore. Excellent. (McM)
(Far Out Records c/o Frank Scheier, Stettbachstr. 39, 8600 Dübendorf, SWITZERLAND)

ROMULANS - "She's Tara/Psychedelic Kingbee"

The A-side is a typical garage/pop/psych track while the flip veers off into PLASTICLAND. Competent, but as with a lot of this genre, it comes across uninspired. (BD)
(Susstones, PO Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406)

SADISTIC INTENT - 45

I found this one in a glass case with a sign saying, "Break glass in case of burning desire to send Tim Yo into seizures". High caliber death thrash that is both metal and heavy without being heavy metal. Performing with backbreaking speed, this five-piece howls thru two gloomy speed trips with verve. Not distinct in any way from the rest of the genre, but positively kickin' in its own right. (CD)
(no address)

SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE - 12"

Ten songs, nine with Steve Albini. It sounds like a typical Albini project, with the gruff, angsty vocals and generally doom-laden atmosphere. A soundtrack to a bad acid trip, (EW)
(Flipside Records)



SCREAMING BLOODY MARYS - "Devil Rock" EP

High powered late 70's style rock n' roll. Really fast and tight but the production makes this sound cleaner than I think they are. (MH)
(SFTRI)

SEAWEED - "Weak" LP

Wow. Sounds more like DC than Seattle. So much for stereo-types. Rock & roll emo, like a more rockin' DAG NASTY. Really good tuneful marshall-chunk-chord emo rock. (GF)
(Sub-Pop)

SECOND THOUGHTS - "Alone in Time" tape

Each song reminds me of a different band, although they have enough originality to maintain their individuality. Let's just say that they're, um...soulful art metal. (DS)
(Red Dog Records, Thompson King, 1045 12th St, Boulder, CO 80302)

SHATTER - LP

Really loved their debut 7" and was especially anticipating this LP because now that FLIPPER have gone over to a major in an unseemly fashion, at least these guys were around. But surprisingly, while these songs are largely FLIPPERish in tempo, their sound has gotten a bit more updated than their mentors', has more variety without sacrificing simplicity. Good stuff. (TY)
(Chris Sigdell, Freiburgstr 7, CH-4057 Basel, SWITZERLAND)

SHOCK TREATMENT - "Distorted Views" EP

Has the look and sound of earlier raw English punk. The lyrics deal with the traditional UK political punk stuff- racism, prison, anti-hunting, and anti-Coke. Pretty nifty. The sound quality could be improved somewhat, but it kinda adds to that "early punk" feel. (SB)
(c/o Darren, 93 Hawkfield Rd., Whitechurch Park, Bristol, BS13 0BH), UK



SHONEN KNIFE - "712" LP

If you like novelty acts, and most alternative fans do, these three women from Japan may be just your cup of tea. They play lightweight pop fluff which is cute at times. This is sort of a greatest hits collection. There are highlights but a little goes a long way. (MC)
(Rockville Records)

16 BLASARE UTANHJARNA - "Vem Ska Bara Hundhuve't" LP

Tuneful hardcore from Sweden, sung in Swedish. Sounds a lot like SAMIAM. Lotta neat dark guitar stuff. Very nice. (GF)
(Fetvadd Records c/o Mikael Karlsson, Rydsvagen 70A, 582 48 Linköping, SWEDEN)

SKELETON ED - "Fridley Bound/Cows Come Home"

Pleasant nerd-pop here not unlike the YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS (though with less of a developed schtick) hooky and all that but not particularly memorable. (HD)
(Prospective, PO Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406)

SLAKING AWAY - "Cure" EP

Very guitar heavy, almost folkish at times. These Georgians pay homage to the AFGHAN WHIGS a bit. A full LP will tell the story. (ML)
(Wuxtry, 641 E. Morningside Dr., Atlanta, GA 30324)

SNUFF - EP

Two previously released tracks - "That's Fine" and "What Kind of Love" (live) - and a new one, "Den Den", are offered from this now defunct band. By the way, "Den Den" is a gussied up Japanese nursery rhyme/song - the cultural equivalent of "Itsy Bitsy Spider", if you will. Definitely worth checking out, especially for those fans of cheeky English poppy punk. (McM)
(K Records, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507)



RECORD REVIEWS

Society Gone Madd!

KXLU

88.9 FM

LOS ANGELES

SOCIETY GONE MADD - "Live at KXLU" EP

Good sounding radio recording with seven cool SoCal punk/hardcore songs. A fine record - this is punk rock. Some songs appeared on the band's first LP. (KK) (Viable Utterance Records, PO Box 4191, Burbank, CA 91503)

SPLINTERED - "Parapraxis" LP

Had these guys first 7" and can't remember a thing about it. This is post-punk noise characterized by a loud rhythmic drumbeat and loose and often unmemorable musicianship. Could be HEAD OF DAVID "Dustbowl" under a ton of distortion. (WG) (Intellectual Convulsion)

SPRINKLER - "Marble" EP

Sounding like a cross between TAR and SURGERY, SPRINKLER subscribe to that Amphetamine Reptile opaqueness. The vocals are way back in the mix and there's layers upon layers of guitar frenzy on "Landlord". "Marble" is a less-saturated song, but retains that same layered sound. (MH) (TK Records, 811 SW Front Suite 620, Portland, OR 97204)

STRANGULATED BEATOFFS



STRANGULATED BEATOFFS - 2x7"

Although this is a nice package with a cool, comic book sleeve, I have never quite caught the appeal of these guys. Their music relies on a basic, slow, grinding, distorted, rhythm with some samples sprinkled on top. It works on "Exorcist III", but the rest bored me. (WG) (SkinGraft, PO Box 738, St. Charles, MO 63302-0738)

STRETCHHEADS



STRETCHHEADS - "Barbed Anal Exciter" EP

Psycho weirdos playing music! They reach the darkest parts of the thrash zone, then step out into some smokey jazz riffs, then erupt into a noise explosion. You got me? They must be crazy! Intense drummer and vocals. All aboard for the crazy train! (SM) (Blast First, 429 Harrow Road, London W10 4RE, UK)



SUBTLE TURNHAIRS - "Quack Quack/Where Have All the Surf Boys Gone"

This has a really great early driving punk-pop sound ala THE BUZZCOCKS harder tunes, mixed with an equal amount of the 90's guitar torture. Fantastique! (ML) (Black & Noir, FRANCE)

SWASTIKA - "Grieve" EP

Quick and energetic with an overflow of aggression. Flies all over while maintaining a backbone of cohesion. Well produced, well focused. All around great record. (TM) (Dommy Records, 102 Blue Sky, 3885-2 Nakanogou, Fujikawa-Chou Ihara-gun, Shizuoka-Ken 421-33, JAPAN)

SWIZ - "With Dave" EP

Recorded in 1988 before their demise, this incredible record has four previously unreleased songs. Sounding similar to their "Hell Yes I Cheated" LP, SWIZ can still rock with their unique brand of body shaking/head smashing hardcore. Shawn Brown's lyrics are insightful with an introspective slant. My favorite song, "Paralysis," ranks up with their best songs. (MK) (Jade Tree, 2310 Kenn Wynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810)



TABLE - "Gagbox/Unwind"

Thought this sounded like a mellow version of BIG BLACK. Then I saw it was recorded by Steve Albini. Played it a few more times. Still sounded like a mellow version of BIG BLACK. That's not a bad thing, really. (MM) (Spangled Records, Box 477416, Chicago, IL 60647)

TATTOOED CORPSE - "Graveyard Agogo" EP

Brutal onslaught of vocal power. Hard driving punk with killer rock leads. Four songs on this slab of raw meat. TATTOOED CORPSE has a MISFITS appeal to it. That is, if the MISFITS could have played their guitars. This slab just gave me a taste. I am hungry for more TATTOOED CORPSE. (SM) (Nasty Vinyl, Riepestr 17, 3000 Hannover 81, GERMANY)

THERAPY? - "Caucasian Psychosis" LP

Was told by folks I respect that these guys were the cat's meow. This seems to come from the BIG BLACK/ KILLING JOKE school (after all, it is on Touch & Go), but THERAPY? has their ups and downs. A few tracks are simply lackluster, but blowouts like "Loser Cop" and others make things a bit more interesting. (WG) (1/4 Stick, PO Box 25342, Chicago, IL 60625)

37 HOSTIAS - LP

Powerful, propulsive punk that puts the rock in punk rock. There's even traces of CHUCK BERRY buried deep in that guitarwork! This doesn't sound that angry, but has kind of a hard-earned wisdom to it. Get it - it inspired me to play Nerf basketball with a strobe light on. (DS) (Potencial Hardcore, A. 52.059, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

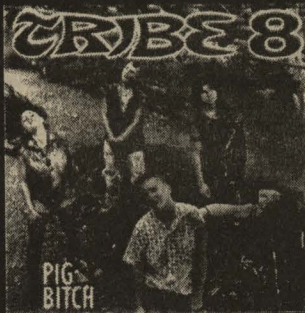
THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS - "You Can't Kill Stupid" LP

Band from Columbus, OH unleashing really I think, as they have on their previous releases, a unique garage/art mutant 'rock' which has more in common with fellow non-categorists like VERTICAL SLIT and even early PERE UBU than for instance PRISONSHAKE. Some good songs here in a sorta wirey art/psych/pop bent with the brilliant idiot savant singing of RON HOUSE. And also, its free if you write to... (HD) (Datapanik 1992-B N. High st. Columbus OH 43201)

TRI-STATE KILL SPREE - "Bath Tub Meth" EP

I guess when you put out as many records as Sympathy, you'll sooner or later put out great records. It's a matter of increasing the odds. Three songs from this SoCal outfit fitting somewhere (hatefully) between ROLLINS and early '80s hardcore. Hard guitar sound and fuck vocals. Cool artwork too. (LH) (Sympathy for the Records Industry)

RECORD REVIEWS



TRIBE 8 - Pig Bitch - EP

TRIBE 8 is one of the hottest bands to cum out of S.F. in years. These dykes kick ass harder than most of the boy bands usually covered in this mag. Songs about police violence, neanderthal dykes, gang rape & the anthemic "Femme Bitch Top" prove these real grrrls (womyn) are Punk as Fuck. (MM) (Harp Records, PO Box 460465, San Francisco, CA 94146)

TURUN TAUTI - EP

Typical mid-tempo finish hardcore with an occasional horn section thrown in. O.K., but not quite as good as some of their earlier releases. (KK) (Hataapu, Petri Vallin, PO Box 586, 20301 Turku, FINLAND)



2000 DS - "K-137, Live Musik" EP

Incredible live sound quality that was recorded at a squat (K-137) in E. Berlin. The message on the side of the squat reads: "The boundry does not run between nations but between the upper and lower classes". Squat-core attitudes with a lyrical style much like old SUBHUMANS. Musically though, they're of the slower crusty variety. I'm into it! (SB) (Tribal War, PO Box 20012, Tompkins Sq Sta., NY, NY 10009)

TYRANNICIDE - "Hard Like A Machine/His And Hearse"

The first vinyl in a long time for these DIY metallers. I gotta say the first tune is a little too technical and stylish for my tastes but it's not bad and I think it's growing on me. "His And Hearse" shines through though like one of the finer moments of their awe-inspiring LP. I wish metal wasn't such a bad word cuz these Bay Area guys are punker than a good deal of the bands out there. (NN) (Bad Card, BP N6, 59271 Viesly, FRANCE)

VAMBO MARBLE EYE - "Half Step/Seventh Street"

Tuneful folksy punk with psychedelic guitar wanking and some nice riffs. A dose of head-nodding spaciness that still manages to stay heavy. (EW) (Off White Records, PO Box 814, Bowling Green, OH 43402)

VENOM P. STINGER - "Live" LP

Their first domestic release recorded live in a radio station. Doing songs from all their previous Oz releases. This is Aussie pound-squawk in the KINGSNAKE/BIRTHDAY PARTY mode. Truly momentous head of steam generated with the always present kinetic drumming and some very mercurial dissonance generated by the always unrelenting guitar player. Sounds like a good moment caught on tape and we certainly can be thankful for that. (HD) (Anopheles, PO Box 73043, Davis, CA 95617)

VERTIGO - "Burnin' Inside/3220"

I can't really think of any other band that these guys sound like, so give 'em some points for originality. Side one is a moody number with guitar and vocals both verging on arena rock without ever actually becoming lame. Side two (a ROBERT JOHNSON cover - more points) is more upbeat and moshable. Both grew on me after a few listens. I see they're signed to AmRep, but this is on. (EW) (Inspid Records, PO Box E155, St James 2000, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

VINE - tape

These guys have the churning, juggernaut rhythm section and the maniacal, riff-obsessed guitar. Song explanations that are more abstract than the lyrics. Reminds me of SOULSIDE at times. (DS) (\$3 ppd: Vine, 530 Sprague, Kalamazoo, MI 49006)

VISCULAR BASALT - "Schlaugen" EP

Sounds like a band who is influenced by GREEN DAY. The vocals aren't as good. The production is garageband, but 3 of the 4 ood and the energy is there. (MC) (Monk Records, 1718 S. Sander, Appleton, WI 54915)

THE VOODOO GLOW SKULLS - "Rasta Mis Huevos" EP

Much like OPERATION IVY, alternating between hardcore and punk-ska. The hardcore stuff is a lot more thrash than the Berkeley gang was. Catchy choruses, fast stuff, horns on the ska stuff. Good record. (GF) (SSSR, PO Box 1861, Victorville, CA 92392)



WOOFER - "Courier/In Sequins"

Although as a child I used to affectionately refer to our neighbor's dog as "The Woofer", this is an interesting solo project by O, who is the guitarist for OLIVELAWN. This two song thing is like a more "out there" BIG BLACK with guitar bits which range from thick to almost atmospheric. (WG) (Sympathy for the Record Industry)

WORNOUT - EP

Five song EP featuring fast-to-very fast thrash style songs. Most of the stuff is good quality. The couple of standouts manage to retain the melodic qualities of punk even at thrash-level speed. Swiss band, English lyrics. (KK) (Far Out Records, Frank Scheier, Sihlaurain 6, 8134 Adliswil, SWITZERLAND)

WOUNDED KNEE - "Feelings" LP

This thrash band plays fine, but the lead singer is average at best. Though the songs might not be exceptional, there are enough musical ideas to keep this from becoming generic. One side has English lyrics, the other side is in Swedish. (MC) (Wounded, Box 193, 612 24 Finspang, SWEDEN)

WRECKAGE - "Phoenix Rising" tape

Not the cheesy death metal I expected from the cover. Not very good, either. Five bad, over-produced, quasi-punk songs from five guys who take themselves way too seriously. (DS) (Tony Lestat, 638 West Knoll Dr #4, West Hollywood, CA 90069)

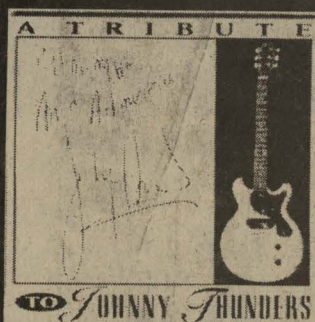
ZEN BUTCHER - "Degreed in the Greed" tape

Excellent! Straight-forward, clean, diverse and tight mid-west punk. Kind of like the EFFIGIES with that with soaring "Everything Falls Apart"-era HUSKER DU guitar sound. (KW) (Bring it on Records, 1230 City Park, Columbus, OH 43206)

RECORD REVIEWS

V/A - "A Statement..." 12"

Is hard to follow without a lyric sheet. Cool minimal cover, but a little info would be helpful. Here's a blow by blow of the five bands. "Hi, we're a catchy, pop-punk band with some nice singing." "We're NEUROSIS, man. No, we're early YES. No, we're NEUROSIS again." "Hey, we're SUPER-TREE-BREAKER-FAN-CLUB... And hell a good at it." "We're nice and melodic, but we thrash too." "We're angry, raw and punk." (LH)
(Hope Records c/o Nall McGurk, 31 Hazel Rd, Donnycarney, Dublin 9, IRELAND)



V/A - "A Tribute to Johnny Thunders" 2x45

Good collection of covers by Portland, Oregon bands commemorating the life of one of the most influential guitarist/songwriters of the late seventies. M99 does a female power throat version of "Pirate Love". NAPALM BEACH selects "Chatterbox" and does a damn decent kick out the jams routine on it. MULE and RANCID VAT are also represented. (BR)
(T/K Records, 811 SW Front #620, Portland, OR 97204)

V/A - "Get Yourself A Crash Helmet ..." LP

Besides having the longest title on the face of punk rock, this here is an LP of 14 hard hitting bands from "Yurp" (sic). Includes the VARUKERS, ONE BY ONE, SHOCK TREATMENT, and BLITZKRIEG. Runs from Oi-ish punk, to dirge to UK buzzsaw anarcho stuff. SHOCK TREATMENT and PARADOX UK are my fave tracks, a winner all around. (LD)
(Retch records, 49 Rose Crescent Woodvale, Southport, Merseyside 8 PR8 3 RZ, UK)

V/A - "Lemon Music" EP.

This comes free with *Lemon* zine #13, which I didn't see so can't say anything about. The label says 45, but it sounds as though side "Bobby" is 33 and side "Mindy" is 45. On the other hand, if you play "Bobby" on 45, it will be over sooner. WELCOME MAT and YOU AM I play some of the most boring "modern rock" crap around. The COAL PORTERS serve up a sappy pop tune (hand-claps, anyone?) that sounded good for about a minute, right after listening to the above-slagged shit, but then I realized it's basically bad. Then the POPPIN' MAMAS blast out a ragin' hardcore tune! Go figure.... (EW)

(\$6 to PO Box 651, Glebe NSW, 2037, AUSTRALIA)



V/A - "Sounds From The Street Vol 2" EP

TATTOOED CORPSE turn in one hot raging punk number, OUTCRY come close, SWINGSET are so-so, and LEFT NOT close it out upbeat. Bands span the US, all heavily into rockin' old style punk.. (TY)
(Nasty Vinyl, Rieperstr 17, 3000 Hannover 81, GERMANY)

V/A - "Starving Dog Eats Master" LP

If you haven't experienced the wonder that is Japanese hardcore, now's a good time to start. The likes of CRUCK, NIGHTMARE, and DEATHSIDE provide all-too-short a sample and left me begging for more. Not to be missed. (NN)
(Bloodsucker Records, no address, JAPAN)

V/A - "Super Hits Volume 1" EP

Four faster-than-thou bands combine talents and put together a pleasant little package. ASPIRIN FEAST, MEAT MINDER, and DUMPT all opt for the straightforward thrash approach. NORTH AMERICAN BISON toss a little jazz into their style but really don't deviate from the norm all that much. A must for all speed freaks. (NN)

(Jam Records, PO Box 19806, Seattle, WA 98109)

V/A - "Swiss Underground Vol 2" LP

Hit and near miss. Tracks here from RAW DEAL, X-LARGE, ZOT, DESTROY TO BUILD, OSTERLU, PROFAX, AUTOPSY, LOUGAROO and WORNOUT. The RAW DEAL, WORNOUT and ZOT songs had the most lasting impression. Everything else seemed ok without being extraordinary. The exception to that were LOUGAROO, who were so bad I couldn't listen to either of their songs all the way through. About as good as the first. Noble, but falls short of being essential. (TM)
(Far Out, Sitlaurain 6, 8134 Adliswil, SWITZERLAND)

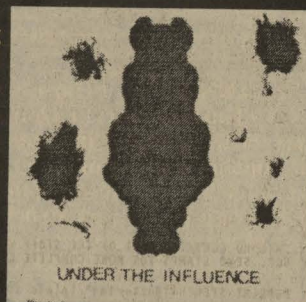
V/A - "Teriyaki Asthma Vol. 7" EP

SUPERCUNK turn out a tune called "Sister" which is not one of their best. TSUNAMI makes a nice statement with "Punk Means Cuddle" (which, by the way, I couldn't agree with more). THE POSTER CHILDREN are true to form with "It's True," the best cut this time around. And HAMMERBOX do their best Sinead O'Conner thing one more time. (ML)
(C/Z Records)

V/A - "Under the Influence" EP

A compilation of bands doing cover songs by groups that inspired them! JUST SAY NO does an AERO-SMITH song, retro 70's crap. Well, they are from Michigan so it's not hard to understand. JACK SCRATCH attempts a shot at MOTORHEAD!! ALL YOU CAN EAT comes off with an unbelievable cover of BAD BRAINS. All in all it's just music. (SM)

(Warning Records, PO Box 138, Elmhurst, IL 60126)



V/A - "Vagra Anpassning" CD

Overall a solid comp. Most bands seem to play with some degree of originality. The better poppy showings are from the STREBERS and LIVING SACRIFICE, while the better straight on punk comes from ASTA KASK, TREDJE KONET and SABOTAGE 81. Also includes stuff from RAW ANIMAL and PUKE. (TM)

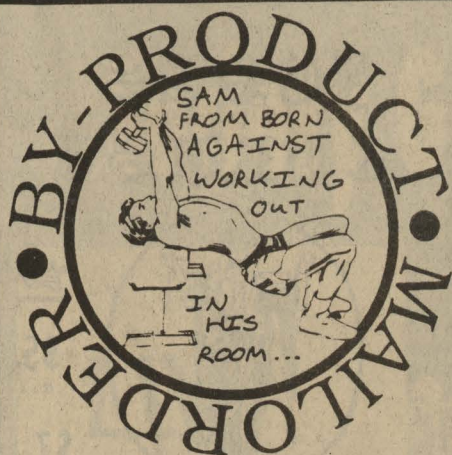
(Rosa Honnng Records, c/o Dahlbom, Tyskbagargatan 8, S 114 43, Stockholm, SWEDEN)

V/A - "We Bite America: The Collection" LP

What we have here is 16 bands (one Italian, 4 American, and 11 from Germany) each throwing in a song. Musically, this covers thrash for the most part; some punk and a few achingly wretched "rock/metal" tunes are included also. Well, this comp helps to clear up one issue - what is it being bitten? The answer, quite possibly "the big one". Just a joke, but you get the picture. (McM)
(We Bite America, PO Box 10172, Chicago, IL 60610-0172)

V/A - "You Make Me Wanna Puke" EP

Cool German hardcore comp. with HAMMERHEAD, ABOLITION, STEP INTO NOWHERE and NOTHING REMAINS. A booklet format allows each band to graphically/lyrically shed progressive thoughts and expression. Rad release. (KG)
(Equality Records c/o Corey Von Villiez, 1 Rissr 19, 6700 Ludwigshafen, GERMANY)



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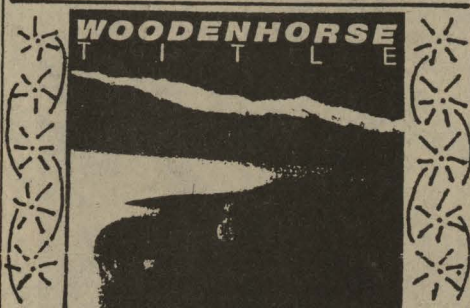
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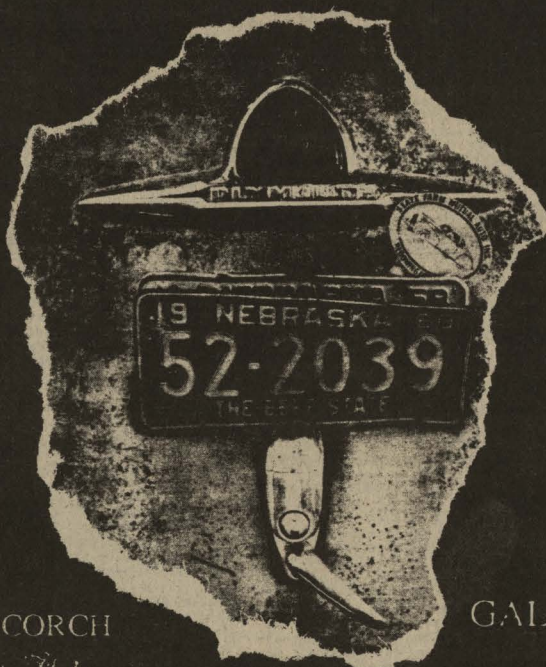
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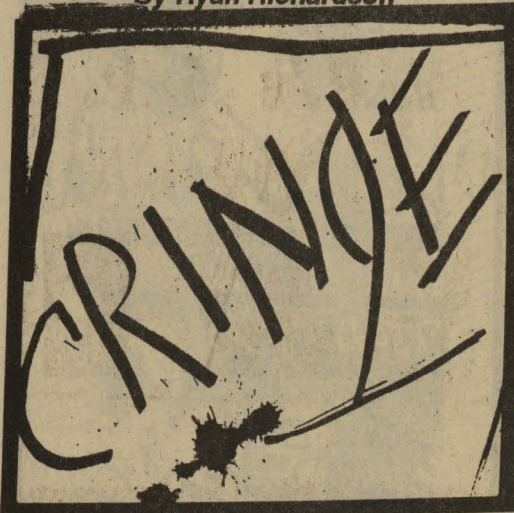
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By Ryan Richardson



Welcome to the scumptit... just when you thought Texas was just a big wide open space full of cowboys and tumbleweed. Since I'm currently being indoctrinated in Connecticut, I figure what better activity to engage in than writing about

bands and records from way back home, way back when. So here's the dope... the bulk of this article focuses on the labels and bands which emerged in the Dallas area from 1978-1981 although I've included a brief list/commentary on Houston and Austin collectables at the end of the article.

DALLAS AREA:

One of the most sought after discs from this period is the awesome VOMIT PIGS (VPs) "Take One EP" (1978). This is some of the most original, rockin' stuff to come from Dallas and is, of course, extremely difficult to find. About this time, ESR (Electric Slum Records) emerged on the scene (thanks to the financial help of Bryce Parker) with their first release by the DOTVAETH GROUP's (named after an art teacher) "White Collar Worker" 7in. (1978). This is a so-so live recording which is, nonetheless, a rocker. ESR's second release is the definitive vinyl and a must-have of the period: the "Are We Too Late For The Trend?" compilation (1979) with notably great tunes by the Vomit Pigs, Infants, Blindate and the Skuds. ESR's last release by MEATJOY came after a five year hiatus and a move to Austin. This LP is a somewhat indescribable, eclectic mix of stuff by an all-female group; it has a couple punk-type tunes, some experimental stuff, live stuff, etc. All covers for the Meatjoy LP are hand-done and every cover is different. All the ESR releases are extremely difficult to find but definitely worth it. The NERVEBREAKERS (also on the ESR comp.) were one of the more popular bands of the period and had the fortune (sic) of opening for the Sex Pistols when they came to Dallas. The "Politics EP" (1978) was their first release and was followed by "Hijack The Radio b/w Why Am I So Flipped?" 7in. (1979). There supposedly exists a super-rare "Why Am I So Flipper" sleeve for this 7in., but I'm beginning to have my doubts. Their last disc (following a line-up change) was "Girls, Girls, Girls," (1981), a gig-only thang on blue vinyl with no sleeve. All Nervebreakers' stuff was released on the Wild Child label and, though not as rare as other records of the period, are still somewhat elusive. Also in 1981, a scant thirty minutes away in Fort Worth, Cygnus Records was pressing

(and soon thereafter destroying) the HUGH BEAUMONT EXPERIENCE "Cone Johnson EP." This is one of the rarest Texas records (only 200-300 copies in existence) by a bunch of 15-17 year olds who managed to crank out a great record save for the occasional slips into pseudo-English vocals. Meanwhile, back in Dallas, the ill-fated CRINGE released their incredible (and incredibly rare) 4-song EP; 300 pressed so good luck on this one. Also in 1981, the HUNS, known for their wild stage antics (which were later condemned by their "born again" singer), released the Busy Kids 7in. on God Records. Although the A-side leaves much to be desired, the awesome B-side ("Glad He's Dead") makes up for it (and has lyrics to offend anyone and everyone as an added bonus). Other notable 7-inchers from 1981 include the BARRY KOODA COMBO "What Do You Want From Me?" (also on ESR comp.), PLUTONIUMS "Right For The Time," and DEPROGRAMMER "Instant Passion" (later moved to L.A.).

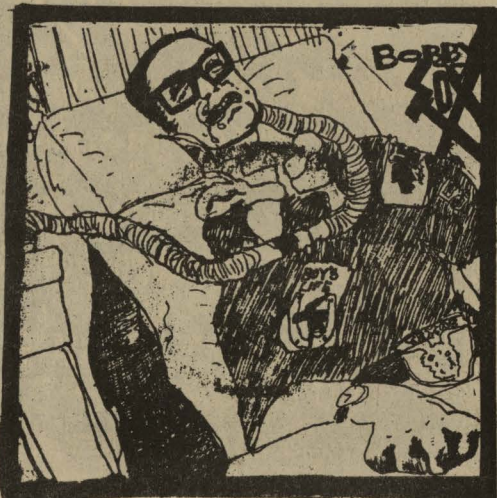
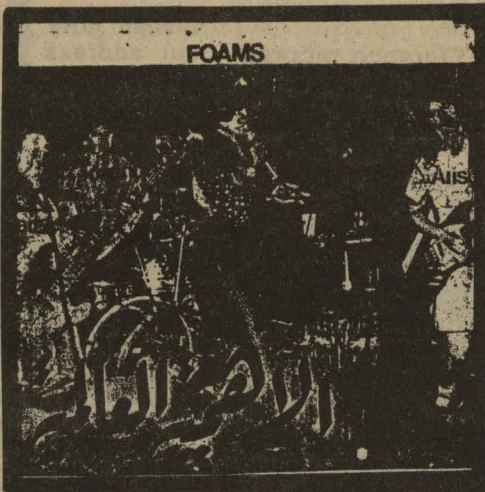
1981 also saw the beginning of the prolific VV Records. This label was predominantly pop-punk bands, some of which are great but an equal number of incredibly bad synth-pop bands. Nonetheless, a complete discography of the label is provided below with notes on pressings and occasional comments (if there's not any, this indicates that it's just a pretty ho-hum record).

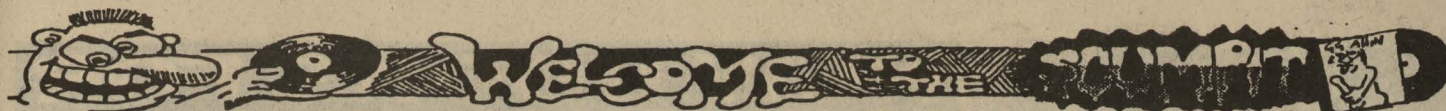
7-inch:

- 01- Schematics "Promises" Glossy black sleeve
- 02 - Telephones "Ballad of Jerry Godzilla" (one of the better releases by one of the most popular bands of the period)
- 03 - NCM "Ultimate Orgasm" (Necessary VV. 1st pressing has black & white label w/ "Non Compos Mentis" spelled out, later pressings have silver & red label w/ "NCM")
- 04 - Bobby Sox "Hate In The 80s" (by

far the best release on this label and very tough to find. This is a must-have by all means.)

- 05 - Ejectors "Hydroheads" (another good but incredibly elusive VV release)
- 06 - NCM "Quick To Compliment" (not comparable to the first but still good) Glossy black sleeve.
- 07 - Quad Pi 7in. "In Near You" EP (200 w/ color sleeves)
- 08 - Von Beat "Nuke Wave Music" - the stuff I warned you about
- 10 - Doo "SoHo"
- 11 - Ralphs "Teddy Boy"
- 12 - Dark Like A





Restaurant - The name says it all: bad, bad, bad

14 - Frenetics EP - No PS

PB 1- Pinky Benson (a somewhat mysterious release of Jerry Dirxx (Telephones) w/ a drum machine) No PS

Note: VVV #9 & #13 are missing. The explanation given by the guy who started VVV was that the bands backed out of a record deal and, during that time, other 7in. were released. Of course, one of these may also be explained by the Pinky Benson 7in. which does not fit into the VVV sequence. If you happen to know anything about this, please drop me a note.

LPS:

01- Telephones "Vibrations Change" LP (1st press has yellow cover, 2nd has silver cover)

02 - Fort Worth Cats "Earthquake At The OK Corral" LP (also "Go Blank" 7in. released on own label w/ printed envelope cover)

03 - Telephones "Rock-Ola" LP

04 - Frenetics "Not From England" LP

05 - Devices LP

06 - Live At The Hot Klub comp. - Hugh Beaumont, Stickmen With Rayguns, NCM, Telephones, Ejectors, and five other VVV bands.

VVV's final release (unless there's some kind of reunion) in 1989 was a cassette-only album by the Telephones "Earth and Stars and Electric Guitars." Pretty frightening. (Thanks to Doug & Steve for assistance with the VVV discography)

Notable HOUSTON discs from the same period (7in. unless otherwise noted):

REALLY RED:

"Crowd Control" (CIA 01) [no PS, 250 pressed supposedly],

"Modern Needs" (CIA 02), "Despise Moral Majority" (CIA 03),

"Teaching You The Fear" LP (CIA 06) [1st press has white cover, 2nd press has black]

New Strings For Old Puppets" (CIA 09). All worth having and "New Strings" is doubtless one of the best Texas records.



AK-47 "Kiss My Machine" (Pineapple)

HATES "Do The Caryl Chessman", "No Talk In The 80s", "Not My Kind" (Faceless Recs. 1-3)

LEGIONNAIRES DISEASE "Better Dead..." (1st press on Disease Unlimited

w/ PS,

2nd on Lunar Lab w/ no PS (?) & Placebo World (Fowl Recs.)

PLASTIC IDOLS "Einstein Experience" & "IUD" (Vision Recs.)

VAST MAJORITY "I Wanna Be A Number" (Wild Dog)

DRI "Dirty Rotten EP" (1983 - a little later, I know, but I couldn't leave it out)

Notable AUSTIN discs from the same period (7in. unless otherwise noted):

BIG BOYS



"Frat Cars" (Good luck!), "Where's My Towel" LP (15-20 copies w/ misprint sleeves & cardboard insert) & later

"Fun, Fun, Fun" LP

BODY SNATCHERS "Are You Into Destruction?" (Wall-o-Sound)

DICKS "Hate The Police" (Even better luck!) & later

"Kill From The Heart" LP

FOAMS 7in. (all-female mystery group's only release w/ hand-done sleeves)

INSERTS "Doctor's Wives" (Classified)

LIVE AT RAUL'S compilations: 1st LP has Next, Terminal Mind, Skunks & others.

Second LP is infamous BIG BOYS/DICKS split LP.

NEXT "Make It Quick" (Sharp) is a must-have! &

"Kick Ass" (Radar).

RE-CORDS "Guyana Holiday" - Co-Tex Recs. (ex-Huns) [pretty ho-hum]

OFFENDERS "Lost Causes" (Suffering Sounds) &

"We Must Rebel" 12in. (Radical Recs. [TX])

SKUNKS "Can't Get Loose", Double Pack (three diff. sleeves), &

"What Do You Want?" (Skunk Recs. 1-4) [mediocre but worth mention]

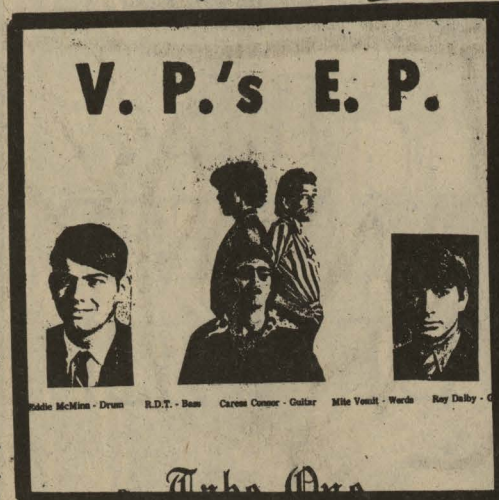
STAINS "John Wayne Was A Nazi" (1st press w/ colored PS, no "MDC" on label, 2nd press w/ black & white PS) also

MDC "Cop/Klan" LP (1st press has different mix from later pressings and has silk-screened cover w/ white border) Both of Radical Recs. [TX]

I think that about covers it. Address all questions, answers and insults to: Box 5090, Wes Sta/ Middletown, CT 06459. Good luck on any and all of your collecting scum adventures.

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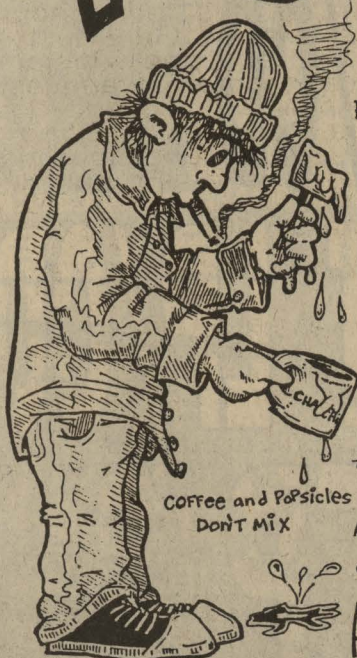
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Wow! I never knew that metallic hardcore crossover could be so interesting! I've always admired bands that could pull off serious intelligent lyrics and sheer adolescent stupidity with equal skill. This goes beyond your typical DRI stuff by incorporating some poppy, catchy choruses and a serious groove. D. S., MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

This thrash/punk quartet from Indiana is awesome. They come up with some great songs, all backed by a very durable drummer, Dan Lumley. The good thing about **Too Much of a Good Thing** is that every song sounds different, and I truly mean this. RATTAIL GRENADIER rock, guitar solos in one song, grunting in the other, each song in its first listen is unpredictable. I'm sure these men will be bigger than FUGAZI! Aw, FUCK FUGAZI!
John Book, INTENSITY



The second lp from Indiana's Rattail Grenadier still finds these guys treading a thin line between speedmetal and power hardcore. Lyrics alternate between blustering spoofs of hardcore macho and serious topics like politics and the environment. Rick Harris is the new singer, with a snotty teen voice in the spirit of Zero Boys' Paul Mahern. Tons of power riffs from Flav "Big Man" Giorgini make this sucker roar like an 18-wheeler falling off a bridge.
Jim Testa, JERSEY BEAT

Hailing from Lafayette, Indiana, Rattail Grenadier are fast, loud, funny, and political. The lyrics on this disc are thought provoking and interesting. The band plays with fierceness, energy, and conviction.
Don W. Seven, BABY SUE MUSIC REVIEW

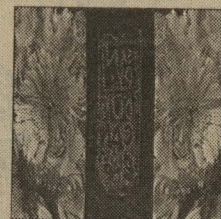
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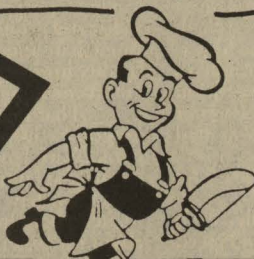
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BOOK REVIEWS

Review by: Patricia Holt

JFK: Conspiracy of Silence

Charles A. Grenshaw, with Jens Hansen and J. Gary Shaw *JFK: Conspiracy of Silence* (Signet, 224 pages, \$4.99 paperback)

After 29 years of silence, Charles A. Grenshaw, one of the doctors who treated both John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald at Parkland Hospital in Dallas in 1963, has decided to tell the world why he believes the Warren Commission was wrong about its "single-bullet" theory.

All the doctors at Parkland, says Grenshaw, were told not to discuss the wounds or treatment of Kennedy and Oswald, nor were they allowed to confer with Oliver Stone in the making of the movie "JFK."

But now at 58, his "medical career over," Grenshaw believes he no longer has to "fear the 'men in suits' (Secret Service and FBI agents) nor the criticism

of my peers." Having endured "threats (and) intimidation" and witnessed "falsification and destruction of evidence," Grenshaw says he realized after years of personal torment that "my silence has protected a handful of cowards (who have) callously and maliciously circumvented" the Constitution.

Grenshaw, who will appear on the ABC news show "20/20" to night (Channel 7 at 10 o'clock), was a third-year resident and veteran of hundreds of gunshot wound traumas by the time he raced to the emergency room to join the team working on Kennedy. "As we flew by the nurses' station, I yelled, 'Which room?' A nurse with tears streaming down her face raised one finger.

"I looked to my left and saw a man in a suit running. To my amazement, another man in a suit jumped into his path and smashed a Thompson submachine gun across his chest and face (breaking his jaw). I was to learn later that the man with the gun was a Secret Service Agent, and the one who had been hit was an FBI agent. It was a goddamn madhouse in the emergency room, people running, yelling. Everyone suspected everyone else...complete and utter paranoia."

Grenshaw describes the many procedures used on Kennedy, even though doctors believed he was dead on arrival. The professionalism and speed of the Dallas team is later contrasted with the "critical errors" and sloppy

procedures of the doctors (none of whom were forensic pathologists) performing the autopsy at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland. Yet, as Grenshaw points out, the Parkland surgeons were characterized by the Eastern establishment as a "group of ragtag, country doctors" who couldn't give "the President superlative health care."

Who would have believed Grenshaw, not even a real doctor yet, for showing exactly how and why, as he does here, "there was no doubt" that JFK was shot not from the back by one "magic bullet" but from the front (the grassy knoll) by two bullets, one entering the neck and the other the right side of his head? Thanks to his impeccable descriptions in this book, we believe him now.

Grenshaw further adds that although he personally supervised the placement of Kennedy's body in a casket at Parkland, it arrived at Bethesda Naval Hospital "zipped in a gray body bag inside a different coffin." The condition of Kennedy's cranium "had substantially changed during a period of six hours and over a distance of 1,500 miles. Great effort had been made to reconstruct the back of the President's head, and the tracheotomy (an incision at the front of the throat) had been enlarged and mangled... No doubt, someone had gone to a great deal of trouble to show a different story than we had seen at Parkland."

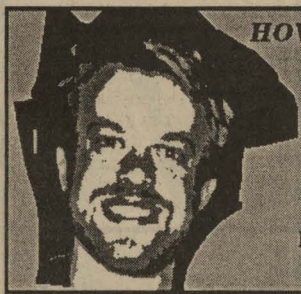
Grenshaw's third shocking revelation is that during the rushed and intense surgery he and other doctors performed on Lee Harvey Oswald, a stranger who "resembled Oliver Hardy in a scrub suit with no mask" somehow got into the room. Stepping back from the operating table to "get a cap and mask on the son of a bitch before he contaminated the entire room with bacteria," Grenshaw says he was called to the phone.

The caller, he says, was President Lyndon Johnson, who thundered, "I want a death-bed confession from the accused assassin. There's a man in the operating room who will take the statement." But Oswald died moments later, leaving Grenshaw to wonder why Johnson so quickly assumed Oswald was the killer and would confess. He also asks, "Why would a President with the immediate and monumental task of taking over the United States government involve himself in a matter that should have been routinely handled by the law-enforcement agencies?"

That question and dozens of others are answered by J. Gary Shaw, a longtime conspiracy theorist who originally convinced Grenshaw to write this book. With Jens Hansen, Shaw weaves a moment-by-moment chronology of events—an almost exact parallel of the Jim Garrison story as told in "JFK"—with Grenshaw's personal experience. The result, though sometimes melodramatic, is both headline- and history-making. And the question remains: What about the other doctors? (PH)

(from the SF Chronicle)

MOVIE REVIEWS



HOW PLEASANT!

Eric Bradford

Most people who count moviegoing as one of the primary joys of life will tell you that major releases by American studios are crap. This fact usually reveals itself about halfway through the viewing of one particularly good independent or foreign film, and almost everyone can tell you which movie did it for them. Until a few days

ago, I thought that mine was one of the first two Jim Jarmusch movies, or maybe **THE TIN DRUM**, but I now realize that none of these revealed how incredibly crappy the average movie really is. It took the recent back-to-back viewings of the ultimate Hollywood wet dream, **WAYNE'S WORLD**, and the new French film **DELICATESSEN** to really drive it home.

I won't insult you with a full-on review of the former. Most of you have seen it or heard about it, and have formed your own opinions. Suffice it to say that the screenplay has the feel of something that was put together almost spontaneously as the movie was being shot, resulting in what inadvertently comes off as a series of SNL sketches strung together, with a plot laid over the top as a contractual obligation. This approach typifies the American movie that your cousin Biff from Biloxi went to see three times; a bunch of goofy dialogue, a few rubbery facial expressions, some cleavage, and you've got a hit, babe. A coherent plot would only be boring and confusing to poor Biff, and send him and his six bucks over to the dodecaplex to see **DIE HARD 2** again.

Well thank god for those furriners. The first image that came to me as I walked out of **DELICATESSEN** was that of the writer lying on the bed of his run-down apartment, staring at the ceiling every day for months or years, perfecting the storyline in his head before ever committing a word to paper. It's that good.

The film is based in a ratty hotel in France, in some indeterminate time frame where everyone is desperate for food, money, jobs, love, you name it. The

central character, Louison, shows up at the hotel looking for a job. The place is run by a butcher, whose evaluation of Louison consists of turning him around and commenting on his general lack of muscle mass. The perceptive among you, given this information, will be able to see where this is headed.

As time goes on, the various characters are introduced, with each one more bizarre than the last. One of the incredible things about this film is the way all of the actors/resses play their parts in a way that compliments the quick-cut, jumpy editing. Yeah, the rubbery faces and goofy dialogue are here too, but every facial expression firmly establishes a character's personality, and every seemingly throwaway remark is later revealed to be brilliant foreshadowing.

The majority of the humor here is pretty dark. The funniest characters include a woman who is constantly trying to kill herself and failing, and an old man who allows slugs to crawl all over him, treats them like pets, and then eats them, addressing them by name as he pulls them out of their shells with a fork. But regardless of the type of humor that you usually go in for, there's bound to be something here that gets you. The French language, which is pretty funny to begin with (to me, at least), is used to maximum comedic effect. The scenes that had the theater roaring were ones that, had they been done in English, wouldn't have been nearly as funny.

Every great film has to have the cinematography to back it up, and **DELICATESSEN**'s no exception. The overall setting is similar to that of 1984, a bleak, hopeless kind of area where it always seems to be raining or just grey. For a movie that is shot entirely in and around one hotel, though, it delivers a great range of perspectives to match the mood of each scene. There is also some great trippy camera work that is always associated with certain characters. Overall, at the risk of sounding like an employee of this film's distributor, I've gotta use that taboo "movie guy" word with this one: essential.

"Essential" is a word that was thrown around a lot in 1990 when the Hungarian film **MY TWENTIETH CENTURY** came out. It won the Palm D'Or at Cannes, which is the cinematic world's way of saying that if you don't like it, you're a total philistine. With this in mind, I was pretty well set to give it a big nod when I picked it up. Having just watched the damn thing in a series of about five sittings, however, I've got to say that either I'm just a big hayseed, or the Cannesians were hitting the vino a little too hard that night.

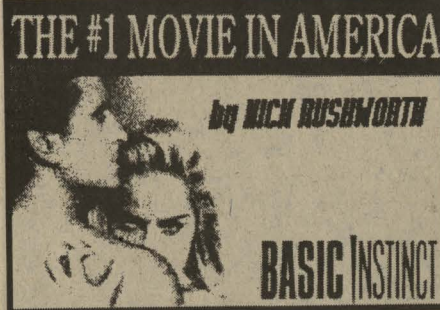
The clichés about Eastern European films include stark lighting, insufferably sophisticated characters (even the bums) who can supposedly communi-

MOVIE REVIEWS

cate worlds of profundity with a grunt, and a sweeping, panoramic palette of black and white. This film's got these elements in abundance, along with a new twist: the whole thing looks like it was filmed in the 1920's. Long shots flicker, fadeouts are always done with a shrinking circle, and there are occasional captions (other than subtitles) that shift around on the screen. This may be due to the fact that the only equipment available in Hungary was antiquated American hand-me-downs, but I suspect that it was more of an intentional attempt to play up the "impoverished Eastern European genius filmmaker" effect.

The film itself, dealing with two sisters whose lives diverge at childhood and come together again then they reach their thirties, could have been somewhat interesting if it had some sort of focus. As it is, it tries to incorporate painfully long shots of dogs, boats, trains, and lakes without making any attempt to tie them into what's going on in the plot. The inventions of Thomas Edison also serve as a sort of subtheme, giving an interesting perspective on the attitudes of the time toward electricity, lightbulbs, and the first telegraph ("it's mass hypnosis!") Again, though, there is absolutely no connection to the main plot of the story. I'm sure that all of this is extremely meaningful to cinematic scholars, but ah'm afraid ah just ain't kultchered enuff.

The most interesting thing about the whole experience was my encounter with a fellow video store patron, who walked up and said, "Hey man, you look like a movie critic, lemme ask you..." I think I've put off getting contact lenses long enough.



About a week before the opening of Paul Verhoeven's *Basic Instinct*, Paramount rereleased Adrian Lyne's *Fatal Attraction* as part of the studio's Director's Series. Glenn Close was last seen bullet hole in the chest sinking into Michael Douglas' and Ann Archer's bathtub as the camera panned to the smiling family portrait, fade to black, roll credits, "and they all lived happily ever after" except, of course, for

the rabbit. As bloodsports go, a neat ending. But not the original one. In this new-old version, Close gets her revenge by committing suicide in such a way that leaves the impression that Douglas had killed her. The last shot shows him being taken away by the police while his wife looks on in desperation. A nice dark Hitchcockian twist, but preview audiences hated it enough to force Paramount to re-shoot the ending that then played in theaters.

Where the stories of *Fatal Attraction* and *Basic Instinct* converge is pathological fear of aggressive and independent female sexuality. In *Basic Instinct*, Michael Douglas plays San Francisco cop Nick Curran at the end of his tether of cocaine and alcohol and with a spotty history of "accidental" killings in the line of duty. When he is assigned to investigate the ice-pick murder of a local nightclub owner, the prime suspect is rich, beautiful and bi-sexual thriller-writer Catherine Tramell (Sharon Stone). He is alternately drawn (she doesn't wear panties - the now infamous crotch-flash-shot that whiplashed the MPAA and has created many a rubber neck in the theaters), repelled (she likes ice-picks and other women) and indifferent (professional ethics and all that). But he gets swept up anyway in a heady mix of fucking and mindfucking that makes this film the nastiest piece of work for many a year.

Unless you have been living in an igloo, you couldn't have missed the protests against this film by gay and feminist groups during principal photography in San Francisco last year and after it's nationwide release a couple of weeks ago. The protesters blew their whistles, the producers cried censorship, the film was finally shot and retired to L.A. while everyone waited to see what all the fuss was about. Not much.

Is *Basic Instinct* homophobic? Yes. Catherine's "girlfriend", Roxy (Leilana Sarelle) is one of those written-by-committee Hollywood stereotypes; a bunch of men sit around Spago's for a couple of hours and come up with a woman of androgynous mien, dressed in black jeans, tank-top and cowboy boots. She "likes to watch" Catherine fuck other men until Nick gives her "the fuck o' the century". Roxy gets jealous, tries to run Nick off the road driving, you guessed it, a black Ferrari and ends up being just another casualty in moviedom's war on abnormal sexuality. Catherine, on the other hand, can still be saved. One of the film's many bald and tired implications is that women can have the abberant arm of bivalent sexuality reformed by "the right man". Another; women who don't seem to need men for anything are alienated from their identity as women. It is their nature to be vulnerable. In the space of twelve hours, Catherine has done some titillating bump and grind with Roxy in a disco, indulged Nick who then runs Roxy off the road, and then collapsed in a whimpering heap the following morning when she gets the news. The *coup de grace* came for me when Catherine sobbed to Nick through a veil of tears; "Make love to me!"

Basic Instinct's homophobia is nevertheless just a part of the larger spectrum of its misogyny. Which brings me back to *Basic Instinct*. Women get blown away here too, but *Basic Instinct* is, for its main protagonist Catherine, a parable of domestication. Even a woman of Catherine's independent means, mind and sexuality can be disciplined to need men.

Though the ending remains contentious, I was being led to believe that Catherine would ultimately accept a life of "fucking like minks, raising rug rats and living happily ever after".

Should the film be protested? Absolutely, and then again not. *Basic Instinct* is such an average entertainment that, left to its own devices, it could die a natural death at the box office after a few weekends. Paul Verhoeven's direction is ham-fisted throughout. That Joe Eszterhas could have been paid \$3 million for such a prurient and sophomoric screenplay defies explanation. For all their protestations to their contrary, the hype and hoopla have been a bonanza of free publicity for the studios. My advice; sit back and watch the participants dig their own graves. Stone, for instance, has been wheeled out by the ailing Carolco studios to play media patsy. Describing herself as "fiercely intelligent", she couldn't understand the protests, opining; "Well, 'Roxanne' showed firemen to be inept and stupid, but you don't see firemen demonstrating" (a perusal of files at the hate crimes unit of your local police station will bear out the idiocy of this analogy).

Like the reworking of *Fatal Attraction*, *Basic Instinct* is just another attempt by Hollywood to give audiences more of what they perceive audiences want largely in male fantasy; more and kinkier, more violent and more explicit sex with an option to kill or tame. However, amidst the numbing mundanity of the majority of Hollywood product, very few films represent a genuine leap backward in their sexual politics. This one does. Go and see it as antidote to any humane feeling you're thinking of having or, then again, stay away in droves.



As I watched *Edward II* at the Castro Theater here in San Francisco I didn't know how I was going to write about it. I was stunned by the glowing cinematography and the ability of the director Derek Jarman to do so much with such a minimalistic set design but at the same time I found the film disturbing. Perhaps this was because it was an aggressively queer movie dealing with gay history and I'm not. I don't think this was the reason though. I think the

cause of my unease derived from the films demonstration of just how much the prejudices and plotting of the Elizabethan era echo in society now. This is not to say that I minded being disturbed of course, I like stuff that disturbs me particularly if I think it's right and this film is right about some things.

One of the turbulent qualities of this celluloid is its bloody revenge tragedy edge. This is a dimension not commented on by much of the "alternative" press that has praised it for its promotion of queer liberation. Jarman adapted the script from Christopher Marlowe's play about the gay King Edward of England, and his lover Gaveston, and how they are destroyed by court jealousy, money, war and homophobia. Part of their downfall is Edward's wife Queen Isabella (played with fire and ice by Tilda Swinton), who has gotten some criticism, from people who think women can only be evil if men make them that way, as being a misogynist construct. If so she's pretty damn good at being one. Throughout the film the camera chronicles her movement from jilted (and often maltreated) bride to princess of darkness and ally to the military in the ousting of Edward. There's one scene in which she rips the throat out of Edward's loyal brother with her teeth after she's seized power. If she's a villain she's a villain in a film that needs a villain and in which no one is portrayed as being completely innocent, if you want that kind of oversimplification go elsewhere. We also don't see male gays as being "good" opposed to "bad" heterosexuals, it's just that one group has more power than another.

Both sides employ violence and torture to achieve their ends, but then Elizabethan England was like that. The spooky part comes from Jarman's argument that our comfy modern times aren't too different. This is evident in his free blending of the past with the present. Renaissance music fades to jazz and soul, everyone wears modern English suits or appropriate sportswear while soldiers look like riot cops and everyone speaks the language of the 16th century play. At least people from the politically incorrect past were more honest about their use of violence to maintain or overturn social orders.

What Jarman has done in the context of *Edward II* is mix death, love, Marlowe, history, politics and horror together as a weapon to change minds, and maybe history in the long run. For his part Jarman is not an isolated and jaded artist just wanking out simulated darkness for profit. For the past several years he's been HIV positive and an active filmmaker in spite of that. "I see no reason why anyone has to die from this," he's gone on record as saying. *Edward II* was completed on a shoestring budget after Jarman went through a year long bout with tuberculosis and blindness. It's been his stated purpose to destroy the stereotype that all gay men are pansies. If his films have not done that his life has.

.....and as for *Wayne's World* loved it but some criticisms. Alice Cooper's explanation of the history of socialism in Milwaukee was great as was the multiple choice ending. There could have been more luscious babes though and the music sucked even by metal standards. Come on Penelope! You directed *Decline Part I*, you can do better than that! Otherwise, party on Garth! (JD)

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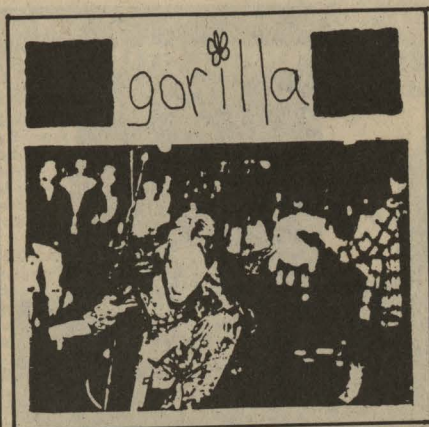


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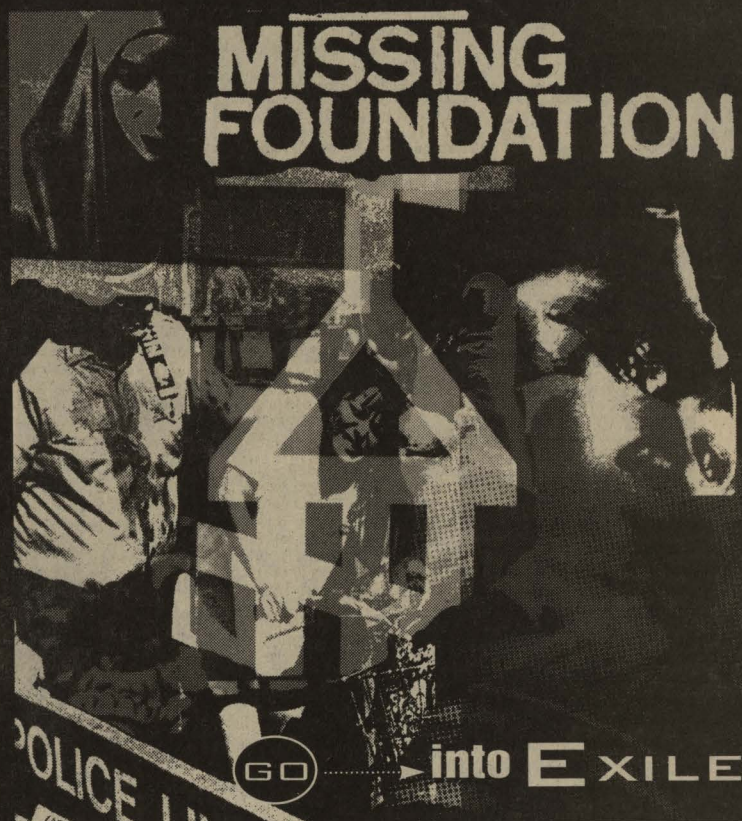
FIG. 2 DIDJITS
KNOCKED UP 6 SONG VIDEO
\$14 P.P.



FIG. 3

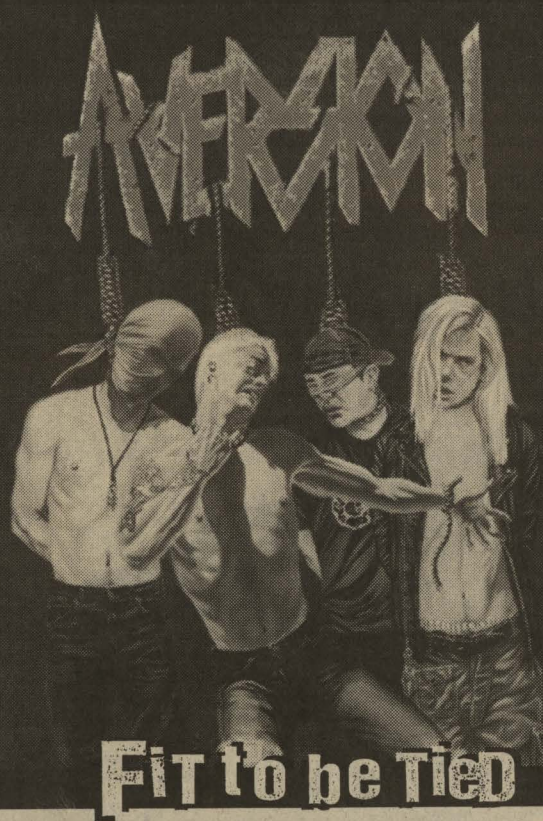
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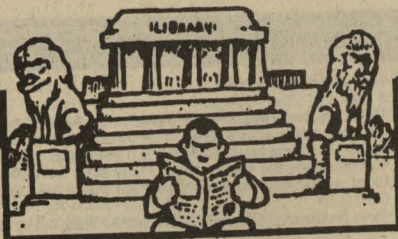
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We would like to apologize to anybody whose zine got left out this month. They'll get done next issue! Sorry, Joe.

EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM #1/\$1.00 ppd.

6 x 8 - xerox - 16 pgs - English
No-frills one-woman zine from Boston area. 3 year old Soul Side interview, photos of live bands that unfortunately didn't xerox too well, and some cool personal statements against greed, sexism, and snobishness in the scene. (EW)
Brooke Aldrich / 329 LaMartine St Ct R/ Jamaica Plain, MA 02130.

WHO CARES? #4/\$1.00 ppd.

8 x 12 - offset - 28 pgs - English
I was all set to trash this on first sight based on its "professional" appearance and "pop" orientation, until I discovered it's really just a 17 year old with high standards and access to good printing equipment. Musical coverage (My Bloody Valentine, Swervedriver, Unrest) still isn't really my cup of tea, but it is incredibly in-depth (especially the MBV interview) and will certainly be of interest to fans of those bands. Also includes blurry xerox photos, lots of white space, really deep intellectual book reviews, and some jazz coverage. (EW)
Who Cares? / 7537 Heatherton Lane / Rockville, MD 20854-0399.

NO SANCTUARY #8/\$2 ppd anywhere, \$3 for air

6 x 8 - xerox - 20 pgs - English
Total DIY underground anarcho-punk vegan class warrior zine from Switzerland, but with a deliberately international focus. Lots and lots of reviews from all over (music and literature), reports from Big Mountain, French squats, vegan recipes, and personal articles. Centerpiece is a damned impressive list of multinational corporations and their particular crimes against people, animals, and the Earth. Totally valuable resource for anyone seeking European contacts or just in need of a good dose of inspiration. "Glue, 'em, brick 'em, smash 'em, burn 'em, HIT BACK." (EW)
No Sanctuary / c/o Resistance Productions / PO Box 426/8026 Zurich / Switzerland

SCRAPE #4/75 cents ppd.

8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 20 pgs - English
This zine from Miami consists almost entirely of lengthy music reviews, mostly but not entirely "pop-punk" type stuff. The reviewers obviously really know their subjects. Leaving Trains, Crackerbush, Green Day, etc. Also weird fiction, scary AIDS facts, and a nice sense of deadpan goofiness throughout. (EW)
Scrape! c/o Anyone / Suite 132 / 8601 SW 40th St / Miami, FL 33155

THE THING #22 no idea how much it costs, but it's nicely printed on glossy paper, so coming all the way from Greece, I'd send 'em a fiver. 8 x 11 1/2 - see above - 48 pgs - Greek
This is all in Greek except for band names and song titles. Words I recognize that pop up a lot are "Jeff Dahl", "Bevis Frond", "Nirvana", "Mudhoney", and "Melvins". Interviews, reviews, articles. Lots of pictures of young white males holding musical instruments. They are looking for correspondents from the USA. (EW)
Dimitris Katsoulakos / L. Papagou 133-5 / Zografou 15773, Athens / Greece

TWISTED IMAGE #39/\$1 ppd.

8 x 11 1/2 - xerox - 10 pgs - English
It's Ace Backwards again, taking cartoon potshots at high school conformism, Israeli militarism, and probably you, but he's too damn funny to stay mad at even when you don't agree with him. Interview with an anti-TV activist supplies food for thought. Judging from the letters, Ace seems to have dabbled in serious anti-Semitism recently, but has now recanted. Buy and laugh. (EW)
Twisted Image / 1630 University Ave #26 / Berkeley, CA 94703

MINDMELT #1/\$3 ppd.

8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 36 pgs - English
They list "Joli" and "Ephedrine" on the thanks list, and this definitely has the stimulant-inspired twee layout. Poetry, weird drawings, trippy patterns, Pearl Jam, Primus, Hard Corps, other bands, reviews. Very wide spectrum of musical coverage. Last 16 pages are dedicated to "Alcoholics Anonymous" - not the band, the way of life. Entertaining. (EW)
James Ryan / 3050 W Wilson Ave / Chicago, IL 60625

MOSHABLE #10/\$4 ppd.

Well-produced grunge zine from Denmark. Interviews with Jeff Dahl, Jack Endino (Sub Pop producer), Smashing Pumpkins, others. Also includes "Guide to the Rare Nirvana Singles", lotsa reviews, splatter films (H.G. Lewis), sex trivia, horribly inaccurate pot growing tips (free seeds with first 100 copies), and advice on cultivating acne. An enjoyable read. (EW)
Lars Krogh / Laesgade 4 3th / 9000 Aalborg / Denmark

FINSTER #3 / \$1.00 ppd.

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs.
Angry girl zine. Some stuff I agree with and am sympathetic towards, other stuff reeks of sexism and historical buck passing (how portraying yourself as a perennial victim is supposed to be empowering is beyond me). The Margaret Atwood mumbbling, with an unstated theme of "it takes a cock to kill", sucked. (Now I know I'm not going to waste time with *The Handmaid's Tale*.) The facts about rape were informative and the interview with Spitboy was good. For more info, you'll have to ask them. (JD)
1825 11th St. #6 / Arcata, CA 95521

BETWEEN THE LIONS

Reviews by: (JD) Joe Donohoe, (LH) Lance Hahn, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JX) Jux, (MW) Matt Wobensmith, (KO) Katy Odell, (SB) Suzanne Bartchy, (MM) Mike Mcniel, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (EW) Eric Wilson.

LES ENVAHISSEURS #8/\$5.00ppd

8 x 12 - offset - 76pgs - French
One of the better French zines, not so slick, that is more oriented towards the garage sound. Plus each record review is given more space, hence more depth. Interviews with Nikki Sudden, Voodoo Muzak, Lydia Lunch, Smashing Orange, and Blake Babies. (HH)
Les Envahisseurs / 2 Rue F Fabre / 34600 Herepian / France

DISTORSION #17 / \$3.00ppd

8 x 12 - offset - 32pgs - French/English
This is thoroughly a punk zine with very little about music. Opens with an article on Columbus' conquest of the new world and ends with a short history on the squatters movement. There is a lot of radical politics and contact addresses in between. (HH)
Distorsion / 124 Bd J.J. Bosc / 33130 Begles / France

H-HETKI #4 / \$3.00ppd

8 x 11 1/2 - offset 16 pgs - Finnish
This zine has an article on the John Brown Anti-Klan Committee, band interviews with Ne Luumet, Hairkot and Alennus Mymnii, plus some live show reviews. Fairly good zine for info on new Finnish bands. (HH)
H-Hetki / POB 13 / 00281 HKI / Finland

SCUMFUCK TRADITION #18 / \$3.00ppd

6 x 8 - offset - 56 pgs - German
This issue has interviews with Carson Sage, a band from Numburg, Lost Lyrics from Kassel, and the Buzzcocks. Plenty of record, tape and CD reviews, plus gig dates for lots of bands touring Germany. (HH)
WW Schmitz / Am Beeckbach 29 / 4100 Duisburg 12 / Germany

SKINTONIC #4 / \$3.00ppd

8 x 12 - offset - 48 pgs - German
A well laid-out zine appealing to anti-racist skins and ska fans. Articles on the Abs, ska in France, young talents of ska, SFA and Bad Manners. Plenty of record reviews and gig dates. (HH)
Skintonic / PLK 077 581-C / 1000 Berlin 44 / Germany

EARTHQUAKE #22 / \$2.00ppd

6 x 8 - offset - 20 pgs - French
This issue carries interviews with We Bite Records and Moribund Youth, articles on prisons, COC, plus a Czech scene report. Also has record reviews. (HH)
Leca Frederic / Le Menil / 88160 Le Thillot / France

VERAKRANT #5 / \$3.00ppd

6 x 8 - offset - 28 pgs - Dutch
If you can read Dutch, or collect zines, this is one worth subscribing to. I'm always amazed at the great colored graphics in this zine. Interviews with Gun Club, Russ Tolman, Monster Magnet, and Greg Sage, plus gig dates and record reviews. (HH)
J.C. Vera / Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV Groningen / Netherlands

VERAKRANT #6 / \$3.00ppd

6 x 8 - offset - 28 pgs - Dutch
A consistently great zine from Holland. This issue has articles on Charles Bukowski, the Cynics, Prong, and Blake Babies, plus record reviews in English. Check out the silk-screened cover page. (HH)
J.C. Vera / Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV Groningen / Holland

EL PERRO ROJO #4 / Trade Only

5 x 6 - offset - 20 pgs - Spanish
"Resistencia Redskin" says it all about this non-music punk zine. You have no time to punch a fascist in the face; reading this small mag will do it for you. Totally rad, dude! (HH)
D.Moreno / AA 56385 / Bogota 2 DC / Colombia

VERAKRANT #7 / \$3.00ppd

6 x 8 - offset - 28 pgs - Dutch
This issue has a movie review of Cape Fear, plus info. on Mudhoney, Superchunk, Godflesh, and Tar. Also the usual record reviews and gig dates. (HH)
J.C. Vera / Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV Groningen / Holland

PUKE ZINE #6/7 / 2 IRC'S

8 x 12 - offset - 32 pgs - Dutch
Big pictures and big print, plus interviews with Gorilla Biscuits and Cro-mags in English. Also interviews with Seein Red, and Rat Patrol. Oh yes, check out the back cover, a photo of someone sucking off Eric Clapton's guitar. weird! Overall a pretty cool zine. (HH)
Pukezine / Jeroem Pynenburg / Hoogvildweg 7 / 5221 BA Engelen / Holland

ARE YOU A MAN OR ARE YOU A MOUSE? #7 / \$3.00ppd - 8 x 12 - offset - 50 pgs - French

A pretty cool French zine that seems to have a lot of Alternative Tentacles/Jello Biafra influence. This issue has a lot of info on eastern European music scene especially Hungary. Interviews with the band Rise and Fall from Belgium, La Nuit Venue from France, and Moribund Youth from Turkey, plus lots of other bands. Plenty of record reviews and contact addresses. This is a great zine with a lot of info. Hope to see more of it. (HH)
Bruno Szollosi / 28 Av. F. Mauriac / 93330 Neuilly-SM / France

TRIGGERED #1 / \$2.00 ppd.

6 3/4 x 10 - typeset (gloss cover) - 32 pgs.
Exeter, England fanzine. Interviews with Hole, My Jealous God and an English football hooligan on why he likes violence. Also an article on Harvey Pekar. (JD)
2A Mortimer House / Grendon Road / Exeter, England.

UMOJIMOCIMA #8 / \$3.00ppd

5 x 6 - offset - 52 pgs - Slavic
A Yugoslav zine geared towards noise bands. Has interviews with God Bullies, Killdozer, and All. Plenty of record reviews and pages of comics. Overall not a bad zine. (HH)
O. Pavnovic / DZ Bijedica 10/49 / 34000 Kragujevac / Yugoslavia

DAMAGED ZINE #2 / \$2.00 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs.
Okay, Green Day's name is on the cover in big type to get people to buy this but they're not inside. I figure this is a desperate move on editor Pete's behalf to get people to read his zine and write him, even if it's just to call him an asshole. So buy it, already! There's some good stuff in here and it's not all just from one xerox boy attention seeker. Sampled is some original thoughts on Marxism vs. anarchy as well as bits of pointless philosophizing and an Illinois scene report of sorts. There's also some good borrowed stuff on why it would make sense to legalize pot. Hurry up! This guy's starting to print random mail ads he receives in the letters section! (JD)
POB 9631 / Downers Grove, IL 60515

MOO COW #1 / \$1.33 ppd.

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 25 pgs.
I can't say I much care for much of the editor's taste in hardcore and punk (YOT to Christian Death; yeech, the worst of both worlds) but the transcription of the Alston Chase lecture at UVM was very informative and offered some fresh thinking on the environment and how dwindling natural resources could be handled better than they are now. Chase spared as little as possible on the corruption of the National Park Service and just how much in bed with the tourist industry this institution is, to the detriment of wildlife. For this alone I'd recommend this zine. There's also some stuff on the efforts of the Abenaki Indians to reclaim all of New England. (JD)
38 Larch Circle / Belmont, MA 02178

JOE BOB'S WE ARE THE WEIRD #14 / \$2.00 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - typeset - 8 pgs.
Joe Bob Briggs probably doesn't need our support but I can't help but discuss this. Joe Bob's blood after all. This is under (and over) ground America's favorite redneck who ain't his own personal fanzine. In it he attacks congressional wimps, proclaims the elegance of such masterpieces as Basket Case III and takes sideshots at governmental inconsideration for AIDS victims. Two quotes give a hint as to why Joe Bob is cool. When it comes to people 18 to 21 he says "this particular group of people gets trampled on more than any other single minority group we got". In an eloquent argument as to why such people have a right to drink, and to youth hanging congressmen, he asks: "Didn't anybody read Hemingway or get drunk with his old man?" Joe D. says check it out! (JD)
Joe Bob Briggs / POB 2002 / Dallas, TX 75221

ARTFLUX #1 / \$1.58 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - typeset - 24 pgs.
This zine comes from the *Profane Existence* people so there's some boring, political self righteousness present (like we should talk) but there's some very bytchin' (with a pinch of very bogus) art as well. Overall a good comic orientated zine. Highlights are an Ace Backwards interview (don't tell him MRR told you), art and comics by Benjamin and a Steel Pole Bath tub interview. This puppy's got my recommendation. (JD)
Profane Existence / POB 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

THE ROC #8 / \$52 ppd.

13 1/2 x 11 1/4 - 4 color newsprint - 20 pgs.
While this newsletter tends to focus on a lot of established and more mainstream music, the data it offers on combating censorship can be very useful. There is a very good article on how the fundamentalists and law enforcement conducted an anti-rock, anti non-Christian religion and anti-science campaign throughout the 80's. My only problem is that it fails to address the left's contributions to censorship. (JD)
Woods / 320 S. Cadiz St. / Jewett, OH 43086

ENOUGH ROPE #3 / \$52 ppd.

8 1/2 x 14 - copied - 12 pgs.
A queer punk zine with the central theme being how much they hate William Burroughs. They hate him because of all his 'isms but unfortunately don't seem to realize that wanting to kill someone because of their 'isms is an 'ism all it's own. Kind of funny but old 'ism laden Bill is funnier even if he is an asshole. (JD)
POB 14722 / San Francisco, CA 94114

REPLICA REPUBLIC #1 / \$2.50

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs.
Fair punk fanzine with a picture of Bush as the feurber on the front. What distinguishes this zine is the article in the back on American corporate advertising policy, and the sort of bogus buy American principle that the managerial elite tries to get the working classes to buy into even as they act their jobs and relocate production to the Third World. Thoughtful reading for real patriots (or the concerned). (JD)
336 Brough House / Ohio University / Athens, OH 45701-3119

COUNTER CLOCKWISE #2 / \$3.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 32 pgs
Interviews with Man Lifting Banner, Strong Event. Half of this was a Photozine. Strong socialist bend, which helped keep this from sinking into the pit of generic SE zines. The photo half was primarily SE bands doing their flex hard / jump high thing. I found the political stuff somewhat interesting. (TM)
Michael Muller / Munchener Str 39 / 4650 Gelseukirchen / W. Germany

FANZINE REVIEWS

WORKING CLASS HERO #2 / \$1.00 ppd.

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs.

Working class zine with a working class feel. I mean working class because there are no wanky wannabe diatribes about socialist revolution here, rather just stories about jail, tequila and interviews with artists who actually work at what they do, like sculptor Steve Dana. The editors've got good taste in music (Iggy, early Replacements) but teen inmate Dom Conti's attitudes about race need to become enlightened. I'm sure a lot of white boys do get beat up by brothers in jail but his "nigger" trip still is fucking ignorant. (JD)
418 Peninsula Dr / Erie, PA 16885

D.C. SMART PUNK #2 / letter + stamp

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs.

Don't let the oxymoron fool you, dumb punk will like this zone too. Inside you'll find two good interviews with Rorschach and Eggs; then some opinions and articles and some reviews. They lose points for slugging Sassy, the punkest zine ever (yeah, right), but gets lots of points for not coming across as a typical DC zine. Get this sucker. (JX)
Tom / 320 East William David / Metairie, LA 70005

ABLAZE! #8 / \$6 ppd. w/flexi

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 52 pgs.

At first you might mistake this zine for Flipside, with its glossy cover, but the press sheet sets it straight. Mostly interviews and photos with Bongwater, Pale saints, Tanya Donnelly, American Music Club, Band of Susans, Bleach, Langfield Crane, Babes in Toyland and The Wedding Present. And besides all those interviews you get lots of detailed reviews. Finally, Ablaze comes with a flexi from Pluff and Pavement; above average mid-tempo pop punk. Overall, it's slick and packed, but kinda expensive. (JX)

17 Wetherby Grove / Leeds / LS4 2JH / England

EYE POKE #1 / \$75 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs.

Nice cover shot of Lee Harvey getting iced.. leading to a piece about questioning your reality, then to zine reviews and slam dancing. This zine also has some comics and other stories and opinions. Pretty good first issue. (JX)

320 W. 18 St. / Little Rock, AR 72206

SMELL OF DEAD FISH #19 / \$1 ppd.

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs.

Smells like like East Bay Spirit to me: 3,000 miles away, but a definite Bay Area feel to this fishy zine. Stories and rants about hanging out, train jumping, reviews, skating, show reviews, a map of Pensicola, and lots of other stories. It comes out cool with a lot of contributors and enough local kinda of things to not feel like a rip-off of other zines. (JX)
1906 N. Spring St. / Pensicola FL 32501

GAY SKINHEAD MOVEMENT #3 / \$1.25 ppd.

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 54 pgs.

Hey Bootboy! Yeah, Bootboy, you know a non-skin in a relationship with a shin. Well, this is it. Your chance for a movement or least a great little zine from SF. This one has mostly short stories about gay skinheads and their pals roving around punk shows and the streets. It works great because they are about down to earth kinda of happenings. It's also works cause the editor's a gay skinhead himself (cool concept, yep). It's all handwritten and readable with great and amusing drawings. This zine is definitely for you and anyone else who has stereotyped skins. (JX)

1230 Market St. #638 / SF CA 94102

CLASS WAR #53 / \$2 ppd.

11 x 17 - newsprint - 16 pgs.

For everyone involved with, interested in or curious about British politics, then this is probably what you're looking for. A special election issue devoted to topics ranging from the various political parties, to education of the rich, to the poll tax, demonstrations, Scottish politics, and lots of other news flashes. Seems well thoughtout, although I'm not all that familiar with UK politics to gauge the accuracy or the slant. (JX)
BCW / PO Box 772 / Bristol / BS99 1EG / England

WAR TUFA #7 / \$2 ppd.

11 x 17 - newsprint - 24 pgs.

Oh my god! It's Crass. Oh wait, it's a Crass-like layout (the good kind) with stories and rantings about things like cheese, dreams, feeling american, an interview with the band, "TUFA" and a generally good sense of humor thrown around. A lot of effort here and cool layout. Definitely good. (JX)

Bill Batchelor / PO Box 657 / Pengrove, CA 94951

CLOSET MONSTER #2 / \$2 ppd.

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs.

I open this zine and find this: "...Mr. Policeman makes polite conversation," I read on to find the joke. Instead I find the one reason to be Straight-edge: Having your pals, the cops, letting straight-edgers off of speeding tickets. Inside you'll find interviews with Otherwise and Mayday as well as some pretty good stories. (JX)
607 W 38th St. / Baltimore, MD 21211

DISSOLUTION #3 / \$2 stamps

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs.

Well, I guess I would generally describe this as a political zine with stuff on endangered species and animal rights, the military spending, paper and chemicals, fascism and even insanity. It's a lot to cover, but it's done pretty good and hey the price is great.. (JX)
3806 S. Flower #A / Santa Ana, CA 92707

SNAFF #12 - \$1.00 ppd.

6 x 8 1/4 - copied - 24 pgs.

A friendly little zine from England that concentrates on wee-sized interviews, but also has a few music reviews as well as a short political essay (the US occupation of the Philippines) and some home brew recipes. The bands featured in this issue are: Disaffect, Svart Snö, C.D.S., Corpus Vile, Pus, and Earth Citizens. Although the zine's layout is quite haphazard, it's worth getting just for the Scrumpy brew recipe ("smells like farts but is as strong as fuck" the recipe says). Sounds like Scrumpy time. (McM)

27 Brindley Close, Trafford Rd./ Eccles, Manchester/ M30 0H2 / UK

ATARKRA #5 / \$2 stamps

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs.

I get the impression that the person who does this zine is very weird. And it's not because of the sex story about eating shit and other fetishes. It's the whole layout and stange ramblings. Unfortunately, there's not enough here to get a whole picture, so maybe you need several issues. I'd tell you what else there was inside but it's so strange to decipher. Oh, weird pictures too. (JX)
PO Box 15 / Arcata, CA 95521

DESTROY THE HUMANS #1 / 50¢ ppd

5 1/2" x 8 1/2" - copied - 24 pgs

At first glance, this looks like illegible crap, but it actually reads pretty well if you're willing to squint a bit. An anarchist 'zine with essays on the topics of vegetarianism, police brutality, a short interview with hello Biafra that he was obviously none too enthused about, and an interview with the band Spark Marker. My only real complaint is that this is that these anarchist zines are like Baptist churches - it's the same sermon every time. (KO)

V.A.F. / P.O. Box 6 - 9740 / 1895 Commercial Dr. / Vancouver BC / V5N2YAG

TAKE BACK YOUR LIFE - A WIMMIN'S GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE HEALTH CARE / pamphlet / \$1.00 ppd

8 1/2" x 11" - printed - 16 pgs

An Anarchist "Our Bodies, Ourselves" by Alicia non Grata of the Profane Existence collective. First on the agenda is an article of the history of woman's role in pre-patriarchal society. Basically, the mystic powers attributed to menstruating women were perverted by the Catholic church into witchcraft and sorcery. Ever since, women have had no control over their reproductive health care. That established, the pamphlet becomes a practical guide being fresh and feminine in a truly healthy way that bypasses the evil snake - oil industry of conventional health care. A great deal of this is herbal, which is groovy, but the thought of boiling roots may be intimidating to the novice. The section on natural contraception seems to me a little naive, but the next section on AIDS and safe sex made up for it. TBYL's strongest point is the careful listing of all sources and references - a very responsible and honest thing to do. (KO)

Profane Existence / PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

BAD HAIRCUT #7 / \$4.00 ppd

5 1/2" x 8 1/2" - copied - 36 pgs

This is some serious writing! No graphics at all, no band interviews, no What's The Scoop? Instead, you've got social and political commentary of the intellectual type. There is a long interview with journalist Ben Bagdikian about the topic of his book *The Media Monopoly* that is really good, and I also enjoyed the essay on the erosion of your fourth amendment rights in the war on drugs. All of this is good - but I think \$4.00 is a bit steep. (KO)
1055 Adams S.E. Suite #4 / Olympia, WA 98501

MUD FLAP #2 / \$1.50 ppd

8 1/2" x 7" - copied - 36 pgs

Yay! 'Way cool!!! A punk chick's bicycle 'zine. On a bike, you can travel cheap to interesting places and see neat things usually missed by motorists - and you get sweaty. This is twice as good as the first issue. Everyone thinks it's got a bit of Cometbus influence, and it does. There's that same road-trip adventurous feel and coyness. Plenty of advice on having fun for cheap, too. This is NOT a copy-cat, just more of a very good thing. (KO)
666 Illinois / San Francisco, CA 94107

LOVE AND RAGE Vol. 3, #2 / \$1.00 ppd

11" x 17" - newsprint - 16 pgs - English and Spanish

An anarchist newspaper covering mainly North America. There's an ongoing debate over pornography, and a few articles on various topics. Mostly, this is full of reports on anarchist action and resistance from communities all over the world. The last four pages are in Spanish. (KO)
Box 3 Prince Station / New York, NY 10012

EXEDRA #3 / \$2.00 ppd

8 1/2" x 11" - printed - 44pgs

The editors want to make it clear that although they're both women, this is not a "woman's zine". They cover "Human issues", not just "women's issues." Good point. Some of the human issues covered are rape, reproductive rights, physical disabilities, ethnic heritage, and political resistance. Reaction to this zine tends to be strong, with some people outright hating it. I rather like it, even though I feel insufficiently PC every time I read it. (KO)

C/O Kim Carlyle / PO Box 422937 / SF, CA 94142 - 2937

KNIFE #2 / \$1 ppd. or trade

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs.

Some of it's handwritten. Some of it's typed. Some of it's sloppy. Some of it's clean. Lots of interesting articles, stories, and general rants. Something interesting on every page. Cool quote pages and religious pamphlet. (LH)
Chris Zedgaw / PO Box 26051 / Westminster St., WPG M6 / R3C 4K9 / Canada

THE IG OBSERVER #3 / \$3 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 30 pgs.

Reviews up the wazoo. Kinda funny how they print letters of other zine editors writing about their reviews. Especially the Stink guy. What gives? Kinda cool to see Riot Grrrl reviewed next to The Onion Field by Joseph Wambaugh. Lots to read and generally interesting. Fish positive. (LH)
18421 Lynton Rd / Shaker Hts., Ohio 44122

STEADY DIET #2 / \$3.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 52 pgs

As it says on the cover, "Music, Architecture & Culture". Huge interview with the Meat Puppets (yawn), also contains conversations with someone from a music conservatory and City Planning Officer. Some comics, some fiction. It's got some of everything, which tends to make it hit or miss. More of the former with this issue. (TM)
24 Hopyard Lane / Winyates West, Redditch B98 0JH / England

EXCESS #4 / \$1.50 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs.

Okay, I'm always fascinated with Man Lifting Banner (Marxist straight edge with brains even?). Good to see a strong interview with them in English (what can I say, I'm unilingual). Pretty dam good looking zine with nice photos as well (although I only like a few of those bands, it looks swell). What do those Vermiform wimps have against the Go Gos? (LH)

Dave Nathanzon / 514 19th St. NW #625 / Washington, DC 20006

DEAD AT BIRTH #2 / \$1 ppd.

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs.

Kinda sloppy, but not too bad for issue two. Cut and paste layouts and graphics. Rants and views and an interview with some guy Brian. (LH)
46 Old Hillsboro Rd. / Henniker, NH 03242

OUR TURN #1 / \$3 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 13 pgs.

Fourth generation straight edge zine from Europe. Who would have thought? Kinda bland layouts. Lots of photos and reviews. Never heard of Worlds Collide myself, but according to the cover, they seem to be a really big deal. (LH)

Peter Amdam / Skovveien 39a / N-0258 Oslo 2 / Norway

ANARCHY #32 / \$2.50 ppd.

Big - offset - 44 pgs.

Special issue on libertarian (leftist I would assume) fiction. Pretty cool idea for what has fast become the big anarcho-situ publication. Great letters as usual and more excerpts from Revolution of Everyday Life. (LH)

C.A.L. / PO Box 1446 / Columbia, MO 65205-1446

G.B. JONES RETROSPECTIVE / \$5 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 64 pgs.

For those of you who missed out on G.B. Jones' work the first time around, here's an essential collection for you. As an idol for queer punks and an editor of *J.D. 'szine* from it's beginning, this zine should give you a good idea why. This includes tons of her "tomgirl" drawings, zine covers and flyers she has done, plus reprints of the infamous Bitch Nation interviews - yippee! This was coordinated by Johnny Nozzema of *Bimbox* fame, and this fact becomes obvious, considering the underlying tone and content. My only question about this would have to be why there isn't more dialogue coming from G.B. Jones herself? I'm curious to hear what she thinks about having a "tribute" zine all about her. This is homocore history, folks. Check it out. (MW)
POB 55 Station E / Toronto M6H 4E1 / Canada

MOTHER SHOVEL #1 / \$3.00 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs.

Yeeow - a totally cool two-color silkscreened cover. Quite an eyecatcher. This is made up entirely of the demented drawings of Steven Cerio. After reading the intro that described these drawings as totally disturbing and mind-boggling, I expected the most. However, I really don't see what all the hype's about. Sure, I guess they're kinda neat, but so is toejam. So see for yourself. (MW)

Chris Bors / 121 Texas Lane / Ithaca, NY 14850

SHRIMP #1 / \$5.00 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - printed cover - 36 pgs.

The magazine devoted to "sucking bigger and better feet", this is a sex zine done by Vaginal Creme Davis devoted to the ancient art of foot worship. Of particular interest to the punks would be the explicit "interviews" with Glenn Danzig and Ian MacKaye fully detailing the nature of their relationships. I think after reading her interview in this issue you'll get a good feel for what else is contained herein. Deeeelicious! (MW)

Vaginal Davis / 7850 Sunset Blvd. / Penthouse Suite 110 / L.A., CA 90046

ZACK #1 / \$4.00 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs.

This is a sex zine with beautiful photos taken by the famous fag photographer Ricky Castro. Named after the subject whom this zine is based on, this is published whenever the editor is "obsessed with some hot new thing". So the title is subject to change depending on who Ricky's got a crush on this week. "Zack" is a 20 year old hustler from LA who is admittedly a fascinating guy. Read the interview and you'll see why. Or if you don't like to read, there's more than enough nude shots of Zack to drool over. When's the "Matt" issue gonna be ready? (MW)

Rick Castro / 1312 North Stanley Avenue / L.A., CA 90046

VOX CANIS #3 / \$2.50 ppd.

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs.

This is more of a literary magazine that seems to devote issues to different obsessions. This is the "food" issue, so all of the features are somehow tied into food-related topics. There's stuff on cannibalism, food symbology in superstitions and dreams, food in film, and fuck, just food things. I found some of this to be interesting, and I'd bet that if I had a longer attention span, I would be able to get into this more. But somehow this missed the mark with me. Maybe it's because they keep harping on the "dog" thing as the title implies. Still, don't let my cynicism prevent you from reading this. Well done. (MW)
POB 476641 / Chicago, IL 60647

XPRESSION #2 / \$2.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 36 pgs

Another straight edge zine. While this is well done with decent printing, clean layout (except for some confusing text around graphics), there's nothing here to separate this from all the other competent SE zines. Interviews with Upfront, Kingpin, Endpoint. Lots of photos. (TM)
Sean / 120 Mt Vernon Blvd / Pawtucket, RI 02861

PUZZLED TO DEATH #2 / \$1.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs

Interviews with Jawbox, which is okay, Quicksand and Shudder to Think (both are kinda pointless), a great take off on Hardline, record/ zine/ demo reviews. Still kinda shaky, hopefully will fill with time. (TM)

Dave Weston / 425 Spruce Lane / Nazareth, PA 18064

FANZINE REVIEWS

FEMBOT #1 / \$1.00 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs.

Do you ever wonder why grrrlzines and queer zines often get lumped together? One reason is because they're often the same thing. But also, both groups go through similar frustration trying to fit in a MAN's world. This zine is about dorky fags who heart the girl struggle, and it's totally inspiring. True honesty beats out fiction anyday. Simple, yet effective. (MW)
527 Guerrero / San Francisco, CA 94110

PROFANE EXISTENCE #14 / \$2.00 ppd.
newspaper - 24 pgs.

This issue focuses on reproductive freedom, with articles throughout that deal with a women's perspective on things from alternative health care to sexism to parenting and finally to the first female war resistor. They have new columnists that have a rather refreshing outlook - Criterion, Nicole, and Justine -- along with one of the best columns I've ever read by Felix. And, as always, it looks and is totally fucking punk. (SB)
PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

MARTHA SPLATTERHEAD'S MADDEST STORIES EVER TOLD #1 / \$3.50 + .50 postage
comic book - 32 pgs.

The first ever comic book dedicated entirely to THE ACCUSED'S Martha Splatterhead. Eleven stories in all, each by different artist's interpretation of Martha Splatterhead, plus an interview with The Accused. Apparently this project has been a dream realized, with most of the artwork resembling the cover of their records. It comes with a flexi too, but it's stuff that's already been released on the last album. (SB)
Monster Comics / PO Box 25070 / Seattle, WA 98125-1970

NAKED AGGRESSION #5 / \$10 for issue sub.
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 48 pgs.

I have mixed feelings on this zine. At times it comes off as being nothing more than mainstream rock-pop coverage, and on the flip side, it has some of the most thought provoking (how's that for an adjective?) articles and interviews. The stuff I thought was cool: the Geto Boys interview, the Gwar interview, the Serial Killers article (no, it's not a band, it's a real article on killers...), the Communist Manifesto critique (not favorable, ha, ha), and the letters section. (SB)
Michael Hunt Publications / PO Box 226 / Bensenville, IL 60106

TAKE BACK YOUR LIFE - A WIMMIN'S GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE HEALTH CARE \$1.00
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs.

This is a pamphlet containing five sections that has been reprinted from a series of articles that first appeared in *Profane Existence*. I just got done reading this, and wow! is this cool. Each section deals with demystifying your body and treating yourself. Includes healing common infections of the vagina and bladder, menstruation - a positive outlook - and treating yourself for cramps, birth control - getting off the pill (yeah!) and giving options that are far more healthy, and a section on AIDS and safe sex - which I have to say is amazingly comprehensive yet easy to understand. And I thought I knew everything there was to know about AIDS. All in all, it's a handy thing to have around when you need it, and all my female friends give it a thumbs up as well. (SB)
Profane Existence / PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

ITCHIN' FOR INK #2 / \$2.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11

Well, #2 is out and I have to say I'm a bit disappointed. I got the impression that this was a tattoo magazine that had a punk focus. They let me know that they didn't want to limit themselves to any one particular genre, and consequently this issue is a bit watered down, with tattoo pictures you could find in any biker tattoo magazine. (SB)
c/o LB #001 / PO Box 50682 / Minneapolis, MN 55405

LEMON #13 / \$8.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - glossy / offset - 48 pgs
Comes with single featuring Coal Porters, Welcome Mat, Youaml, and Poppin Momas. Lots of interviews with 'bigger' alternative bands - L7, Lemonheads, Fugazi, etc. Very slick overall, very professional, etc. Not my cup of tea, but nothing evil about it overall. Also contains interviews with Died Pretty, Lyres, Jack Brewer, Bats, Third Eye, Bastro. (TM)
PO Box 651 / Glebe, NSW 2037 / Australia

REBEL SOUND Vol 1 #4 / \$2.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
Above average smaller zine. Interviews with Mudhoney, Skin Yard, Superchunk (Merge Records), and Special Beat. Most of the interviews were really well done, the writing and layout were both good. Also contains record and zine reviews, letters, etc. It's zines like this that make smaller zines so valuable. (TM)
PO Box 183 / Dalton, MA 01227-0183

AFTERSHOCK #5 / \$1.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
Lots of reviews, some comics. The editorials seem really dated. Entertaining newspaper clippings. Religious clippings were the best. "E.T. is powered by Satan." ?! (TM)
PO Box 232 / Pennington, NJ 08534

RAGNAROK #12 / \$1.50 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
An extensive CopShootCop interview, articles on political conditions in Central Europe, a totally great year-end record award 'ceremony', Starvation Army Tour Diary, and a story on childhood sexual experiences. (TM)
PO Box 5054 / Cleveland, OH 44101-0054

STOOLWORM #2 / \$1.00 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
After wading through the wealth of misogynist, homophobic garbage contained within, I realized that even mentioning this was giving it more than it's due. (TM)
Steve / 1443 W. Fort-Au Prince / Phoenix, AZ 85023

#3



G.B. JONES RETROSPECTIVE



MORE LEPROUS LITERATURE

ELEPHANT DANCE no # / .60ppd.
Nothin' but poetry and okay graphics.
18421 Lynton Rd. / Shaker Hts., OH 44122

NOISY CONCEPT #14 / .50 + postage.
Zine dedicated to articles on hemp and "vegan music" - organic guitars.
Mike Thain / 621 Bassett Rd. / Bay Village, OH 44140

HOME GROWN #1 / postage.
Interview with Engage and essays on work.
Anthony DiBiagio / 340 East Beaver Ave. Apt. #203 / State College, PA 16801

MOOMOONOO #2 / two stamps.
Good zine. Interviews with Buzzoven and COMB.
POB 3923 / Hickory, NC 28601

SUCKERS #10 / \$1.00ppd.
G.G. Allin and John Gacy fanzine.
Chris Laurence / 1404 Leader Dr. / Killeen, TX 76542

THE HORROR #6 / .29ppd.
A short story and a crossword puzzle.
A.T.H. Press / 2177 Stewart Dr. / Hatfield, PA 19440

DISHWASHER #6 / 2.29 stamps.
Zine dedicated to the career of dishwashing. Bad copying, interesting idea.
Pete / 1825 11th St. / Arcata, CA 95521

THD CRAP #4 / SASE
SCENE REPORTS AND AN INTERVIEW.
THD RECORDS / 2020 SEABURY AVE / MPLS, MN 55406

PEASANT LICKER #7 / TWO STAMPS
GREAT NAME AND BIG BIRD SAYS "I'M SATAN" ON THE COVER.
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JEFF LICKER / 442 ROUTE 146 / CLIFTON PARK, NY 12065

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POLITICAL IDEAS AND BITCHING ABOUT BANDS SELLING OUT TO MAJOR LABELS.
SOME GOOD ARTWORK BUT A VERY SMALL ZINE.
POB 684 / MANKATO, MN 56002 - 0684

VENT no # / TWO STAMPS.
GOOD FRONT AND BACK COVER GRAPHICS AS WELL AS HELPFUL ADVICE ON WHAT TO DO IN CASE YOU GET ARRESTED. VARIOUS OTHER POLITICAL STUFF.
POB 203 / FREMANTLE, WA 6160

PUNK ROCK ZINE #2 / \$1.00PPD.
IF PIGPEN PUT OUT A ZINE THIS WOULD BE IT. THERE WAS A CONSCIOUS EFFORT MADE TO MAKE THIS LOOK SLOPPY. INTERVIEW WITH ASPIRIN FEAST AND VERY VIOLENT COMICS ARE THE FARE HERE.
UPSIDE DAN / 3413 WREN AVE. / CONCORD, CA 94519

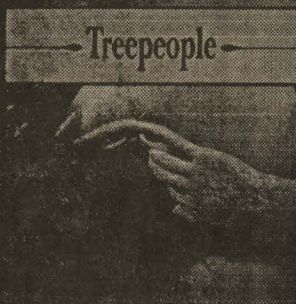
THE HATE EDGE #2 / .75PPD.
ENGLISH S.E.H.C. ZINE CONTAINS AN INTERVIEW WITH DARKSIDE AND DYS COMPLIMENTED WITH PLENTY OF BORROWED WOODCUTS OF NORSE GODS.
MARK / 421 BRADFORD R. / BRIGHTHOUSE, WEST YORKSHIRE HD6 4BT, UK

INSIDE LOUD #1 / .50PPD.
INTERVIEWS WITH THE CHEMICAL PEOPLE, FYP AND OTHERS.
POB 177 / CYPRESS, CA 90630-177

CONFUSED #2 / 75PPD.
COLLAGE OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ABOUT TOPICAL ISSUES FOR ANARCHISTS AND PUNKS.
RD. #3 / FRONTENAE R. / TOWMANSBURG, NY 14886

THE PROS AND CONS OF BASQUET WEAVING #1 / POSTAGE.
POETRY WITH SOME REDEEMING GOOD GRAPHICS.
THE USELESS PRESS / POB 413 / BRISTOL, TN 37621-0413

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WE ARE STILL TAKING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE SINGLES CLUB. CURRENTLY WE HAVE VMS 9-17 IN STOCK. WE WILL BE TAKING A BREAK AFTER VMS-30, SO FOR 12 MONTH SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK DATE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO BEGIN WITH VMS-19 OR BEFORE. ALL SINGLES CLUB RECORDS ARE LTD. EDITION COLOR VINYL 7"S AND COME WITH TWO SIDED FOUR-FOLD POSTER INSERTS.

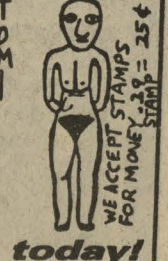
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CLASSIFIEDS

(40 WORDS \$2/60 WORDS \$3 MAX-CASH ONLY!!!)

T-SHIRTS: Bad Brains, Bold, Burn, Chain of Strength, DOA, Dead Kennedys, Exploited, Fluid, Fugazi, Gorilla Biscuits, Judge, Intent, Lemonheads, Mekons, Minor Threat, Quicksand, Pistols, Shelter, Slapshot, Sloppy Seconds, Soul Asylum, Specials, Mighty Bosstones, Token Entry, Undead, Youth of Today, Refuse To Fall, Uncle Tupelo, Into Another, For catalog send \$1 name + address to Prehensile T's, 73a Main St. #213, Waltham, MA 02154.

NEW RELEASE FROM Zen Butcher "Degreed in the Greed" six song EP featuring "Johnny on a Rope" for \$5. Still have copies of "Lousy Animals" EP by Buff Napper for \$3. Send concealed cash to Bring It On Records, 1230 City Park, Columbus, OH 43206. Cassette only.

THE CRAMPS, FLAMING LIPS, Sex Pistols, DOA, Social distortion and more! For a free CD mail order catalog, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Restless Mail Order, PO Box 6420, Hollywood, CA 90028.

WANTS: Godflesh "Slateman" 7" (SubPop), Massacre "From Beyond" LP with 7" (Earache), Morbid Angel "Blessed Are The Sick" boxed set (Earache). Any promophotos or posters of almost any band on the Earache label. send lists to: Kelly Enochs, 1615 Vera Cruz, Memphis, TN 38117.

RING NOSED PR goddess (choke) searching for semi-legible replies from anyone or anything. Perceptive to sardonic, humor a definite plus. Tracy, 13327 Superior, Southgate, MI 48195.

ARTWORK- Every band or music industry that reads this magazine needs bizarre, threatening art work. Horror business Prod. will quality B and W art at \$25 a picture. More details. write ideas to: Doug Evil/Horror Business Prod., RD #1 Box 232, Central City, PA 15926

TOURING BANDS: Can't get shows in DC because you don't know the "Correct" people? Now booking Saturday shows at a D.C. club dedicated to alternative bands and local music. Call for more info.: Mike (301) 434-2159

SET VINYL SALE: MDC - Chickensquawk 7", Grudge - Project X 7", NOTA - Moscow 7", Double-O-7", Sick Of It All 7", GI-Boycott Stabb (pink vinyl), Toxic Reasons - Independence (original)/Killed By Remote Control LP. Necros/White Flag -Jail Jello 12". Send stamp for complete list/prices: T. Bishop 160 N. 21 st. Philadelphia, PA 19103.

FOR SALE: Big Black "Rena Rema" Forced Exposure giveaway 7", onesided with original PS, Big Black "Sound Of Impact" LP w/3 page booklet. PIL "Public Image" 7" w/ newspaper sleeve. Sex Pistols "Very Best Of" Japanese - only LP w/inserts. send offers to: Grandpa Eats Goatcheese, 3953 Bryant Ave. S, #9, Minneapolis, MN 55409. Wanted: White House.

I'M INTO RADIOLOGY, CYBERGENICS, Clive Barker, Northern exposure, Computer Graphics, Tear Garden, White Tattoos, Skinny Puppy, PIL, Antique Lamps, Chris Connelly, the colors red and purple, blood, photography, KMFD, Foggy mornings, scarification, eyeball rings, and Chinese food. Write me! Zerrella, 4601 Oleander, White City, FL 34982.

GREEN DAY /FUGAZI are great. Now that you're paying attention, we're traveling the US in June or August and need a floor to crash on. If necessary we can give you a few dollars in return. we're drug free 20 and 21 year old's. Into Op.Ivy, Rites Of Spring, GI. Any help in the following areas is appreciated: Long Beach, Berkeley, Dallas, San Antonio, SLC, Reno, Denver & Tuscon. Steve or Ollie (816) 561-4345. 4435 Wornall, Kansas City, MO 64111

HELLOW, why don't you do something and write me. I have a lot of bands like Rudimentary Peni, Janes Addiction, SNFU, Subhumans, LUSH, Faith No More. John Arispe, 362 E. Harvard Place, Ontario, CA 91764.

FORCE MAJEURE RECORDS still seeking bands for possible recording/ distribution. Guaranteed response to any band forwarding material! Send all tapes, promotional stuff, etc., to Force Majeure Records, PO Box 39148, Detroit, MI USA 48239.

NAKED VIOLENCE 5 song EP for \$5 ppd. Angry Portland hardcore. Buy it, swallow it. Send cash to N.V., PO Box 194, Clackamas, OR 97105.

WET PUSSIES? No, gambling books. Learn how to beat your buddies and the casinos at blackjack, poker, etc. Send stamps or SASE: PO Box 22421, Santa Barbara, CA 93121. Bob Marley lives!

STANDOWN 7 inch "The Way It Should Be". The true spirit of hardcore from Detroit, MI. Conquer The World Records #2, 1st pressing of 500. Out in May. Order now to insure color (#d/100). \$3.50 USA, \$5.00 other. Payable to: Mike Warden PO Box 40282, Redford, MI 48240. xxx bringin it back xxx.

OVERSIGHT 7" "After This Day". Fresh stylin hardcore from Syracuse, NY. Conquer The World Records #1. 1st pressing of 500. Out now! 1st 100 on 3'd color. \$3.50 USA, \$5.00 other. Payable to: Mike Warden PO Box 40282, Redford, MI 48240. xxx from the heart xxx.

OVERDOWN t-shirts. Conquer The World hardcore. Oversight short sleeve blue shirt with grey ink. XL only. \$10.00 USA, \$14.00 other. Standown long sleeve black shirt with 3 color ink. XL only. \$14 USA \$18.00 other. Payable to: Mike Warden PO Box 40282, Redford, MI 48240.

TRAVELLING SEATTLE WRITER looking for out of hand slackers and punks to join him in drunken hell-raising in SF and LA. Write: 5216 20th NE, Seattle, WA 98105 or call (206) 525 - 7233. Leave message for Vic.

LOOKING FOR FIRST Bad Manners LP "Ska N' B". trade for Negative Approach EP and LP, originals. The business - "Syndicate" Bootleg, "The Secret Life Of Punks" comp. Toby Bitter 1228 59th St., Oakland, CA 94608.

LOOKING FOR GIRLS OR GUYS IN NYC. Into Rollins, All, Meat puppets, Reading, writing, shows. Need a place to sleep, sink, tub, floor, so I don't have to sleep on my crummy ship on the weekends. Help please! I'm not psycho or a lunatic, just a crazy somewhat demented clone. Robert Shaw, USS Detroit (AOE - 4), ENG 1 E-Div, FPONY, NY 09563015.

I'M STUCK IN A PISS LITTLE TOWN with no scene and nothing to do but LSD. I love drugs and sex. Dinosaur Jr., Candles burning at 2:00 am, puke green, Ren and Stimpy. My only escape is mind which is slowly going. Send me you most obscene, obnoxious thoughts. Hurry before I'm insane. Tyranni, 4601 Oleander, White City, FL 34982.

FREE MUSICIAN'S CATALOG Highly respected resource guide offers 600 books, and sonic excellence procedures for distributing independent music. Start your own label and gain access to nation wide directories; learn to use 4, 8, & 16 track production to record outstanding quality demos. Learn ways to avoid being screwed by evil agents, distributors, and promoters. Call or write to MIX Bookshelf, 6400 Hollis St. Emeryville, CA 94608. (800)233-9604.

FARM PUNKS! I know you're out there, I've met you. I'm looking to do a zine about punks that live on farms. I want to know what's up with punk rock and livestock. send me stories, farm photos, etc. I'll send you a copy and hot naked shots of my goats. Write: Jubal, Blue Heron Farm, Charlemont, MA 01339. Enclosed is \$3 for the ad. I do not fuck animals, Love Jubal.

VOX CANIS #3... the food issue is out! Many interesting articles for literature swine, about food...what it is...what it does to you...Articles by Dan Kelly! fiction by Andrew Kiraly! ppd. PO Box 476641, Chicago, IL 60647.

SKINHEADS: Write me! I'm a nineteen year old skin looking to correspond with other skins for anywhere and everywhere. I'm especially interested in hearing from skinsheads from the MA/RI/CT area, and elsewhere. Unite and show the world what we're all about. Gnash, PO Box 362, Northbridge, MA 01534.

WANTED: New pair of 20 eye blue Dr. Martens. If you send me the address and phone number where I can get them, I'll send you cool punk stuff or if you have a pair in excellent condition. I will pay lots of money for them. Also wanted; Clash "Cost of Living". Eric Mader, 1329 Grand Ave., Apt. 8, St. Paul, MN 55105.

RIFTZINE #3 - is out now. Interviews with Jonestown, Walt mink, Style Monkeez, Neckbrace and more. Plus, art, columns, political stuff, poetry and more. we also distribute other zines and music. Send \$2.00 to: Rift, Box 33302, Minneapolis, MN 55433. Send 29 cent stamp. fro cool stuff catalog.

FOR SALE: "Crust Rug" \$25. Drunks With Guns "Thirst For Knowledge" orig. \$70. Corrupted Morals "Think About It" Offers. Sockeye/TCS #20, offers. Rapeman, T&G "Hated Chinese" \$50. Honeymoon Killers "Get It Hot" \$30 black. Only the serious may inquire. Wanted: 2 "Lipstick" Daw electro pick ups, pots (controls), Gruppo Spoctivo/Deaf School video. Wade, 4216 Lowe, Toledo, OH 43612.

SET SALE, \$21.00 p.p.d. "Profiles In Pain" Rancid Vat 7", "Lower East Side Crew", Warzone 7" (1st press), "Fugitive Family" United Mutation 7" (D.S.I./Dischord 10 7/8), Committed for Life-7 Seconds 7" (1st press), "Make An Effort"-Government Issue 7" (1st press w/cover). James, PO Box 928 Seattle, WA 98111 (206) 935-7340.

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS \$2/ 60 WORDS \$3 MAX- CASH ONLY!!!

SET SALE: \$26.00 p.p.d. "Smoke "Em" STP 7", "Lineman" Urge Overkill 7", "Shove" L7 7", "Room A Thousand Years Wide" Soundgarden 7", "64 Funny Cars" Cat Butt 7", "She's Dead" dwarves 7", "House" Babes in Toyland 7". James, PO Box 928, Seattle, WA 98111. (206) 935-7340.

FOR TRADE: "Circling The Pile"-Halo Of Flies 7", Mudhoney/Sonic Youth 7" (black wax), Diodes 1st LP (1977), Metal Urbain LP (Byzz), "Senseless Offerings" Black Market Baby LP, "Kill For Christ"-FU's. Wants: Hose LP (Def Jam), Snapping, Black Roscoe Bottles-Halo Of Flies 7", Certain Meanies 7"s. James, PO Box 928 Seattle, WA 98111. (206) 935-7340.

7" TRADERS: Have over 300 new/old rare 7" and 45's for trade many from/by: Napalm Death, Revelation, Sympathy, DKs, Very Small, S.E., Y.O.T., Poison Idea, Verbal Assault many more. Wants: Sub Pop, AmRep, Dead Kennedy's, Superchunk, S.E.H.C., and other cool shit. You list gets mine: write: Dan Fuentes, 31 First St., Staten Is., NY 10306.

MARK McDANIEL, Where are you? I never did get your new address and I just wanted to know how you were doing, and were you still selling records? I can be reached at: Joe Hunter, 7304 Masonville Ct., Annandale, VA 22003.

RARE DISCHORD merchandise. You won't believe some of this stuff. Send SASE for list. Playhouse Productions, PO Box 11261, Takoma Park, MD 20913.

19 YEAR OLD vegan punk/rock climber heading east this fall (?) for Minneapolis, Chicago, NYC, Conn. and anyplace in between. Would like to meet people who can show me around, go to shows with, and maybe climb with. Place to stay would be great but is not important. Please write if you can help me out. Any Misery/Nausea maniacs out there? Nobody, 3614 Surrey Dr. N.E., Olympia, WA 98506.

TRAVELLING TO Orlando/Tampa June '92. Need to know, people, places, shows to go to, etc. Into hardcore: Judge, Into Another, Quicksand, Underdog, Fugazi, etc. Anyone in the area please write. Glenn Bowen, 30 Browning Dr., Hinckley, Leics, LE10 0SH, England.

WHEN I OPEN my empty mailbox I'm sucked into the existential void. Can you fill the hole with your penetrating letter? Can you just write bullshit like this? Re-invent my future. Cheater Teeter, 27 S. 8th, Allentown, PA 18101.

HARDCORE BLOWOUT SALE! Statement 7" (from California, not band on Hardline.) is available in limited quantities for only \$2 ppd! Or only \$1 ppd if you order the Gallions Lap 10 song cassette for \$5 ppd. Checks or M.O. payable to: Greg Anderson, 1218 Terry Ave., #309 Seattle, WA 98101.

FOR SALE: Ripping Thrash zine #6 with: Citizens Arrest, No Fraud, G-Anx, etc. \$2.00 postpaid. Taper with no title comp. tape, with Psychic Possessor, Gulag, etc. \$5.00 postpaid. Send \$1.00 for full distribution list. Labels, zines, wanna trade? Bands wanted for more comps. & split tapes. Write: Steve, 25 Elms Road, Burton-On-Trent, Staffs, DE15 9AQ, England.

TRADE ONLY: State 7", YDI 7", Septic Death "Burial", YYY "Sin", V/A: "Not So Quiet..." DLP, Stretchmarks LP, Second Wind 12", Death Sentence "Ryan", False Liberty 7", and early European stuff (Varukers, Larm, Negazione...). See other ad for wants. Chris.

I'M AFTER: Necros "IQ 32", Neos "Discrimination", KURO 8", CIA 7", Misguided "Options", White Cross 7", Final Conflict 7", Artificial Peace/Exiled 7", Lockfaw "Dead Friend". Your list gets mine. Chris Alert/BP/93340 Le Raincy/France

FUCKING FAGGOTS! It takes one to know one, right? Well, tell fellow "family" members about the hard times you've had/are having by being gay/queer. All submissions will be printed. Lesbians especially, please write! This is for a new "all womyn" zine called Dickless, made by women, for womyn! Send stories, pictures, poems, graphics, etc. to Alex Progress, PO Box 444, Madison, NJ 07940.

SALE/TRADE-Chaos UK 1st LP "Varukers Bloodsuckers"; Nip Drivers "Destroy Whitey"; Misfits "Evilive" German; Deery "Falling"; Concrete Sox "Yourturn" (COR); Conflict "Not Enough"; Chaos UK "Burning Britain"; Subhumans "Rats"; 7 Seconds "Committed" (orange cover); Useless Peaces Shit "Fuck Shit"; more...SASE: Jason (206) 486-8909, 4206 228 Street, S.E. Bothell, WA 98021. Looking for Special Duties "77 in 82" LP.

TAPES WANTED! Any and all Fugazi, Husker Du, Replacements, Firehose, Pixies, REM. Posters, flyers also heartily welcomed. Please send lists to: Paul Kangas, 100 Cornell Avenue, Ithaca, NY 14850. After May 15th, 2295 Glendon Road, University Heights, OH 44118.

SHADOWS AND TALL TREES zine out now! For only \$1 you get 24 pages of columns, record/show reviews, pictures, cartoons, articles on straight edge, school, shows, vegetarianism, and a ton more! Bands/labels send ads and records. Everything is used. Any contributions welcome! Everyone write now: Dave Natoli, 63 West Bridge Street, Oswego, NY 13126. XXX.

DAGGER DISTRIBUTIONS PRESENTS-Sanity Assassins self-titled LP on England's Full Circle Records \$7 vinyl only. White Pigs "Songs of Sin" LP \$7 cassette, \$5 on Chicago's Walk Thru Fyre Records. Ultra rare vinyl only LP by Dispossessed-"Sister Mary", \$10. All prices post paid cash only: Dagger Distribution, PO Box 380152, East Hartford, CT 06138-0152. No ripoffs.

VIEWPOINT FANZINE, ISSUE 2 out May 5th! Interviews with Sick Of It All, Napalm Death, Biohazard, and Drawback. Cost of zine is \$2 + 3 stamps US/Canada. \$3 + 3 IRC foreign. Contributors, bands, zines, labels, and animal rights activists write to: PO Box 10168, Chicago, IL 60610. Thanks, Polish Prince. Info-SASE.

HOT YOUNG VIRGIN mailbox craves creative stuffings! Is writing dead? Extremist rantings of psychos, outcasts, perverts, everyone w/a viewpoint (no idle chit chat, phony shock value) needed now! Will answer all, so vent spleens, boys & girls! Also seek pals in area. I'm 32, ok? So don't just sit there, fuckface! Joe, POB 153, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02117.

RECORD AUCTION: A lot of S.E. and H.C. 7" and 12" for sale. YOT "Can't Close My Eyes" original 1st press, Shelter bootleg, Breakaway, Chain of Strength clear, 63 7" yellow, Insted LP red and white vinyl and a lot more. Send to PO Box 10168, Chicago, IL 60610. Send SASE for list. The Polish Prince.

JAPANESE BANDS interested in doing an indie/D.I.Y. project in the States? I'd like to release tapes of bands that are interested. Possibly vinyl in the future. Interested in all underground genres (HC, Punk, Grind, etc.) I would also like to build up Japanese contacts, so Japanese punks please write: Jon, 2161 Bunker Hill Drive, San Mateo, CA 94402 USA.

HUSKER DU-Need someone to tape me "Everything Falls Apart". Write me anyways if you don't have it because I'm bored. Tapetraders also write: Ron Gleason, PO Box 291, Laie, HI 96762.

SET SALE OF Xcore records. Must sell due to economy. Some rare, some not, many under \$5! Misfits, Ignition, Die Kreuzen, more! Send \$1 (refundable with order of \$5 or more) for list to: M. DiRoma, 351 Pleasant Street, #191, Northampton, MA 01060.

CONSPIRACY "Back To The Beginning" 4-song 7" on burgundy wax. Hard hitting thrash-punk \$3.50, No Fraud "Elected" 7" \$3.50, Flash Bastard "War" 7" \$3.50. Buy all 3 for \$9.00 ppd. in U.S. Europe \$15.00 from 5tiff Pole Records, 3665 E Bay Dr. #204-271, Largo, FL 34641. All these are 4-song EP's on colored wax.

WANTED DESPERATELY a black and white, clear picture of a head on collision between two cars from the 1920's or 1930's. The best one will receive the first three 7"er's from 5tiff Pole Records. Send pictures to 5tiff Pole Records, 3665 E Bay Dr. #204-271, Largo, FL 34641. Hurry this offer is for a very limited time.

RIM JOBS!!! I really need a 7Seconds 3 Chord Politics Bootleg 7". Also want 7Seconds Socially Fucked Up tape or any 7Seconds stuff, have stuff to trade. I'm also here to tell you that Lunchtray zine has a new address, and issue will be out soon & is split with another zine. Send stuff, anything! Lunchtray zine/ PO Box 1133/ Slatersville, RI 02896-0097.

70's & 80's Cheese Hell! My spark got hot again and now I just can't stop. If you've recorded a terrible song from the time period listed above, I would love to place it on my comp tape. Inquiries: J. Hunter, 7304 Masonville Ct, Annandale, VA 22003.

WRITE TO ME: I'm 19, female, bi. Into: Tones on Tail, Cartoons, road trips, tarot, comics. Would especially like to hear from you in NYC or anywhere else. Please write: Alba, PO Box 1893, Campbell, Ca 95009.

AUCTION: Going to Europe and must sell: Crippled Youth 7" (black or clear v.), Chain of Strength 7" (1st 7" on green v.), G. Biscuit 7" (yellow v.), Hard Stance 7" (blue v.), Insight 7" (orange v. or test print), Judge 7" (1st press on schism), Swiz 7" (yellow v.), Unity 7", YOT "can't..." 7" (1st press), YOT "Break ..." LP (wishingwell Blue v.). Call for bids- Eric Astor, 602 820 5506, PO Box 1865, Tempe, AZ 85280-1865. Low Prices.

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS \$2, 60 WORDS \$3 MAX - CASH ONLY!!

STEFFORD RECORDS: I have 10 copies of all my releases left: Last option "Over Time", Wind of Change "Promise Kept" and Unit Pride "Then and Now". 7"s are all \$15 Each. I also have a test press of each which are up for auction. Call to reserve - Eric Astor, (602) 820-5506, PO Box 1865, Tempe, AZ 85280-1865.

TRADE: Die Kruezen "Cows" 7"; Roach Motel "Roach Roll" 7"; CIA "God Guts" 7"; Vains "School Jerks" 7"; Bad Religion "Back to known" 12"; Misfits "Evillive" 12"; Nip Drivers "Destroy Whitey" 12"; Mob "Upset system" 7"; John, 18145 Soledad cyn. rd. #55 Canyon Country, CA 91351.

WANTS: Authorities "Soundtrack" 7"; Wipers "Better dead" 7"; Chronic Sick 12"; Dicks "Hate Police" 7"; AOF "Thanks" LP; Shitdogs "History Cheese" 7"; Fix "Vengeance" 7"; Urinals "Sex" 7"; Send Lists: John, 18145 Soledad cyn. rd. #55, Canyon Country, CA 91351.

WANTED: Texas punk records- Bobby Soxx, Foams, Inserts, Stains, Offenders, Next, Skunks, Huns, Dicks, Big Boys, Vomit Pigs, Cringe, Hugh Beaumont experience, Hates, Really red, Dot Vaeth Group, ESR comp, Ejectors, Ft worth Cats, Telefones, DRI, AK47, Marching Plague.... Write to Pat, BOX 49136, Austin, TX 78765.

11 X 17 TOUR POSTERS for sale/trade. Have Fugazi at Liberty Lunch, Mudhoney at cannibal Club, Big Boys at the Armadillo, Huns at Raul's, Helmet at the Axiom, Nirvana (Axiom), Pain Teens (Axiom). these are a small portion of my collection. I love to trade and I sell cheap. Pat, BOX 49136, Austin, TX 78765.

PLEASE HELP ME dedicate my life to music. I want to start at least 18 bands, if not more. Send for a free list and pass it on. Also, please get me on mailing and pen pal lists worldwide. Read my letter in this issue. I love/like a variety of music. Wayne Goulart, 14 Magnolia St, Bristol RI 02809.

QUADOG is a zine which provides an outlet for people to express ideas, opinions and creative thought. It also offers a place for underground bands to advertise free of charge. Quadog is totally not-for-profit. If you are interested in sending something or finding out more info, write to: Quadog, 1729 1/2 Collete Dr, N. Mankato MN 56003.

COMPACT DISCS!!! Incredible selection of hard to find import and domestic titles. Punk, Metal, Grunge, etc. Alternative stuff—Great Prices! Send \$1.00 for one year catalog subscription. Off the Record, 6136 El Cajon Blvd., San Diego CA 92115.

PEN PALS WANTED: 18 yr old SE into YOT, Judge, Screeching Weasel, NOFX. Also wanted: Screeching Weasel 1st LP and Boogadaboogadaboogada. Write to Kyle Graydon, 108 Waterview Dr, Columbia SC 29212.

MISFITS SUCK SO I'm selling all my shit. "Beware" 7" \$20.00, "Evil Is..." 7" \$15.00, "Perfect Crime" 7" \$20.00, lotsa other things as well besides records, videos, posters, zine shit, other records and more. John Kale, 1318 Maryland Dr., Ladson, S.C., 29456. Will also trade records for your records, write me, buy these records.

FREE ZINES: We are trying to start a zine. Please send us photos, scene reports, stories about taking a shit or anything nasty. If your stuff is used we will send you a copy. Kyle Graydon, 108 Waterview Dr, Columbia SC 29212.

MUNCHEN: ich komme im Juni durch Juli, um Deutsch zu studieren. Ich habe schon ein Zimmer (Gastgeberfamilie). Ich möchte Deutsch Bands hören. Ich habe gern punk, ska, hardcore, usw. Ich möchte Freunde machen, mit wem Bands zu sehen, usw. Ich spiele Bass auch, und brauche eins zu mieten. Steve Zielke, 325 Murdock Rd, Baltimore MD 21212, USA (bis 15. 5). Keine Nazi!

MUNICH: I'm visiting June 1 - July 25 to study German. I have a room with a host family. I like punk, ska, hardcore, etc. I would like to meet punks living in Germany. Also, I need to rent/borrow a bass. Steve Zielke, 325 Murdock Rd, Baltimore MD 21212, USA (until May 15). No Nazis!

GRIEF are a new band from beantown consisting of Disrupt members and other mental defectives. Our debut 7" EP is out now for \$3.50 US, \$5.00 World. US cake only!! Grievance Recs, 21 Thomas Rd, Lawrence MA 01843.

ENDANGERED WORLD RECORDS now has Zombie Terrorists EP - \$2.50 and Demise - All This For Nothing EP - \$2.50. Send two stamps for list to Brian Duke, 614 Abercorn, Savannah GA 31401. Our prices are always low because we think greedy people suck!!

CITIZEN FISH will be playing in Savannah, GA on May 12. Anyone wanting info or directions call Brian Duke at 912-236-5009. Any other bands willing to play here please get in touch.

I NEED MORE SHIT! Especially spoken Jello!! Bored? Write me! All we have to do is get the info. moving. Pick up that pencil, let me know what the fuck is going on! Mark, PO Box 632, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2G 4B6.

WANTED: GERMS "Lexicon Devil" 7" (orig.) and "What We Do Is Secret" 12" - Alleycats, "Nothing..." 7" (Dangerhouse) - Fear "Fuck Christmas" 7" / Bad Brains "House of Suffering" 7" Ramones - early US picture sleeve singles, and many more, including easily available. For trade: Bad Brains "Destroy Babylon" 12" - Heresy "Thanks" EP & early LP's - Japan only CD's - Civil Dissident EP (original), Poison Idea "Ian" EP - rare 7" by MDC, Ganggreen, Final Warning, Subhumans (UK), Discharge, Varukers, Conflict, plus early Swedish, Finnish, Revelation, Japanese stuff, and more. Looking for reliable traders in Australia and the US also. Write: Kalv, POB 203, Nottingham, NG1 3RF, England.

I'M STARTING A ZINE. Please send zines, letters, records, whatever. Also will trade Richard Hell - Blank Generation for Allied Box. Write First. John Lerner, RD#7, Box 117, Kittanning, PA. 16201.

SOMETHING SMELLS ISSUE five is still available. Bad Religion, Jawbox, Bazooka Joe, Crawl/Child, Bliss, Phleg Camp and more tell the worst smell they've ever encountered. \$3.00 to: POB 20161, Barrie, Ontario, L4M6H2, Canada.

FUCKIN' HARD TRADES: Rest In Pieces "My Rage", NYC Together yellow vinyl 7", Warzone 7", SOIA 7", all Schism Records, includes PX 7", and more. Want: Breakdown, Rest In Pieces, YDL, Altercation, Krakdown, Life's Blood, Dmize, Merauder, Patterns, Confusion, Social Disorder, Hard Responsee T-shirts! Send want/tradelists to: Frank Chaumier, Rue Gaston Navailles, Neuilly, France.

GG ALLIN AUCTION - Gimme Some Head / Dead Or Alive (Orange Rec.) GG & Jabbers - Bored To Death, Beat Beat Beat, One Man Army (1979 Blood Rec.) - GG's Xmas Song / Afterbirth - Santa Claus Is Dead (Rainbo Rec.) Test Pressing, Public Animal #1 white label promo - Trent Reeve, 24 Guelph St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2H 5W6. (519) 571-1994.

BUNCH OF FUCKING GOOFS, Beastie Boys, Big Chief, Crucial Youth, Ignition, Jawbox, Swiz, Underdog, Unity, Youth Of Today, Unsafe At Any Speed, Revelation 7" ers, all 7" ers for sale, make offers, mail for list - Trent Reeve, 24 Guelph St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2H 5W6. (519) 571-1994.

LEATHER JACKET FOR SALE, black, over 100 studs, size 42, and has Operation Ivy logo and has it written below it. Will sell for \$80.00 cash, or check to: John Kale Jr., 1318 Maryland Dr., Kadson, SC 29456.

OEDIPUS RECORDS... Hey, I believe in smashing capitalism as much as the next person, but in the meantime I'm selling records. Send a couple bucks for the cool Hellbender 7" or write for a list of stuff I carry. 307 Blueridge Rd., Carrboro, NC 27510, USA.

HEY! I AM IN NEED of Motorhead/L7 vinyl. Motorhead- "Sleep 'til Hammersmith" (Legacy Pressing), "Ace of Spades", "Anthology", & "No Remorse". Also looking for T's (x-large), posters, & patches too! Also L7's 1st LP "Pretend We're Dead". Babes in Toyland 7" on Insipid Records. Terriaki Asthma 1-4. All vinyl must be in mint condition. Seeking penpals as well. Write to: King, 539 W. Doty, Madison, WI 53703.

JO! The Percolator tour July 1992 - we are looking for shows anywhere in the US and Canada, East of the continental divide (music-fest and fund. People-mellow Quaker types). Jo, P.O. Box 847, Schenectady, NY 12301. (518) 374-2166.

SALE OR TRADE: Original Misfits 7"s, Black Flag - "Licourice Pizza" 7", G.I. "Make An Effort", Koro - "700 Club" E.P., Toxic Reasons - "War Hero" 7", plus more. Write or call John, 316 Forest Oak Dr., Knoxville, TN 37919. (691)-2135.

CUT MY BALLS OFF WITH A CHAINSAW. MOTHERFUCKER!!! #2 is now free. All yagotta do iz rite me. Its got punk comics, interviews, stories, photos, advice and more. It's so punk, it's so funny, you'll shit your pants. Upside Dan, 3413 Wren Ave., Concord, CA 94519.

HEY! CHECK THIS OUT! The coolest jewelry in the world! Crystals, spiders, crosses, etc.. Made for you by hand. Send \$5 or more, the more you send the more you get! Mike, 1715 E. Fowler Ave. Box #137, Tampa, FL 33612.

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS \$2/ 60 WORDS \$3 MAX - CASH ONLY!!!

ATTN: CUT PUNK GURLZ send me nude fotos! My buddy thinkspunk gurlz arent cute. Send me nude fotos so i can prove him wrong. There's a 50 dollar bet on this. Send to: Nude Cuties, 3413 Wren Ave., Concord, CA 94519.

HEY MOTHERFUCKER!!! Send me info of your band, zines or tapes or records to review or anything. Gross disturbing pornographic or funnyto me for "Cut My Balls Off With A Chainsaw... Motherfucker!!!" Upside Dan, 3413 Wren Ave., Concord, CA 94519.

HELP! Mail obsessed! 18 yr old female seeks correspondence with anyone, anywhere. Into veganism, animal rights, grungecore, punk + death metal. I don't believe in god or government. This space is limited so send letters, photos, anything to Shawn, P.O. Box #791, Chanhassen, MN 55317.

BOOTLEGS - Sale or trade: LPs - Fear - "Living With Fear," Nirvana - "Live Reading 91", Husker Du - "Everything Falls" includes first two 7"s, Buttholes - "Caso Raro." 7"s - Deepwound, insert, blue wax, Fall - 77 demos, Dickies - studio demos. Prices, post paid airmail USA LPs - \$20, 7"s - \$10, less for multiples! Details, List or \$1 to: Smith, 26 Paddock Rd., Lewes, Sussex, BN7 IUU, England.

TRADE/SALE: British 80's Punk - Discharge, Ejected, Partisans, Blitz, Ultraviolent, etc. European bootlegs, and more! Wanted - Genetic Control 7", Copshootop - "Headkick Facsimile," Naked Raygun - "Basement Screams," Really Red - "Modern Needs," "Despise Moral Majority," "Where Birdmen Flew," Big Black - "Peel," Husker Du - "Free Land," WeirDOS - "Neutron Bomb," Minor Threat - "Eyes." Trades preferred! Smith, 26 Paddock Rd., Lewes, Sussex, BN7 IUU, England.

GUY (24) hoping to come to S.F. area around July/ August for coupla months needs place(s) to stay, people to hang out with, will pay rent. Write: Robert, 43 Lyveden Road, Brigstock, Kettering, Northants, NN14 3HE, England.

SCOTTISH GUY wishes to hear from anyone anywhere, especially if you have Naked Raygun's Basement Screams for sale! Drop me a line for a chat, laugh, and whatever else ok. All letters answered. Dag Nasty lovers guaranteed quick reply. Write to: Craig Welsh, 54 Cedric Rise, Dedridge, Livingston, Scotland. EH54 6JS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE GAY to be queer. Gaybee zine #1 and #2 still available - both for just \$1 and 2 stamps. Cats, food, sex, comix and more. We're doing a comic book so send us your stuff, soon! Please? A new GAYBEE coming soon, stay tuned. Love, dearly and queerly, Missy and Joe, POB 343, Portland, ME 04112-0343.

MOVING TO EUROPE or Britain fall '92. Writer into local band scenes, Russ Meyers films, Kurt Vonnegut novels need to know of cool places to hang, possible places to crash. If you're into drunkenness, violence, needles; I'll pass. Write me especially Parisians. Keith Madden, 1 Beach Plum Ln. (Little Harbor), Wareham, MA 02571 USA.

HELLO MRR'ers this is Stimpny again, remember the homo from NYC in #107. well I fucked up on my PO Box 1525, NYC, NY 10011.

NEED MUTATION from inspiration. I dig odd but true stories. Describe in one sentence the most boring thing possible. Give anything except original UFO photos and ye shall receive a promise to get a return from Craig, 102 S. Rolling Rd., Catonsville, ND 21228.

DEEP SIX RECORDS - Slobber 5 song EP - raw grind, Tormentor 4 song EP - slick speeds never attempted before. \$3 US/ \$5 air. Each out soon "What's wrong with this picture?" With Visual Discrimination, Infest, Mind Rot, Piss Poor Apocalypse. Cash or money order to Robert Kasitz, PO Box 6911 Burbank, CA 91510-6911. USA

LISTEN UP! I'm starting a zine so I need contributions-art, comics, stories, opinions, scene reports, demos and zines for review, interviews, photos, etc. You'll get recognition and maybe a little surprise in the mail, so send it to: Fia, 842 South Brooks St. #1, Madison, WI 53715.

AUSTRALIA-I'M MOVING to Sydney in a few months, and need some contacts. I'm hoping to settle there for a few years, maybe even for good. 21 yr. old male into Social D, Greenpeace, art. Eric Thibodeau, 10 Briley Place, Nashua, NH 03063.

FOR SALE: Misfits at the Ritz, NYC 12/81 compact disc, 45 minutes \$50; "Evilive" 7" with band photo cover, 7 tracks \$35; "A Walk Among the Dead" 7" studio outtakes, red vinyl, numbered 7/1000 \$35; "Night of the Living Dead" LP DC '82, 1000 made \$30. Prices include postage. Wanted: Token Entry "From Beneath the Streets" LP, Misfits "Night of the Living Dead" 7", Horror Business 7". Please send your reaction to: Bob deRooy, Nassaust. 395, 5046 NX Tilburg, Holland.

WANTED: ANYTHING BY Crimpshrine (except Lookout 7"s) especially "Lame Gig" LP. Also any Snuff or live recordings of Fifteen. Send a list of what you've got and how much \$\$ you want for it. Take care. Steve, 6 Coddington Ave., Avenel, NJ 07001.

7" SALE: Germs "Forming" original with insert \$60; Child Molesters "Diary", Ace and Duce \$25; Even Worse "Mouse or Rat" \$20; Nervebreakers "Girls" blue \$20; Vast Majority "Wanna Be a Number" \$20; Savage Circle (NY) "Kill Yourself" \$15; Maids "Bataan" \$10; Skunks "What Do You Want?" \$5. Ryan Richardson, Box 5090, Wes Sta., Middletown, CT 06459. (203) 638-1012.

NECROPHILIA! EXTREME PORN! Killer fiction! It's the "Subversive Publishing" issue of Obscure Publications zine. It's all about writers who push the limits. Dahmer, GJ Shaefer, Nillsen and other serial killers. Just \$1 ppd. to Obscure, P.O. Box 1334, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

HOW DO YOU go about forming an official political party? We're sick of the kiss-ass candidates and the people who suck it up. Our platform will basically be, "Fuck Everyone". (Suck on this, George!) Hadad & Paul

WANT: Poles 7", Red Menace 7", Scream 7" (Government Primer), Roach Motel 7" (What the Hell), Shellshock 7" (No Hold Barred), Meanies 7"s (Probe t.v. + Darkside of My Mind), Rocks 7", Insults 7" (Trasher Go Home), Chosen Few 7", Stevie Stiletto 7" (Bogus Life, org.), Zipgun 7" (promo) **TRADE:** Larm 7"s, Stalag 13 12" (org.), P.I. 7"6, Misfits 7" (Halloween, org.), DYS 12" (Brotherhood) double 7" (org.), Vision 7" (both), Abused 7" (org.) + more. Henk Smit, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, Holland.

BANDS! BANDS! BANDS! Play your music over the east coast airways. Alternative college radio station would like to play your music. Any kind of music o.k.. Send tapes, records, CDs to: WUMA/A. Perry, 719 Washington St., Suite 169, Newtonville, MA 02160. Please include brief bio. and address/ phone numbers for our listeners.

FAMOUS HARDCORE BACK ISSUES feature #3 Psycho #4 Negative Approach #5 Sons of Ishmael #6 Impulse Manslaughter. \$1 ea., outside US/Canada add \$2 airmail. Craig Hill, 220 Standish #1, Redwood City, CA 94063. Cash only.

BLOODHOUND GANG, totally zany hip 3 piece looking to play in the Midwest and Canada the first two weeks of June and any weekend. 7" released on THD, THD split 7" and Shredder comp soon. Releasing a second 7" by May. Would like help w/ distribution, will trade. Influences: Hüsker Dü, Reason to Believe, 7 Seconds. Please write: 1 Nord Circle, St. Paul, MN 55127.

NOTHING SACRED #5 is here! This issue: Underground film legend Nick Zedd, the tribal trippin' rhythms of Monkey Paw & Wood and Smoke, part one of Pleasant German's rock and roll diaries, blistering fiction by Conrad Nava, mind-bending poetry by Jay Sosnicki, Justice Howard, Sa Griffin, Fido von Sydo, etc. New 8 1/2 by 11 format, offset printing, classifieds. You need a dose! \$2 ppd per copy to: Nuthin sacred, POB 3516, Hollywood, CA 90078.

BIG CHIEF - Brake torque (purple) \$20, Flesh Columns (Touch and Go) \$15, Progress comp (Guilt Parade, Sons of Ishmael) \$15, Nunf**kers 7" \$10, Fair Warning - You are the scene \$20, Nihilistics (debut LP) \$20, add \$2 postage. Stooze 24, Guelph St. Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2H 5W6.

FOR SALE: LOADS OF RECORDS. Fear, Germs 7"es plus more. No prices, make offers, all must go, I need the cash. Brian, P.O. Box 138, Elmhurst, IL 60126.

HENRY ROLLINS concert photos (and VHS videos) in acceptable quality wanted. Also live-drug-jam recordings of Monster Magnet. Please write to: Martin Julier, Grabenring 35, 4123 Allschwil, Switzerland.

BE FAMOUS! Not really, but get your zine/ T-shirts/demos etc. distributed through Sukatash distribution. Send a sample and price by the dozen to: Sukatash, C/O Aaron Ruark, 7589 Bear Creek Rd., Fairview, PA 16415-2606. We won't screw ya! Send SASE for catalog.

VxG CULTURE MAGAZINE will be out soon it will shock you.

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS \$2/ 60 WORDS \$3 MAX - CASH ONLY!!!

CLASH/JANE'S - Am looking for older-unusual style Clash and Jan's T-shirts (XL). Must be in decent shape. Also promo posters, CD's, etc... of both bands. Sellers/fans write: Bob Christman, M/V LAF 4259, W. 22nd Ave., Seattle, WA 98199.

HEY: If you want hardcore buy Norman Bates and the Showerheads. send \$8.00 (in the US) or \$10.00 (outside U.S.) Mike Marquez, PO Box 402, Glen Oaks, NY 11004.

HARVEST YOU HATE! Read the journal of hate and just write the Scrotum dude. Anyone into HC, comics, and Star wars. I'm not that weird. Hi Bry, thinking of you. Jason, 414 Northview Dr., Sheperdsville, KY 40165.

FOR SALE: Misfits autographed Halloween, Walk Among Us 1st., Orig. T-shirts and more, Samhain 1st 3 orig., Septic Death Lim. ed. 12", Pistols: Sid sings w/ poster, boats, etc., Venom and Slayer stuff, DK's, G.B.H. on Clay, Rudimentary Peni EP's/ LP's, Horror Soundtracks, assorted 80's punk/HC, reasonable. Send SASE for list: Ethan Walker, 11828 Alafaya Woods Ct., Orlando, FL 32826 (407) 281-7442. No bullshit- No rip offs!

LOOKING FOR GIRLCORE STUFF - info about bands, zines, letters, stuff going on... Please send letters, art, writing, whatever. Will write back. Zannah Marsh, Hungry Girl Fanzine, Box 1007, 1600 Grand Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105.

EBULLITION RECORDS There was a vision in punk rock, in the frantic calling of angry kids playing hardcore; it was a burning desire for something more. That desire gets stuck in your throat, and you do as you can to relieve the pain. Ebullition Records, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116, (805) 968-0274

NO ANSWERS zine, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116, (805) 968-0274, \$2 ppd, \$5 world, irregular, 48 pages. Sometimes you get caught inside of yourself and the only way out is achieved with tongue and pen. You tear and scream, and you find a little bit of your own identity. The process is ever changing and ever painful

BY-PRODUCT PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116, (805) 968-0274, vinyl/zines/ mailorder/gigs/wholesale, LPs are sold for no more than \$ ppd, and 7"s are sold for no more than \$3 ppd. Send sample, but taste not profit runs the show.

LIVE ALBUMS from Mudhoney, Soundgarden, and Nirvana up for grabs and cheap too! Also have Sub-Pop singles and boots. Everyone who wrote to Austin, TX: please try again at the NY address. Send SASE to: Stan, 301 W. 53rd St. #9E, NY, NY 10019 or call (212) 956-1858.

ANTI-HEROS! "Don't Tread On Me" LP wanted. Will pay extra money for or trade. Contact: Jared, 1524 Peggy Lane, North Mankato, MN 56003, USA.

FANORAMA QUEER ZINE #1. Hey you homo punk boys and girls, expose yourself to Fanorama fanzine! Mail \$3 ppd. to: Bones, PO Box 8039, Richmond, IN 47375. Be a queer "Fan"atic!

PENPALS AND FRIENDS WANTED. I am new to DC - VA, all the way from LA. Into: Art, Bass, Citizen Fish, Pegboy, and BH Surfers. Don, 107 S West St #259, Alexandria VA 22314-2824.

STILL AVAILABLE "Between The Clouds" a 7" compilation with 5 Italian MCSE bands \$5 (ppd). Out in June By All Means/Equality split 7". Write for trade. Green Records c/o Giulio Ropetto, Via Falloppio 38, Padova 35100, Italy.

GUITARIST WANTED L.A./O.C. area for Rhythm Collision punk/HC, common interests/direction/originality. No Flakes. P.S. Still have a few copies of "Pressure" LP \$7.00 ppd to: H. Margolis, PO Box 865, Agoura, CA 91376, (818) 991-4428.

WARNING - coming to Phoenix/Scottsdale in July. Please send names and addresses of interesting punk bars and clubs I might visit. Don't expect a letter back but if you request a list of Long Island/NYC bars and clubs I will send one. Write to: Ed, PO Box 1162, Melville NY 11747.

I'M A VERY BORED, seventeen year old, looking for penpals to write about anything and everything. I dig a lot of different music, new experiences, I'm a vegetarian, anarchist, non-racist, non-sexist human being and I will write anyone out there in this world but don't mind when I write back and it's a big geek world letter or just plain weird. Angie Pias, 1695 White Oak Dr., Chaska, MN 55318.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: Massive punk, new wave list, just send 2 IRC. List inc Germs, Dwarves, X-Ray Spex, Varukers, Discharge, Chaos UK plus 100s more english punk records for full list: Dave, 45 Somerset RD, Radford, Coventry, CV1 4EG, England.

SALE/TRADE: No Future, Mortarhate, Crass, Riot City plus more. Anarcho- Wegot the lot at fair prices. For list send IRC to Yokel Records, 53 Louise Rd, Dorchester, Dorset, DT12LU, UK. Fast and reliable service guaranteed.

DO YOU DIG SHIT like Blitz, Crass, Dirt, Discharge, 4-Skins, Business, Partisans, Conflict, GBH, etc.? Then send IRC to Yokel Records, 53 Louise Rd, Dorchester, Dorset, DT1 2LU, UK. For mega list at fair prices, also open for str8xxx trades.

RARE PUNK RECORDS for sale at low prices. We carry hundreds of new, used, limited edition and colored vinyl records from: X-Ray Spex, Conflict, The Dickies, Misfits, Varukers, Social Distortion and many many more. Plus a great selection of shirts, stickers, cassettes and badges. For huge catalog send 2 stamps to: Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000 - 117, Alta Loma, CA 91701.

CRUSTY, VEGAN, HAPPY TRAVELER going to be in London, England in the beginning of July for 2-3 days. Will be in Stockholm, Sweden for 1-3 days and in Trondheim area of Norway for 1 month. Looking for floors to sleep on, friendly people to meet, bands to interview, records to buy, shows to see, etc. Into crust/HC/punk/grind/death/etc. Please write! Denis Cullen, 35093 Maidstone Ct., Newark, CA 94560.

AVAILABLE NOW! GUTTERMOUTH LP/ Cass. full length. 15 songs from one of Southern California's best punk bands. Also available: 4 song 7" EP "Puke" and 3 song 7" EP "Balls"! LP/Cass: \$7 ppd US/\$10 overseas. 7"es: \$3.50 US/\$5.50 elsewhere. Send check, cash or money order to: Dr. Strange Records, P.O. Box 7000 - 117, Alta Loma, CA 91701.

HELP A STARVING ARTIST! C'mon man, I need help bad. It's either this or law school! I'll send you something bitchin' if you help. Don't be a wanker. Mike, 1715 E. Fowler Ave. Box #137, Tampa, FL 33612.

BANDS !!! Send in your record to be reviewed for possible play on KTSB radio in Austin, TX. If I like your record I'll play it. Records will not be returned. Steve, P.O. Box 49136, Austin, TX 78765.

WICKED WOMAN with wildly eclectic tastes in art, music, fiction and people wants to write to people who aren't controlled by fads or labels. Open-minded, free-spirited 23- yr old female artist more interested in the colors of the real world than the color of people's skin. Share your mental graffiti. Answers guaranteed. Trina, 1702 Ross, Boise ID 83706.

RARE BRITISH PUNK/OI!/HC. Set-sale 1500+ items, Abrasive Wheels - Zounds. Want list service. Please send IRC for catalogue: Elista, 157 Common Rise, Hitchin, Herts., SG4 0HS, England. Tel: (0462) 433089.

STICKMAN - America's ultimate party band on tour in August 92! Call for bookings (215) 436-5151, we'll play anywhere. "Everhappy" 5 song cassette out now, \$4 ppd, cash or check to: Ted Casterline, 211 S. Bonsall, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

HELP! Anyone know who and where Christain Bach is? Also Mike, from Oceanside, CA, I met you in Palm Desert, CA at this record shop. You just moved out here, and thought it sucked. You're right, it does. I moved. Where the hell are you? Write me, Lory, 6233 Cloverly Ave. Temple City, CA 91780.

ATTENTION GERMANS who speak English. I'm interested in trading US for German records. I'll get new US HC grunge cheaply and old US music more easily. Want old punk/art on Zickzack like Die Todliche Doris, also 39 Clocks and electronics similar to Neu & Can & anything recent weird that you know. Theresa T, 50 Emerson Ct, Staten Is, NY 10304.

VOMIT INDUCING made easy: the new split 7" by Sockeye and Sheep Squeeze. Turns your stomach every time. Don't be shy, barf today! \$3 US (\$5 overseas). Dave, PO Box 2143, Stow, OH 44224. Send SASE for cool record catalogue and/or rare record auction list.

RESIST will be touring Europe (with Germany's UFD) and the UK (with Rectify) during May & June. We want to be able to answer mail till early July, so hold off till then. Wish us luck! Watch for Resist/Disrupt split 7" and the Resist/Deprived split 7", both out now! Cheers and beers! Resist

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS \$2/ 60 WORDS \$3 MAX CASH ONLY!!!

"ARISTOTLE THOUGHT that true love could exist only between two men as women are imperfect. Hume unable to resist our oppression, they obviously exist solely for our use. I'm a nice person. If you like to think and feel... write. Chris, University Plaza, 168 Cherry St, Kent, OH 44240. I admit in no way approval.

29 YEAR OLD PUNK bored with life, wishes to chat with others. I'm into melodic punk like the Lemonheads, Misfits, Goo Goo Dolls, and into the horror genre. Promise to write back. Also looking for info about the Replacements. Will trade stuff for bootlegs, interviews, and videos. Thanks. Kevin Person, 5708 Mansion Blvd, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Worship the Dog God.

CHOKEHOLD/CRISIS OF FAITH split 7" out now. Canadian-style straightedge on one side, political thrash on the other. Send \$3 (Canada)/\$3.50 (US)/\$5 world (air). No cheques please. Money orders payable to T. Wong. Also payable in stamps. Distributors and labels get in touch. Grinding Edge Records, 195 Apache Trail, Willowdale, Ont M2H 2J3, Canada

TRADE 7": Iconoclast (Flip 4), Raw Power "Wop", JFA "Localism", No Means No "Dad", DRI "Pacification", Napalm Death "Children" & "Mass Appeal", YOT "Eyes", Crippled Youth, Warzone (orange), GB (yellow), Turning Point (red), Aware 7" & 12", NFAA 7" & 12", Albany Style, Wind of Change "Promise", Absolution (red), Billingsgate (white), Payback, Against Wall (grey), Crucial Youth "Yule" (green), Walk Proud (green), Outburst (blue), Bad Brains/BMB (gold), Rollins live & Libido Boyz promo 7". Need: Subpop & Amrep & more. Dan Fuentes, 31 First Street, Staten Island, NY 10306.

FRESH WATER PRODUCTIONS is looking for any straight edge/ vegetarian bands to be on positive comp. All bands receive free copy. Also need pictures of tattoos from punks and skins. I also have for sale "Mashed Potatoes" the comp for \$4. Send to Tim Papineau, 634 Aldershot Rd, Baltimore MD 21229. May all beer drinkers die.

RECORDS FOR SALE: Tons of old Boston stuff; SSD, DYS, Jerry's Kids, Gang Green, Mission of Burma, Sub Pop, Big Chief, Nirvana, The Fluid, Naked Raygun, Tad, Mudhoney, 7 Seconds, Agent Orange, Necros, Lots more old originals. Write to: Records, PO Box 361, Boston MA, USA.

PEACH OF IMMORTALITY Mark and Lowell - Where are you? Remember me? I'm Kelly. You knew me in Atlanta in the daze of Ill Humor, sometimes rehearsing in my Cabbagetown apartment. I have never forgotten you, and have thought of you often. If you see this ad - please respond. Kelly Jean Hayward, 2116 Violet St, Winston-Salem NC 27127.

THE COMPLETE PUNK AUCTION and plenty of other stuff. Send a SASE (or 2 IRCs) for a list. Also, if you want to advertise in the next Nothing But Record Reviews, write fast. You'll miss a lot if you don't. Write to: Seidboard World Enterprises, PO Box 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012.

VOCALS WANTED. Pot, beer, Godzilla movies, high energy, good fucking music. We're revolutionizing the whole stinking music scene. If you're looking to change the world, call Kevin (718)805-1788.

OUT NOW: Tragic Life Records new mailpreder record catalog and newsletter. Send stamp to: T.L. Records, PO Box 060632, S.I., NY 10306. In Crowd 7", sould out. Support THD records. Beware Ken Sims in Kentucky, he rips people off!! Die for punk.

RECORDS FOR SALE: Angry Somoans "Queer Pills" 7", Artificial Peace/Exiled 7", The Clitboys 7", Crass "How Does It Feel" 7", Double-0 7", Government Issue "Make An Effort" 7", Indigesti "Sand Through Green" 7", Send bids to: W.C., 151 First Ave. Box A, New York, NY 10003.

WRITERS LOOK! If you'd like to see your articles appear in publications all over the U.S. Tom can help! If your band needs press, Tom can help! For free info. on alternative/punk friendly Tom, send SASE to: Tom RD 5 Box 1031, Altoona, PA 16601.

I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH with anyone living in New Mexico. I am moving to Cimmaron in June and want to know what the scene is there. (anywhere in NM generally) is like. Please send info to: Priscilla, 1433 Tomahawk Trace, Murfreesboro, TN 37129. No Posers, no Elvis jokes. I want the real thing.

RARE RECORD SALE: Punk Collection. All original. All super condition. Radio DJ with material from the late 70's to present. First list is now out. Second list is in the works. I still have hundreds I haven't even sorted through. Send SASE for my list (with your requests). I Wanna, PO Box 166, Dept. MRR, Wright Bro. Sta., Dayton, OH 45409.

HARDCORE AUCTION: Judge LP (1st press), Wide Awoke (1st press), G.B. (yellow), Y.O.T. (Breakdown/Wishing Well), Underdog (1st), Slapshot (green), Hard Stance (blue), C.O.S. (1st press), Release (1st), Inner strength (orange), Smiths (Sheila Take a Bow/import), Smiths Stop Me/Grew/German import), Against the Wall EP, "Chop Chop" comp. (blue swirl), Drug free shirts \$11. P.P.D. (Send bids to Master Boogie 2716 Copperfield rd., Naperville, IL 60565). Living like a lava lamp!

DOCUMENTARY FILM about American counterculture. Want to be part of this? Call immediately (614)754-3802. A chance to express/explain dissatisfaction with the "American Dream". Don't be shy! Filming all types of free expression: art, music, poetry, & fashion. Even eroticism & self-mutilation! Intelligent, articulate, expressive, rebellious types desired. Any assistance gratefully accepted. Wanna make movies? Rats Ass, 9260 Dresden Rd, Dresden, OH 43821

AGONY—yet another trendy magazine for frustrated fags 'n' dykes everywhere.: #2 Out Now—60 pages of Bleakness, Desolation, & Plastic Forks. Also #1 Still Available—Death, Pain, & Alienation Issue. (44 pp.) \$3 Each Postpaid or Both for \$5—cash only please. Mailed Discreetly. Agony c/o B. Boofy, PO Box 291337, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

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DANZIG/BAD BRAINS 7" live in Hamburg, Germany, June 23, 1991. 5 high quality tracks in an intimate setting. Limited and numbered, good packaging, Superb. \$9.00 postpaid in U.S., Foreign please add \$2.00. Also: Misfits live '79 Perfect Crime 7", the last of the last- long out of print.. Huge glossticker w/Children In Heat live. Same price. V. Street Records, 2611 Via Campo, Suite 228, Montebello, CA 90640. Please make payable to Eric Kwan. Write us!

FOR TRADE Cleanse The Bacteria Lp blue vinyl, The Mob 'Upset The System' EP, Heresy flexi & EP, SSD 'Live' EP, Lärm first EP, Minor Threat 'Live' EP, End The Warzone EP, Judge first EP & 10", Violent Children 'Demo' EP, Last Option EP, SNFU EP, Gorilla Biscuits EP & 'Demo' EP, Cause For Alarm EP boot, Infest EP, Verbal Assault EP red vinyl, 'I Want' Heresy Japan CD, Project X EP, Morbid Angel EP & 'Live' EP. Send all trade list to: Joe O, 8922 Clarinda, Pico Rivera, CA 90660.

TORONTO HARDCORE HOTLINE call (416)491-5682 (24 hours) to find out what's happening in the scene. Out-of-towners or bands, leave a message if you want to contact a promoter, need a place to stay or just want to say hi.

TIME TO UNLOAD my overgrown vinyl collection. Many gems including: MDC "Multi-Death" and "Dead Children", Misfits "Bullit", Freeze "Tourists", 7 Seconds "Skins" & many more. To: Gelfing, 1070 Paso Robles, Los Osos, CA 93402.

EXTREMELY BORED FEMALE, 17, looking for people to correspond with. I'm aching to meet some real people. Favorite bands include: Bikini Kill, Op Ivy, Blatz, Downfall, Crass, Chumbawamba, Crimpshrine and many more. I want to meet people from all over. I'm very likely moving to San Francisco next year so all sc enesters write me! I'd love to hear from you. Kate, 5254 Waterman, St Louis, MO 63108. PS Lint from Rancid, please write.

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VIDEO: WOULD LIKE TO TRADE. I have Nation of Ulysses, Shudder to Think, Jawbox, Kiss, King's X, Holy Rollers, Helmet, Dwarves, Superchunk, and various others. Looking for: King's X, Rites of Spring, Shudder to Think, Melvins, Kingface (please!), and No Means No. Previous traders note new summer address after May 1st: Joe Hunter, 7304 Masonville Court, Annandale, VA 22003. Any DC area traders please get in touch!

AUTO GRUNGE MIX RECORDS is looking for bands for our first ever tape compilation. So bands send tapes to Rift, Box 33302, Mpls., MN 55433, Or just send 29¢ stamp for info and catalog.

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DON'T BE A DICK - Buy Phallosocracy's tape. It's got everyone asking "Whose penis is that on the cover?" Ian says: "They're awesome". We'll send you lots of stickers too. \$4.00 to: POB 20161, Barrie Ontario, L4M6H2, Canada.

NOISE BAZAAR, world's only national program & record store is seeking new and interesting sound & video. Send your 3/4" or VHS videos, plus audio demos, bio material, etc. to: Noise Productions, 4201 89th St, Kenosha, WI 53142, (414)942-1155. Satellite dish owners: catch us Saturdays at midnight eastern, on Spacenet 2, Channel 5.

VIDEO FOR SALE OR TRADE: 100's of shows. Nirvana, Mudhoney, L7, Social D., GG '91 & '92 shows, Fugazi, Danzig, RHCP, Primus, Sisters, Siouxsie, Helmet, Buttholes, Ramones, Hole, Lunachicks, James, Jesus Lizard, Babes in Toyland, Bad Religion, Cramps, and many, many more. Write: Merle Allin, 298 Mulberry St. #7D, NY, NY 10012. Call (212) 274-0803. Traders send list.

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FIGHT THEM BACK- A reggae, funky, ska, anti-political band from Southern Ontario. For a tape send S.A.S.E and \$7.00 to: Fight them Back, 516 Hill fair Pl., Burlington, Ontario Canada L7N2W5.

LIVE VIDEOS AVAILABLE: Oxbow, Rollins, Cave, Neubauten, SwanButtholes, Rapeman, Big Black, Unsane, Helmet, Godflesh, DCD, Tad, James, Foetus, Chili Peppers, Hole, Jesus Lizard, Tar, Fugazi, Black Flag, Dwarves, Melvins, Cop Shoot Cop, Siouxsie, T.G., Cows, Babes I.T., Crust & more. Send S.A.S.E. or list to: Karl U., 550 Larkin #302, S.F., CA 94102. or call: (415)441-8154 / wanted: Terminal Cheesecake. Please include this tape classifieds in your very next issue.

GG ALLIN: Magazines-Eye, Hated, Defecation, Murder, Scrapbook, Violence Now!-Cassettes-Jabbers, Scumfucs, Sluts, Swankfucs, Disappointments, Murder Junkies, etc.-studio, live, demo's, interviews, etc.-send SASE for complete list. Shrinkwrap Propaganda/ PO Box 11831/ Pittsburgh, PA 15228-0831.

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DOES YOUR BAND need very affordable video production? Do you have footage that needs editing into a music video? Professional, affordable & creative! S.A.S.E. to: E. Miller, RD 5, Box 1031, Altoona, PA 16601

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ABNORMAL

THE LEAVING TRAINS



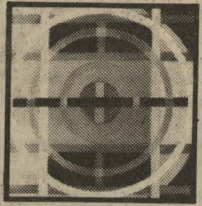
THE LUMP IN MY FOREHEAD

THE LEAVING TRAINS don't care if you listen to their new album, **THE LUMP IN MY FOREHEAD**, because they're definitely not "PC." We call them "PF" (Politically Fucked-up). LUMP is the fifth SST release from the TRAINS where a new, rejuvenated line up joins Falling James in launching personal affronts at Bob Hope, Burger King and women ("who make you feel like a piece of shit"). Falling even points a finger at himself on "Abnormal." Such an honest portrayal could have a serious impact on his bid for the White House this election year.

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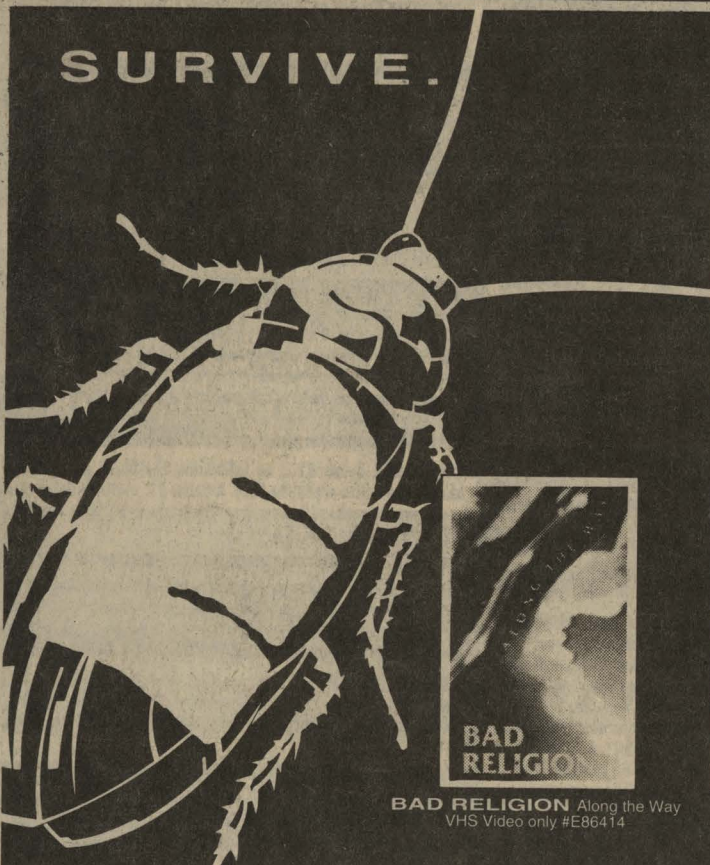
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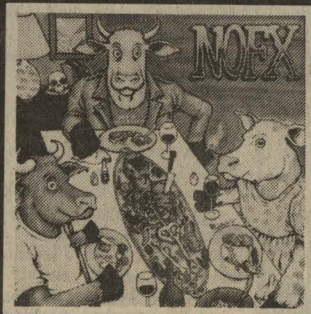
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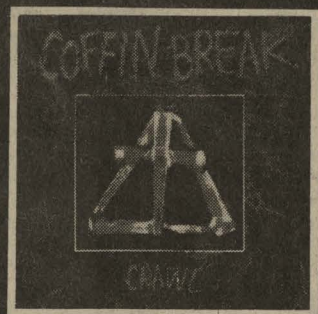
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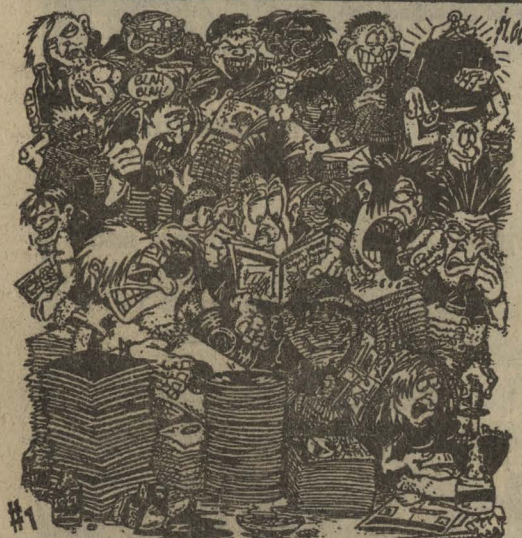
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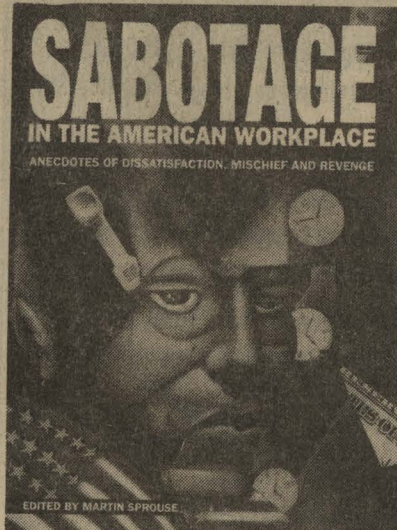
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